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Cobbett

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LETTERS

FROM

FRANCE.

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LETTERS
FROM
F R A N C E ;

CONTAINING

Observations made in that country during a Journey from Calais to the South, as far as Limoges ; then back to Paris ; and then, after a residence there of three months, from Paris through the Eastern parts of France, and through part of the Netherlands ; commencing in April, and ending in December, 1824.

BY

JOHN M. COBBETT,

STUDENT OF LINCOLN'S INN.

LONDON :

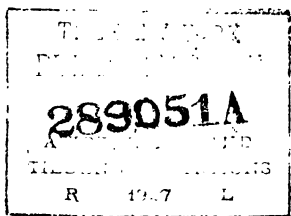
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1825

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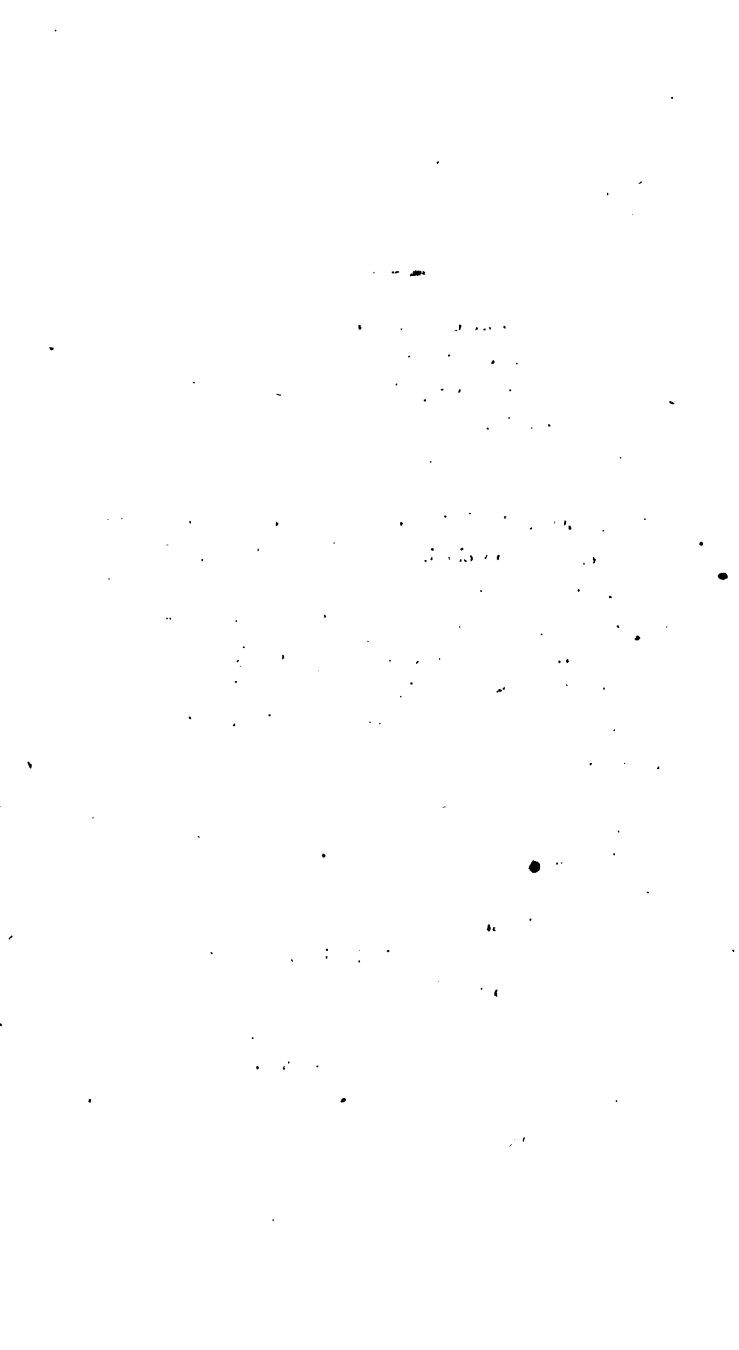
P R E F A C E.

THE following letters were, as they purport to be, written to my father, during the time that their dates express. They have been swelled out by matter from my diary, which, though it may be useful in its present form, would have made a great and inconvenient addition to post-letters.

My brother JAMES had taken a tour in the West of France; it was my father's wish to obtain an equally good account of the Southern, Eastern, and Northern parts of the Kingdom; and this was the chief object of my journey. Having been born and brought up in England; having, at the age of eighteen, passed a year in the United States of America, I was able to compare what I now saw with what I had seen in two other countries, and to apply the comparison, as often as necessary, in the way of illustration.

I have been scrupulously exact in my relation of facts. I dismissed, as far as possible, all prejudice from my mind; and if I have pretty generally spoken of France as a country far inferior to England, it is not *only* because I wish it to be far inferior; but also because, I really believe it to be such.

JOHN M. COBBETT.



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 ERRORS.

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LETTERS FROM FRANCE.

Paris, 12th April, 1824.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I ARRIVED here this'morning at a little before eight o'clock, in the public Diligence which took me up at Saint Omers on the night of the 8th (Wednesday), I having come on to that town from Calais, in the morning, by an inferior sort of four-horsed coach which plies between these two towns.

But I must preface my account of all that happens to me in France with my departure from Dover. At 11 o'clock on Tuesday, I got into the "Spitfire," an English steam-boat, and after six hours of tumbling and rolling about on the water, was landed at Calais. The wind was against us and so was the tide, and thus we lost so much time. A sailing-vessel would not, they say, have made the same passage in even double the time; but the very unpleasant noise and disagreeable motion which attend the steam-boat makes the sailing-vessel almost preferable in weather not perfectly calm. In calms the advantage of the steam is undoubtedly very great, and the best proof of it is, that there are not

now more than two or three sailing vessels that ever go to Dover, and those only on extraordinary occasions. In the transporting of horses, carriages, and other things of the kind, the steam-boat is almost equal to a *draw-bridge*, nothing but tempestuous weather ever putting an end to its exertions. The long and bad passage had made all the passengers taste fully of the sea sensations, and as I was one of them, I lost all my curiosity to see the manner of landing and disposing of passengers and goods, and surrendered myself up immediately to a little man who handed me on to the quay, and who assured me he was the commissioner to the best inn in CALAIS. He took me to Roberts's, the Hotel Royale, or Kingston, but which is known by all three of these names, and then he asked me for my keys that the Custom-house officers might search my trunk. My passport, too, he took from me, and lodged it at the Police-office. The dinner was just served up, and I was invited to it, which I did, more for the purpose of seeing myself at a French *Table d'Hote* than for any inclination I had to eat any thing at it. Indeed, my recollections were all of the steam-boat. The paddles were still thumping in my head, and though out of the boat, I felt its jerking still and tasted its smoke. However, I could see that, though in France, I was not amongst Frenchmen; for the master of the house is an Englishman, the company at table was English, and the waiter, by his "*what you take, Sir,*" gave me to understand that I was in a professed English house. The next morning, Wednesday, I went out early to see the town, and the beach. The quay covered with

sailors, English and French, who carry on great competition with their respective steam-boats. The town not by any means the nasty dirty little hole that I have frequently heard it described, though it certainly is not the "petite ville charmante" that my itinerary would have it. The streets, the main streets, are all narrow; the back ones neglected and dirty; but there is a *Grand Place*, which is large enough, and which has two public buildings in it, the Hotel de Ville, and the revolving light. The want of a flag-pavement in the streets strikes our English eyes at once; but the reason for it evidently is, that the streets are too narrow for it, and, probably the reason for making such narrow streets, is that when a town is to be fortified the less room that is wasted the better. The *Grand Place* is where the markets are held every week, and it is, also, their promenade in the evening. The population of the town is about 7600, but it is always full of strangers, either staying there or passing through from England to all parts of the Continent, or coming from those parts on their way home to England. The people do not seem to be unaware of the immense good that is done them by the number of English that they have constantly in their town; for I was told by two or three, that they were *très estimés* amongst them, and even that were it not for the English, Calais would want bread. Every second person one meets, on the quays, the ramparts, or in the streets, is English. Almost all the shopkeepers speak some English, and all the waiters do. The inns are very large and numerous, and the French and the English tradespeople of Calais seem to make it their

whole study to render the town and all connected with it as English as possible. English inns, English coaches, English baths, English schools, and a play-house English and French alternately; Englishmen are seen driving, riding, and walking about in all directions and, apparently, of all trades and callings, from the 'squire down to the journeyman manufacturer. The former followed perhaps by six or seven English pointers and setters, and the latter with his apron twisted round his waist, and bustling off to the English factories in the neighbourhood of the town. English ladies are seen walking in all the public walks, and English nursery-maids leading about whole strings of expatriated babies. Of the French, none but the gentlewomen wear bonnets, the universal head-dress being for in-doors as well as out of doors, a cap, clean and well plaited and starched. In wet weather they wear a gingham cloak with little hood to cover the head, and high pattens to keep their feet from the dirt. They appear complete bustlers, the whole of them; and devoted to business. The wife has quite as much to do in the shop, or workshop, as the master, be he of what trade he may. By their dress, one discovers which are English and which French women, and, I declare, the numbers seem nearly equal of both; so that the town whilst annexed to the Crown of England could scarcely be (excepting territory) much more English than it now is.

My passage from Dover, in the steam-boat, cost me $13\frac{1}{2}$ francs. The ladder by which I landed, $\frac{1}{2}$ a franc. Passport for Paris, 3 francs. To the commissioner of the inn, $1\frac{1}{2}$ francs, Custom-house charge on my things.

3 francs. My bill at ROBERTS's, for dinner, tea, bed and breakfast, 7 francs and 12 sous. Waiter, boots and Co. 2 francs. And I quitted this inn, which is a very-large house, forming four sides of a spacious court-yard. Its original name is the *Hotel Kingston*, as it was built and occasionally inhabited by the notorious Duchess of Kingston. The present landlord was an hotel-keeper in London, and being English he has a great portion of the English travelers at his house, as we are prone to herd together when in foreign countries.

I took my place in a kind of stage-coach for Saint Omers, which is 10 leagues from Calais, paying 5 francs for it, and at 10 o'clock, we started. Four horses, held together and fastened to the vehicle by the rudest sort of harness I ever beheld. Raw white leather some part of it, and, for the traces, ropes. The driver had but one pair of reins to the whole four animals, and of these he made but little use, for his whip and voice supplied all the deficiency of reins. Indeed the horses were such as to require more whip than rein. However, this was not the regular *Diligence* of France, as I afterwards found, but merely a short stage that goes from Calais to Saint Omers. The land, in the neighbourhood of Calais is exceedingly flat and wet. A black and strong mould, divided into small fields with a wet ditch and hedge of willow pollards for the division. Snipes and wild ducks are plenty here throughout the season, but the drownings of winter render the land almost unworthy of cultivation, and, therefore, a great part of it is in *osiers*, pasture, heath, or is digged for peat which the poorer

people burn. At about four leagues from Calais, however, you get to a higher country, at a small and once-fortified town, called ARDRES. Here the land is of a very much finer quality, and appears to bear all the crops that the climate admits of. Corn of all kinds, beans and pease, hemp and flax, and teasle, but I do not see root crops or clover at all. The face of the country cannot be called even handsome; for all is unclosed, and the farmers' houses and labourers' cottages are generally huddled together in very small villages, or in the towns, and the latter are, for the most part, built of mud. La Recousse, a small village, not far beyond Ardres, is a specimen. The people, however, who inhabit these dwellings, look very well, and are well enough clad, the women all walking about without bonnets, though in an exceedingly cold day. At Ardres there had been a market (a weekly market), and the men, women and children were all going off to their different homes from it, but all going on the numerous foot-paths athwart and across this open country in different directions, with baskets in their arms, or leading cows or calves or other animals. Both men and women wear the high pattens that I have mentioned before; even the carters on the highways walk beside their teams in monstrous high pattens, which give them the air of so many giants. The road, after you come to Ardres, is what they call a *chaussée*, a pavement. It is, at least, paved in the middle, with a wide unpaved space on both sides, making altogether a very wide road, and this has on each side a row of elm trees. These, and a few trees here and there round particular houses distant from the road, and some windmills,

are all that prevent the country being completely naked; but though rather naked, it is very far from being *barren*. I see the labourers ploughing with two horses and a wheeled-plough. The horses generally black or a dark chesnut, and very large and fine animals. At about four o'clock my conductor drove me into the court-yard of the *Canon d'Or* at Saint Omers, a very nice inn, the landlord of which served me in less than ten minutes with a dinner of four kinds of meat and as many of vegetables, and sent to the office of the Paris diligences to secure me a place for that night, for which I was to pay 40 francs. Dinner 3 francs, waiter 12 sous. SAINT OMERS is a considerable place, containing upwards of 20,000 inhabitants. It is ancient and strongly fortified, and the houses are all of them large and lofty; six and ~~seven~~ stories high, but standing irregularly one with another, in a great many of the streets, and frequently of very different heights and colours, so that the street, though in many cases wide, has a sombre and heavy appearance. And as there is no pavement for foot passengers, all who are on foot walk in the middle or at the sides wherever they find the clearest place, looking like the dispersed fragments of a mob. There are here even generally from two to three thousand English, who live in whole houses when they have families, or in lodgings, if single men. They shoot in the neighbourhood, and they gamble with the French frequenters of cafés and gambling-houses. But otherwise they are said not to mix in society with them; and an English doctor has found it a task of very little difficulty to engross the whole of their practice. There

were formerly many churches and convents in the town, some have been utterly destroyed during the Revolution, and others turned to very different use than those for which they were built, but some still remain to be admired, particularly the cathedral, the interior of which exhibits a specimen of the industry of our forefathers, in the beautiful and highly-worked wainscoatings and galleries. Particularly in that round the organ. The colonnades are of handsome marble. The finest of the churches, that of Saint Bertin, one of the chief patrons of the town, was so demolished during the Revolution that nothing now remains but the shell, and even that, divested completely of all its ornaments of the outside. There is a public library in the town, in one of the churches, containing 20,000 volumes; and there is also a college and a playhouse, and some very pretty public walks in the faubourg du Haut-pont. In manufactures it is not great, though there are some of velvet, flannel, and netting. The country round is low, and, in winter, very wet. It is called, indeed, *Flandre Française*, and is supposed to be richer in agriculture than most other parts of France. Between six and twelve (for the diligence was not to start till then) I called upon your old friends the *Le Grands*. All the male members of the family insisted on kissing me on each cheek, in spite of the gentle retreat that I could not help making on their approaches, and if they had boxed my cheeks I do not think they could have made them hotter or redder. Common courtesy bade me conform to the customs of the country I have chosen to come into, but this ceremony is one that I wish our neighbours would get rid of.

At twelve o'clock I got into the diligence for Paris, and, as the night was a dark one, I saw nothing, till the morning which broke upon us somewhere about SAINT POL. However, the diligence is so extraordinary a thing and is all so different from any thing that we have in England, that I must say something about it. It is a species of coach, but with three compartments, the cabriolet (or coupé) the interieur, and the anterieur. The cabriolet is a kind of gig-head, only very capacious, fixed on in front of the interieur, or middle compartment, which latter is like the body of our English coach only monstrously larger. The anterieur is a small coach body fixed on behind. And a spacious roof is where all luggage is put. Fifteen is the number that these things carry, including the *conducteur*, who is charged with the whole affair. He is the responsible person, to the proprietors of the diligence, and to the passengers. He gets into the cabriolet on starting and he remains with you to the end of the journey. He hires the post horses at every stage and he pays the postillion at the end of it, he breakfasts and dines with you wherever you stop to breakfast or dine, and you pay him 12 centimes for every *poste* (the *poste* is two leagues), and, out of that, he has to give the postillion a "*pour boire*," as they call it, for himself, so that, from St. Omers to Paris, being a distance of 30 *postes*, I had to pay the *conducteur* 360 centimes, or 3 *francs* and 12 *sous*. The postillion, however, is the most amusing character I have yet seen. When I got into the diligence at Saint Omers I had not seen him, but I, very soon after we began to get on the road, *heard him*. His team con-

sists generally of two strong little long-tailed horses against the pole, and *three* leaders. He is seated on the near wheel-horse, and guides them all by one pair of reins. The horses, in many places, are by no means bad. Tight fat little cart-horses, but in other places, they are mere cats. Sometimes *five* or even *six* leaders besides the two wheelers; but it is the manner of urging these animals along that is enough to amuse any body. I was drowsy, and, when in that state, one seems to hear double, and the noise that he made, the abuse that he poured forth upon the animals he was driving, completely roused me every now and then and set me to thinking where I could possibly be. An English post-boy not only slides along without all this cracking and holloaing and swearing and abuse, be his horses what they may, but he feels a something in common with his horses which makes him (in cases of necessity) abuse, but abuse any thing but the horses. The roads, the weather, the load, or the master even; but abuse an English post-boy's horses and you abuse him himself. It is a little pride that the Englishman feels and that the Frenchman seems not to have the least idea of. At starting, it is "*Ailles, donc, —s,*" concluded with a word which I do not find in the Academy's Dictionary. "*Ah, garçe,*" with three or four *r*'s in the middle of the word, is heartily bestowed upon each horse as they individually offend him; and when the incongruous team collectively does amiss, he thunders out the reproof with a "*sacrée canaille!*" that is enough to awaken a statue.

At SAINT POL, a small and dirty village, we were huddled into a house to breakfast, at about 7 o'clock.

The room large and lofty, but a cold brick floor, sand-
ed. The hostess gave us some very good coffee, and
bread and butter and eggs, for one franc a-piece. On
coming out to get into the vehicle again, it was sur-
rounded by little chubby-faced boys and girls, begging
"*pour l'amour du bon Dieu,*" that we would give them
something. Several of the passengers (all English)
threw out *sous* into the group for the pleasure of seeing
how these little idlers would fight for them, and for
the pleasure of hearing them talk French. They
seemed to be beggars by habit and education rather
than from necessity (or their gains at begging are
exceedingly great), for I never saw a set of healthier
or fatter little children. They kept running and be-
seeeching so long as any thing was thrown out for
them, and being sure of getting paid for their pains
that it would be curious, indeed, if they resisted this
temptation to the getting of money by the mere asking
for it. The country is open, sown, apparently in great
breadths of corn, and I saw but little woodland, and
until coming to DOULANS not a single *head of stock* of
any kind grazing; but near that place, I observed
several fine flocks of sheep, not hurdled off nor turned
loose on the land, but being led (not *driven*) by their
shepherds along the sides of the main road to eat off
the grass that grows in the ditches and on the banks,
well guarded, at the same time, by clever sheep-dogs
who keep running beside them to prevent their in-
fringing on the wheat close by. These sheep are
large, long-legged animals, with middling wool, and
white head and legs. Got to Amiens, by four o'clock,
to dinner (Friday the 9th). The town is large but

advise no man to do the like. It is the nastiest place of the kind I ever was in. Small bed-rooms with skylights, brick floors, narrow dark staircases, narrow passages, dirty servant girls going about with nothing on their heads except a handkerchief bound about it, smoking chimneys, and smells from the kitchen changing every fifteen or twenty minutes. I am heartily sick of it; but as I am doing my best to get out of the town again in a day or two, I stay here for that time. The only advantage to those who do not know any thing of French, is, that here they find nothing else spoken, and to those who do understand French, there is not one advantage in being in an English house in Paris, but every reason why such a person should not put himself into one. The English people attempt French ways, and then it is neither French nor English, but worse than either.

At Calais the Commisaire de Police took my London passport from me and gave me one directed to the head of the police department at Paris. This, therefore, I have been obliged to take to the *Bureau de Police*, a very long room in a large building in the Isle du Palais, where there are abundance of clerks, and of suitors who are waiting for leave to journey. All is carried on with order, but some waiting is required. The room was full this morning, and the greater part of those who filled it, were Frenchmen, waiting for their passports for the interior or different parts of *their own country*! A boat-master with a small crew of men I observed to come and ask for a passport for them to some place to which he was going, probably with merchandize. The day was cold and rainy. A nice time

for viewing the streets of Paris, which, of all streets that I ever saw, are the most disagreeable to walk in in wet weather. They are many of them very long, the houses built very high. Even to the height of seven or eight stories. The street without any flag pavement, exceedingly narrow, and sloping from both sides to the middle, where there is a gutter which augments or decreases as the weather is fair or foul. And along these there are constantly driving the most ruthless set of cubs in the shape of hackney-coachmen and cabriolet-men that I ever beheld. They whisk round the corners and dash along the streets, shaving close to the very houses, as if they were especially exempted from all care; and the only way to be perfectly at ease, is to get into one of their vehicles, or to get out of the town, as I shall do before you hear from me again.

I am, my dear Father,

Your affectionate son,

JOHN M. COBBETT.

Orleans, Monday, 19th April, 1824.

— — —,

I got into the Diligence on Saturday again, and came off for this place, not sorry to quit the house I was in, and not even to quit Paris, after having been in it but one week. The trouble I had to get my passport kept me in Paris longer than I intended being there. I had to wait till my original London passport was sent on to Paris from Calais, then to take it in return for the one I brought from Calais, then to get it signed by the Clerk of the Police and countersigned by the English Ambassador. It all cost me nothing, however, except my time. And with this I quitted Paris, my week's impressions concerning that place being, that it has the most magnificent palaces and other public buildings, and placed amongst streets and lanes the most insignificant and filthy that I ever saw. The weather was very wet, to be sure, all the time that I was there; but the houses are so high, and the streets so narrow, that the sun and wind, powerful as they may be, can scarcely do any thing in drying up the mud.—My bill at the hotel at Paris, 30 francs 10 sous. Servants, 5 francs.

Into the Diligence at seven o'clock in the morning. At about three or four leagues from Paris, the country is covered with vines; a pretty sight, I dare say, when the vine is in leaf, but ugly now. The *mother stem*

is but about six or eight inches high, and they suffer but one shoot to spring from it for bearing, and this is tied to a stake, of about two feet and a half long, that being about the length to which the shoot is cut. Prettier and prettier country as you come along through BERNEY and LONJUMEAU to ARPAJON, when the whole face of the country is flat, but pretty from its apparent fertility. The road is straight and broad, but without the row of elm trees on its sides, and the land is all open, but covered either with vines or wheat, or in fallow, with standard apple trees growing thickly all over it. The wheat, and other crops, are sown in very narrow strips, from what cause I cannot imagine, unless it be that the land is farmed in small tracts. On the *fallow* I saw many women walking about, each leading a small cow in a halter, to eat off the very few weeds that seem to be growing there, and the animals are so docile that I see these women have their work in their hands at the same time. I wish the cows had more to work upon. This country lasts, with but little interruption, till you get to ETAMPES, where the land is more sandy; in some places very sandy. No more vineyards, no more orchards or woods; a wide, wild, open country. I strained my eyes over it the whole of the afternoon, in search of some object other than windmills and church steeples. The wheat sown in greater breadths, and larger tracts of fallow or land in preparation for other crops. I saw some lucerne and clover, but not much. And several very large flocks of sheep that we passed, still being led about upon the sides of the main or by-roads to eat off the little narrow strip of grass that grows by

their sides. These animals are not very large. They are a half merino and half *Berri*. The merino has been introduced to procure a finer wool; but the carcass suffers. I cannot help again admiring the dogs that attend these flocks. Sometimes there are three or four to one flock; and the piece of land the flock has to graze on is so narrow, that the animals necessarily cover a considerable space in length, so that, the wheat being close by, very much more tempting than the grass, and not hedged off, the poor dogs do nothing but run backwards and forwards along the line of sheep. Two of them keep on till they are tired, then they lie down, or follow immediately behind the shepherd, and two more get up and begin *their* watch. They do not resemble our English shepherd dogs, but are more like what we call a wolf-dog: with long pricked ears, and a long bushy tail. Dined at ETAMPES, a small town of about 8000 inhabitants. A dirty little place, where they gave, for dinner, soup and bouilli, mutton chops, cod fish, and fowl, and charged 3 francs and a half. More than I should have paid at a restaurateur's at Paris for such a dinner; but I was the only passenger in the interior of the Diligence; and the only one who dined, saving the conducteur, who *dined with m^e*, and who invariably addressed me with "*Mi Lor*;" so I suppose that for this honour, I had to pay for him, and for myself too. From ETAMPES, we came through Angerville, Artenay, and Chevilly. Saw several pretty, indeed, fine Chateaux near the road. They are large, and light-looking buildings, uniformly white, and covered with slate; but the Frenchman's taste, is, a long, extremely long, row

of trees to conduct to his house, and, to all appearance nothing else in the way of ornament. No park, and no shrubbery, and no lawn, even; but wheat, barley, oats, or a fallow, close up to the front of the house. These places, too, are seldom inhabited but in the middle of summer, and by no means always then; for French gentlemen invariably prefer the pleasures of the town to those of the country.—We met, on the road, many droves of cattle going to the Paris market; and all, as I am told, coming from the neighbourhood of Angouleme or Bordeaux. I certainly have seen no such animals any where in France before; and have often wondered where the *cattle* of the country could be: but these are very handsome beasts. Large, and deep in the shoulder, and of a light red colour; but they are not half fat. Got to Orleans at 8 o'clock, having been thirteen hours pent up in the Diligence by myself. Thirty leagues from Paris, and my fare 12 francs, and 2 francs to the conducteur. To the *Boule d'or*, a large inn, and a very clean one: but the weather is cold, and, in such weather the brick floors do not agree with Englishmen.

ORLEANS is a handsome town, situated on the banks of the beautiful river LOIRE, which is here about a quarter of a mile wide. The Grand Place, in the middle of the town, is not of conspicuous beauty; of no shape, and in it there are no buildings or shops of any show or consequence. But, badly placed in one of its corners is a handsome bronze statue of a handsome woman, the renowned *Pucelle*. She is holding a standard with her left hand, under her right arm, and with the right hand she holds a sword, in an attitude

at once of defiance and defence. There are four little bronze tablets round the pedestal, three of them in commemoration of her feats, and the fourth of her cruel death, and on one of the sides of the pedestal, is the simple inscription "*à Jeanne d'Arc.*" All the streets of this town also are tortuous and narrow, excepting the Rue Royale, which runs in a southern direction from the Grand Place, down to the river, and in continuation of which is a handsome wide bridge of nine arches, which is terminated by two lofty iron gates, the gates of the town. On each side of which gates there is a lodge where the officers of the "*Octroi*" keep their watch, and on almost every article on human food or of forage for animals that comes through, *to be consumed in the town*, they take a tax. At the entrances of every town, however small, I see there are these lodges, having over the doors these words: "*Octroi municipal et de bienfaisance.*" It is not a determined tax, laid on all towns alike, nor on all articles even, for in some towns poultry, eggs, butter and game, pay nothing. Meat does, in I believe, all towns; and hay, and straw and grain, also, generally pay; but the rate, by weight, or other measure, is fixed according to a variety of circumstances, such as the size of the town, and the necessities of the institutions which share the profit. The king, or government, takes one half, and the other half if scrupulously hunted would probably be found sticking to the pockets of those who have the fingering of it. At least, so the ill-natured hint. At any rate, though called an "*Octroi*", it is rigidly enforced, and the best part of the proceeds applied to the making and mending of roads round the town, to the

mending of walls, and other necessary public expenses; and in proportion as these are wanted, the town pays for them in a tax upon what it requires for its consumption. From the bridge, you have not much of a view saving that of the river itself. The country is rather flat on both sides. On the river there are a great many small one-masted vessels, which carry on the trade between this town and Nantes, and the towns on the western coast. The chief business carried on here is in wine of the neighbourhood, and vinegar, the latter being much esteemed. But the grape does not do so very well. The hills are not high enough for it, and the land not dry and stoney enough. All the vines I see round the town are planted on a ridge of earth of about one foot to a foot and a half high, and they are planted in rows at three feet apart, the plants standing a foot and a half apart in the rows. They manure *as much as they can*, and dig between the rows twice in the summer time.

Yesterday, Sunday, I stayed in order to see the town and the neighbourhood. The breakfast they brought me, on my asking for it, was, eggs, sausages, mutton chops, half a fowl, and water cresses and a bottle of wine. I thought, at first, that this was all put before me because I was an Englishman, and I assured them that I wished only for an ordinary breakfast consisting of *café au lait*, eggs and bread and butter. However, a gentleman soon came and sat at the same table with me who ate the breakfast that had been prepared for me, and drank the wine. I am not a little surprised, by the by, that a people who make so frequent a change of plates, should eat fish, fowl, flesh and fruit, all with the same knife and fork. Clean napkins and table

cloths, in abundance, and clean plates, but never a change of the knife and fork, though the dinners and breakfasts always consist of divers courses, and of various sorts of meat! At five o'clock, the dinner (*table d'Hôte*) was ready, and I sat down with three gentlemen, one in regimentals, whom I soon found to be the Commandant of the town. Another was a merchant of Montpellier, and the other a gentleman from Paris, and a friend of the Commandant. They testified great surprise at my eating and drinking but little, saying that I was not like my countrymen in general. Thus much we get by singing about roast beef and plum-pudding; we are thought gluttons; but there never was a greater falsehood by implication than that which we tell in singing of the French as a starved, a meagre race of soup and frog eaters. They eat more meat than we do. I think them *greater eaters* even. Whoever sees a Frenchman turn up the cuffs of his coat and spread his napkin before him, sees a man that is fully prepared to do justice to all that is placed before him. The Commandant, who is a very tall and fine-looking young man, had two things to talk to me about. He began by saying that he never saw an Englishman without real pleasure, as it gave him an opportunity of speaking of the beauty of the English women. The merchant and the Parisian complained, and called on him to recollect "*les brunes*;" but he drew so lively a picture of a Miss ——— the daughter of a merchant who lived, he said, at *Stockvell*, near London, and whom he had seen at Tours, that both his countrymen confessed that the original must be beautiful enough to warrant his eulogium, and even his distraction. The next thing he had to say was, that he was astonished that

a great and powerful and civilized country like England should have an army so "mal organisée" as was our army. He then turned to the merchant and his Parisian friend and told them that commissions in the English army were bought and sold, so that, a young and inexperienced officer might buy rank over the heads of those who were, and, perhaps ought to be, his seniors. The merchant replied to him, that the same was the case with the French army, before the revolution; but they all agreed in condemning it. But his greatest proof of the bad organization of our army, and something too, which spoke not much in favour of our "*nation liberale*," was that the common soldiers are flogged. He turned round to the two Frenchmen and said with fierce energy; "Messieurs, on les fouette comme des chiens!" They had all heard it; indeed, it is generally known, for during the stay of the Holy Alliance (whom the French call "*nos ennemis les Alliés*") at Paris, nothing, in the manners of the different nations seems to have struck them so much as the beatings of the Cossacks and the English. They all pity the creatures that submit to it, and look upon them as being little better than dogs. But the astonishment of these gentlemen was that Englishmen, who are all, to a man, deemed *liberals*, should submit to such dog-like punishments. As for the Russians, they were another sort of people, altogether, and under a very different sort of government; but the English, they observed, were always boasting of their free constitution, and English independence and freedom were sung up as the highest of blessings. I agreed with them, that those who suffer themselves to be flogged are base, and that it even seems natural that

flogging should debase ; but I explained to them that the regular army, in England, was not raised by conscription, but that to enter into it was a man's voluntary act ; that he took the king's bounty, well knowing that *soldiers were flogged*, and if he chose to run the risk, it was his own fault ; that, in other words, he made the king, or, rather, the people, *pay beforehand for this risk to his back* ; that a good workman, in England, during times when he earned enough to support him, rarely entered the army ; that a handy, clever ploughman, thrasher, cooper, or even hedger and ditcher, is looked upon as being vastly superior to a soldier, and that I hoped this would always be the case ; but that, as there is always, and in almost all places, some dissolute, some idle créature, who would rather enjoy hunger and ease, even with a little whipping, than patiently perform his work, there is always an army. And would not that be the same in France ? I asked them ; but all said, " non !" however, I think, *yes*. They were surprised at my comparing a common labourer with the private soldier ; and here, the dinner being ended, the commandant and his friend went off to see the soldiers. My friend, the merchant, wanted to smoke, but it is very properly forbidden in most of the inns, so he invited me to adjourn with him to a *café* in the Grand Place, where we might quietly smoke our segars, read the papers, and play a game at billiards. I told him that I could neither smoke nor play with him, but I would go, and I went. The room was full, apparently of men, like himself, who had just dined and come for the same purpose that brought him. They played at billiards, at cards, and at dominos, and made a disputation and wrangling enough to stun one. They

seldom play for money, but for the beer, the coffee, the wine, or the punch that they take, and this is so universal, it pervades all classes so entirely, that on the shutters of the meanest hovel on the roads, you read on one side, "Logis à pied et à cheval," and on the other you see a pair of queues and billard balls painted. These places are where the drovers and wagoners stop, and where they meet the country people. And a game of some sort after dinner, or whenever they have time, is inevitable. The merchant came home with me, as soon as he had smoked his segar, finished his coffee, and had played a game at billards, and all the house was shut up by 10 o'clock. This morning I spent on the banks of the river. The weather was fine, and though there is scarcely any thing to admire in the surrounding country, the river is pretty, and the boats on it make it lively. A flock of poor little mixed-merino sheep came trotting by me, driven along by a deaf shepherd, to eat off the grass on the banks of the river. I pity these animals, for they are ugly, dirty, and seem starving. The small merino body mounted up on long legs, the hinder ones forming an angle as acute as that of the leg of a fowl. They are dirty from being kept in stables throughout the winter, both in day and night in hard weather, and at night in fine weather, and with very few changes of bedding. And the condition in which I see them speaks of the scantiness of their food. The shepherd never stands to let them eat, but keeps himself on the walk, and them on the trot, perpetually. Near to this I saw the process of washing wool. It is performed by a man who stands in a large cylindrical vessel of sheet iron, well pricked with holes, and which

is placed at a yard or two's distance in the water. The wool is thrown in to him, and he stirs it about till it is beautifully white. The flock I just now mentioned could not be washed in the usual way. The locks are not locks of wool, but locks of dirt, and the scrubbing and scouring that it would require to move this dirt, would endanger the animal's life. The quickness, however, with which this man with his stick washed out a fleece was surprising. Some women stood by him, and, as fast as he tumbled it out of the cylinder, they laid it to dry on cloths that were prepared for it on the bank. It seems a much better method than ours; that is, for the washer, the wool, and the animal; the shearer, perhaps, would not think so. The prices of wool are, for the best, 17 to 20 sous the pound, but they complain of its excessive cheapness. Labourers are hired generally for a certain number of months, or, rather, they are hired by the *season*. For the four busiest months, July, August, September, and October, they are paid from 150 to 200 francs (6l. 5s. 0d. to 8l. 6s. 8d. sterling), and, added to this, they are found in victuals and drink. For the other eight months of the year they generally receive the same money as for the above-mentioned four. When hired by the day, the usual wages, is from 1 franc to 1½ francs (10 pence to 15 pence sterling), and to the best workmen, employed in very hard work, 2 francs is sometimes given. They say this is a better country for the labourer than it is further on to the south. It is a richer country. The bread that the labourers eat is chiefly rye, or wheaten flour very much mixed with rye. The 8 livre loaf costs them 18 sous, making

somewhat less than one English penny for the English pound weight. They complain of the extravagant price of meat, 11 sous the livre, or 5½ pence English. This is in the town of Orleans, where every ox and every sheep that go through the gates, pay to the "*Octroi*." Wine is the common drink of the country, but soup is a commoner drink for the labouring classes. A small piece of beef boiled with cabbages, onions, and a variety of herbs is what they are excessively fond of, and what they mostly drink. It is, perhaps, this great fondness for soup that makes the French people, even of the lowest class, so sober; for a great soup-eater is rarely a great drinker. The ordinary wine here is at from 12 to 15 sous the litre (the litre contains rather more than a common wine bottle), but it pays a considerable tax before it can be sold from an estaminet, or ale-house; so that it is the tax which makes it dear. Four sous is the present tax on entering the town. The excisemen go round to the makers of wine, when the vintage is over. They count the number of barrels and mark them. When they come round again they make the owner pay the tax on all that is missing. Land near ORLEANS very good, and worth about 200 francs the arpent, the arpent containing 40,000 French feet. The French foot is longer than the English by eleven-twelfths of an inch. About 9 pounds the acre, English.

This being the Easter holidays, but little work is done, and, in the evening all the world seem to be promenading and pleasure-taking. The streets quite free from the interruption of carts and wagons, but noisy; nevertheless; noisy from the buz of human tongues.

The women all dressed in the clean white caps, and rarely, indeed, you see a bonnet. I went this evening with my friend the merchant to walk round the town, on a handsome public walk, under the shade of some rows of high elm trees, which extends nearly all round it. It is immediately within the wall of the town, and is elevated to perhaps twenty or thirty feet above the level of the ground just on the other side. On the outside of this wall, and close by the principal entrance to the town, there were three or four little stages erected, or placed, for, I believe they were moveable, and in them each were four or five fiddlers and other musicians, each band playing to about four different sets of quadrille-dancers, who danced near to their respective musicians. The dancers surrounded by the old people. The principal male dancers were the soldiers. But from the wall on which I was it looked to be one thickly-packed mob of caps. Close to this scene of merriment; only about fifty yards from it, and just *within* the gates, is a church, and in it, they were at the same moment performing the more solemn music and parade of their religion. The one, is not, however, incompatible with the other, for I observed the women constantly coming from the church to the dancing, and going from the dancing to the church. Devout one moment and dancing the next. I never saw a livelier scene in my life; and if I have ever in England seen so lively a one, occasioned by the meeting together of a vast number of people, I am afraid it was not in the absence of every sort of temporary drinking place, as was the case here.

I inquired the price of furnished rooms in the Rue

Royale. On the first floor, 30 to 40 francs; but only for two or four rooms and a kitchen. Unfurnished, they are much cheaper, of course. All people in the French towns, except the very richest of the nobility, live in lodgings (it ought to be called *in chambers*). In the country it is another matter. There you buy or rent a house and garden as in England.

Limoges, 30th April, 1824.

My bill at the *Boule d'Or* at Orleans was as follows:

	fr.	c.
Breakfast on Sunday morning	2	0
Dinner on the same day	3	0
Breakfast and dinner on Monday	5	0
Breakfast on Tuesday morning	2	0
Bed for three nights	4	50
Servants	2	50
Fire in my room	0	50

Francs 19 50

It is not customary to eat more than twice a day, and, therefore, my bill presents no other meals than breakfast and dinner. The French breakfast, is, however, so substantial that they do not want any dinner. It is eaten at about ten or eleven or even twelve o'clock, and then they go till five when another dinner, sometimes called dinner and sometimes supper is served.

In the busiest and most hard-working times, the labourers eat three times in the day, but else they also eat but twice.

I left Orleans on Tuesday morning, the 20th, in the diligence, for CHATEAUROUX. Quitting Orleans, there are some pretty country houses on the southern road for about a league or two, and there is also a very fine place, the *chateau* and immense estate of the descendants of the late GENERAL MASSENA, who lived here. I could not see the chateau from the road, but the grounds appear to be kept attended to as so princely a place deserves. You soon here, however, get completely out of the neighbourhood of fine land, pretty houses, vineyards and manufactories; for at *La Ferté Saint Aubin*, a distance of five leagues from Orleans, begins the miserable Sologne, so famous throughout the rest of the country for its poverty, its wretchedness, that it bears the name of "*triste*," and the *triste Sologne* is known even in every corner in France. The land is exceedingly light; almost a flying sand, as the Diligence, by its creeping movement soon informed us. The country has the appearance of a wide waste, covered for the far greater part by common heath; but that so short as to show that it is carefully cut, or the land not unfrequently broken up. The former, most likely, for the poverty-stricken people make it some alleviation to their misery, in the way of fuel. It seems capable of maintaining but few people. Here and there is a metayer's, or farmer's, house and farm-buildings: wretched huts of weather-boarding, and thatched no oftener than they need to be. Round the house, the land broken up is sowed seldom in any

thing but rye and potatoes. These two are the staple commodity of unhappy Sologne. Wheat is never cultivated on it, and rarely barley or oats. Some woods at a considerable distance to the right and left, of beech and pines (sapins). The pine is the only thing green, but of so gloomy a green, and so characteristic of sterility, that the effect is by no means cheering. The road-side is planted with locust and Lombardy poplar-trees, and both, but particularly the former, are making tremendous shoots. Neither have been long planted, but neither complain of the soil they are planted in, which though poor, is wet. So wet that the rye now sown is sown upon ridges, commonly and technically called *four 'bout ridges*, which keep it dry by leaving a course for the water to drain off. There frequently occur to your sight very large ponds, or lakes, in this flat heath. Ponds of immense size, some of them being full a mile in length, and half that distance, at least, in breadth; and it is perhaps owing to these ponds that the country is productive of any thing. The people are all metayers, renting from 50 to an 100 or even 200 arpents of this land, and paying, in return, so much of the produce as shall be agreed upon. They are so poor as to be unable to find their own stock and implements of husbandry; so that the landlord finds these, and takes a greater proportion of the produce as his interest. Great damage is frequently sustained from hail storms, and heavy rains, so that most of the metayers insure their crops as they stand, at so much the arpent. The landlord is the insurance company. The danger may not be so great as the ability to risk any thing is little. In proof

again of the poverty of these people, I was told that their stock of provisions is very frequently run out before the harvest is ready to replenish their granaries, and, in such a case, they are obliged to apply to the landlord for an advance of food, and which, *with interest*, he exacts again at the close of the harvest. Thus he keeps them in continual bondage. They have all the work of servants with the cares of masters, and without any of the riches of the latter. Some part of this land (for there are some spots better than others) is broken up and sown every three or four years; but upon an average it is not tilled excepting after a rest of *eight* years. The people look healthy. They have ruddy countenances, but they are dirty. Their dress is coarse home-spun stuff, and they wear *sabots*, large wooden shoes, on their feet. The little children seem clothed in but one garment, and that a coarse one, with no hat and no shoes, with long hair hanging rudely about them like that of yearling colts, and with manners and movements as wild and as nimble. We waded along through the sand of Sologne, coming through the villages of *La Motte Beuvron*, *Nouant le Fuzelier*, *Salbris*, *La Loge* and then to *Vierzon*, the latter a town of 6000 inhabitants, situated in a valley through which and close to the town there runs a small and pretty river, the *Cher*, an arm of the *Loire*. The land gets better and better as you approach this river, and some large *chateaux* at a distance, to the left of the road, enliven the prospect. The town of *Vierzon* is small, with narrow and dirty streets, and the postillion drove into the yard of the *Poste Royale*, a dirty inn, where the landlady gave us a dinner of various sorts of

meat, and cooked in all sorts of ways, for three francs. My companions from ORLEANS, were, a doctor who was on his road from Paris to see a patient near this place, and a master-mason who lives at Bourges, a town not far off, and who was coming home from Orleans. The doctor had been travelling all night, so he slept all day. The mason a very civil man who told me that he had been some time ago employed in putting up a monument at Bourges to the memory of an English lady who died there on her road from, I believe, Bordeaux. I did not understand the name at all from his pronounciation of it, but as he spelled it, I put down each letter, and at last made "Fotren-jahm," which he would insist upon it was an English name. He tells me that the neighbourhood of Bourges is very highly cultivated, and the land rich. He had Sologne strongly in his recollection, perhaps. It grows, however, wheat and vines, and a crop of some sort every year. Wheat, barley, oats or *raves* (a kind of turnep), the latter fed off by sheep. The land measure is the *boiseaulée*. That is, the land measure of this part of the country. It is the eighth part of an arpent de Paris. The boiseau of wheat weighs from eighteen to twenty livres (20 to 22½ pounds English), and one boiseau is generally the quantity sown upon a boiseaulée; or, 180 pounds English upon something more than 40,000 square feet English. The produce from 8 to 10 times the quantity sown; that is, from 24 bushels and 48 pounds, to 31 bushels, English measure, taking a bushel of wheat to weigh 58 pounds. Land already in vineyard sells at 500 francs, or thereabouts, the arpent, and it pays a tax according to its

value; but the land-tax is the least complained of of any. The mason told me that for a piece of vineyard of three-fourths of an arpent, that he extolled as most excellent, he paid 15 sous in land-tax last year. The produce of vineyards depends, of course, on the soil, climate, cultivation and season; but, upon an average, nine *pieces* of wine is made from an arpent of vines. The piece is the barrel, and it contains in some places 130 and in others 140 litres of wine, the litre being something more than a quart, wine measure. Fourteen pieces are sometimes made upon the best land, and in the most cultivated *vignes*. The sheep, the very few that I saw in Sologne and in the neighbourhood of Vierzon were very small, and of very coarse fleece. They sell at from 18 to 20 francs *the couple*. Cows, 80 to 100 francs a-head, and cows are a good deal worked by the metayers of the poor country that I have been describing. Horses 300 to 500 francs, a nice sturdy little sort of cart-horse, but most generally in use in the Diligences. They are truss little broad animals, and, if rather heavy, their weight is brought into use in drawing along these ponderous machines. A plough 20 francs. A cart 150 francs. A good strong working dress, consisting of coat waistcoat and trowsers, all of cloth, 24 francs. Hat 12 francs, and shoes strong and nailed 7 or 8 francs the pair. Wheat is now from 36 to 40 sous the boisseau. Rye 30 sous. Barley 24 sous. Oats 14 to 16 sous. Bread 2 sous the livre or pound. Meat 8 to 10 sous the livre. Labourers get 10 or 12 sous the day and their victuals, when hired by the day. But the profession of labourer seems to me to be scarcely understood in the part of

the country in which I made the above notes of prices. In the manufactories they are, to be sure, paid by the day, or by task, but there is not much manufacturing. The land, and its cultivation, is what I have here attended to, and the land is chiefly ploughed, sowed and rented by the same individual, aided by his family or his partners; for it is not uncustomary for two or more men to take a farm in partnership. They are labourers and farmers, and it is scarcely ever but near the towns or the châteaux, that, in *this country*, they talk of labourers. Masons and carpenters have their journeymen, and the price of labour with them is from 30 to 35 sous the day. Smiths, masons, carpenters, and all shop-keepers and publicans and other persons in trade, pay a tax called the *patente*. It is, indeed, a certificate allowing them to carry on their business in the place where they choose to practise it. It costs them a greater or less sum of money according to the populousness of the commune in which they are going to carry on their trade, and it begins, "Commune de — dont le population est de — âmes." This I copied from the "*patente*" of my fellow-traveller the mason, and as he lived at Bourges the tax was something considerable on him, but nothing to what it is at Paris, of course. At the bottom of the paper was this enumeration of the tax.

Fixed tax, 30 francs.

Proportional tax, 15 francs.

Centimes additional of no value, 9 fr.
62 centimes.

} Total, 54 fr. 62 cents.

And this *patente* he is obliged to take out every year. The item "*proportional tax*" is the one in which the

difference is made, falling heavier upon some and lighter upon others, according to the populousness of the commune and the circumstances attending the parties. Vierzon, which we did not get to till eight o'clock, was full of Spanish officers, who have been staying as prisoners there and at Bourges. Colonel O'Donnell has only just left it for Brussels, and all his fellow-prisoners are making their way towards the frontiers of France with all speed. Came off at nine o'clock for Chateauroux, having to pass a fine country in the night time.

At Chateauroux I was destined to experience infinite disappointment. I arrived there at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 21st, and waited patiently two whole days at the *Hotel de la Promenade* for a place in the Diligence for Limoges. None was to be had. All the places in all the conveyances had been taken since the 12th, and all I had to depend on was chance. The Spanish officers had secured these places. While here, however, the cutting north-east wind ceased, and the weather became comfortably warm, though not warmer than one would think it ought to be in the borders of the southern region of France within a few days of May-day. I walked first about the town, but was some time before I could find it; for the inn where I was is in the main street, or road rather, and here I saw no town fit to be the capital of *Indre*, which it is. But, in my walks, I found that there is a town, a confined and dirty assemblage of streets and houses, on a rapid declivity, under which runs the *Indre*, another arm of the Loire. It is a small river, much too small to be navigable for vessels however small;

but its current is rapid, and it flows between two immense plains of meadow, of which, perhaps, it causes the existence, and from some parts of the town it gives the country rather a picturesque appearance, which of itself, it by no means possesses. Indeed, it is not till you have passed this town, and are some distance beyond it, that the country has any thing beautiful about it. The characteristics are flatness and nakedness. The town is not large, the population being of from eight to nine thousand souls. Its manufactures are almost entirely confined to cloths. There are two or three rather large establishments of manufacturers in the neighbourhood, but a great deal of the cloth is made by men who have the looms erected in their own dwellings, who buy the wool, prepare and manufacture it. Many of these I saw, in walking through the streets. The front room is the workshop, and in these I saw them at work. I looked in at two or three, and the men showed me their cloth and told me the price. The measure is, the *aune*, which is 47 English inches long. To this breadth they make all their cloth, and that which I saw making, and which appeared to me to be good stout stuff, was 8½ francs the *aune*. The very finest is not, I believe, made here at all, for none, they tell me, is higher in price than 24 francs the *aune*. In every town there is a Grand Place, which serves as a market-place, a parade, a walk and a place for the holding of fairs. In Chateauroux there is the dullest one I have as yet seen. That at Calais is much better. I never, indeed, saw so irregular a town as this, but it bears some distinct marks of antiquity. A very old church

in the Lower Town, which is now almost destroyed, but appears to possess that which the greater part of these edifices that I have yet observed do not possess, a good material; good building-stone. The next piece of antiquity is the Prison, which consists of the towers and the archway, formerly, no doubt, the gates of the town, and which now stand in that which is the middle of the present town, but precisely on the outside of that which is evidently the original town. It is a massy stone building. The walls upwards of a yard thick, with no external ornament but its ponderous iron gratings. After being two days at "*La Promenade*," I moved, for the convenience of being nearer to the office of the Diligence, to the *Dauphin*, I think, an inn that stands in a little square, one side of which is formed by the prison. The keeper lives in a little lodge under the arch, but the responsibility usually attached to the office of jail-keeper here devolves on a guard of soldiers. One sentinel is continually promenading under the walls, and to him I applied for information respecting the malefactors within. He told me there were altogether 108. Of the suspected, the highest criminals were two women, who in reciprocal rage, had accused each other of murdering a poor woman who was found dead in her cottage some time ago near the town of Chateauroux. He said there was but little doubt of their both being innocent. Of the convicted, the greatest offender is a man who stole a silver tankard from an inn; but this prison serves only to put prisoners in who are waiting their trial, and others who are confined for the smallest offences. Those who are sentenced to long terms of

confinement, go either to the *Maison Centrale*, a prison erected in one department, and which receives prisoners from several, or they go to the *galleys* at the sea-port towns. On Saturday morning the little square in which are "*Le Dauphin*" and the prison, became the scene of a little market. I wondered what made such an unusual clattering of *sabots*, but on looking out of the window, I saw that the place was pretty well filled by buyers and sellers of almost every thing that is required to keep a-going that ever-hissing instrument, the casserole, or pot. The people who brought their bargains to dispose of are a kind of peasantry, who live in the outskirts of the town, and who possess exceedingly small pieces of land, which they crop to the utmost, but always in several different sorts of crop, let the piece of land be however small. A *boiseaulée* is a very common possession for one of these little land-owners. The eighth of an *arpent*! It is scarcely enough to admit of the planting of one cherry-tree, lest the branches should interfere with the trees of a neighbouring proprietor, by extending over it. Yet they have walnuts, plums, cherries, apples, pears, almonds, vines, currants; and wheat and rye, flax and garden-stuff; but all in such small quantities, that one would think the time devoted to the sowing and rearing so incongruous and small a crop, would swallow tenfold the profits of it. Some own, to be sure, as much as seven *boiseaulées*, but it is but few who own so much, whilst it is but few, also, who own so little as one. They possess *amongst them* some asses, and while the fathers and mothers are working in the gardens the children are seeking ma-

nure on the highways. They keep poultry, some a pig, and many have their goats, which, not having an inch of pasture for, they lead about on the sides of the roads to eat off the grass. Their houses are low, built of rough stone, and very roughly put together, and covered either with thatch or tiles. The up-stairs is generally a *granary*, and two little earthen-floored rooms serve the family. Their dress is all exceedingly coarse excepting the cap, but none of it is ragged. And these were the people that I saw on Saturday bringing in whatever they had that was saleable. The day was windy, but sunny, and as many as could went and put down their mats or stools under the prison walls, whilst others sat about in different places. Some had a pair of fowls, some eggs, and strings of mushrooms to sell; some had nothing but fowls, some had turkeys, some had exceedingly small lambs, and some kids. All seemed resolved to come with something, if they only carried back a sous or two. A great article of merchandize, certainly the greatest next to the fowls and the kids, was *hares*. An old woman with a hare, a sucking pig, and a string of mushrooms, asked me three francs for the hare. I asked her if that was not dear, and she desired I would say what I would give her, so she was asking the most she could. But the audacity of hawking hares under the very walls of a county jail! This same woman asked me 50 sous only for the sucking pig (two shillings and a penny!). Beyond the properties of these little proprietors, the land is farmed in very large tracts, as much as 500 boiseaulées to a farm. The country flat, open and very little wooded. The

land is light and stoney, and an old farmer whom I saw at plough on this same Saturday, with two oxen and two cows drawing by the horns and driven by his wife, told me that his land yielded him about five times the seed he sowed. He sows wheat, barley and oats in three successive years, and then he lets it rest again for four years. He insures against tempests. I must remark, that of all the faces that I noticed this day, upon the road leading out to the interesting little landed properties, on those properties, in the market-place, and concluding with the face of the old farmer above-mentioned, I saw depicted nothing that could lead me to suppose them the countrymen of the sprightly, laughing, witty, gay Frenchman. They seem not to partake of the nature of a Frenchman, such as we always have in our eye when Frenchmen are named to us. They are tall, rather slender, and with long grave countenances, the picture rather of care than of gaiety. That which they consume is almost entirely the growth of their own soil, but a great part of their food is rye bread, vegetable soup, and the milk of goats. They also kill sucking pigs, lambs, and kids for themselves, but as bread is the first article of food, and as their own pieces of land are not sufficiently large to supply them and their families the year through with bread, they sell all that they can dispense with, and that they can turn into money, to get the means of buying it. Fuel, too, is an article of consumption required by all, but possessed but in small quantities by any. The prunings of the vine give but a scanty supply, but to every cottage door the prunings of this season of the year send a very

small wood-pile, and as the country is bare of wood, I pity those who are compelled to buy it.

While lounging about at Chateauroux, and trying my fortune at different inns, I could do nothing but sit about in the kitchens or walk about in the country; and the latter I preferred, the inns being such nasty places. The parlour without fire, and the bedrooms without fire-places. The kitchens, places where a greasy man-cook with a red nightcap on, is incessantly skinning, cutting up, opening, trussing; exposing whole plates of cold meat, cold vegetables, lumps of lard and lumps of butter, and letting all the world see how judiciously he culls out a dinner for to-day from the fragments of yesterday, whilst under his feet and all round him are bits of meat, entrails of fish and of every thing else that is going through his hands. I often wished myself back to the Boule d'Or at Orleans, while staying at these nasty inns. At the *Table d'Hôte* at 5 o'clock, there was generally an arrival of a Diligence or two and that gave life and a change of company for a short time; but the greater part of the travellers were commis voyageurs, travelling for their houses at Paris. They talk about nothing but *the shop*. Some officers came in on Sunday last, on their way from Bayonne to Paris. They were returning from Spain. While we were all at dinner, two gens d'arms came in and asked for the passports of all the company. One of the officers had given his to a gent d'arme who demanded it of him at Angoulême, but who had lost it, and all he gave in return was his acknowledgment of having done so, and with such a passport this gentleman was travelling, pouring forth

imprecations in abundance upon the system which subjects a man in his own country to such inquisitions. To Frenchmen it must be most revolting, but with foreigners it is another matter, and rather a convenience to them than otherwise. Excepting at the Police Office in Paris, I have not been delayed a moment on account of mine, and from the gens d'arms, I have received nothing but the most respectful behaviour. At all the inns, they ask for your passport, or they ask you for your name, usual place of residence, profession, and your place of destination, that all these may be given to the police, and if the inn-keepers are found out in neglecting this, they pay a heavy penalty for it. In case you are robbed, you have nothing to do but to show your passport, and the whole gendarmerie is on the alert in your cause, and, without any bribes or promises, zealously at work. They are picked out from amongst the most respectable townsmen, and are well paid. Their horses and accoutrements are their own, and, therefore, they are without exception, the best mounted of French soldiers. They patrol the roads, going two and two in different directions, all day, and, since leaving Chateauroux, I have seen the Diligences escorted by them in the night. This, however, is not common, but some commotion having taken place lately owing to a robbery on the highway, the Diligences are escorted throughout the night, where the conducteur thinks it necessary. A young lad from a school at Tours was of the company on Sunday, and from him I learnt that, at the best school in that large and fashionable town, the best school after the college, at least, his father paid 500

francs a-year for him. This is for the ordinary branches of school education; but foreign language-masters, and masters of modern accomplishments, are paid for separately. Sixty francs were paid for his books on entering the school, and washing and mending is included in the 500 francs. Young children under 12 years old pay only 450 francs. This young man spoke most highly of the school and of his master, and he said that, excepting only the college of Tours, it was the best school of the Departement. His family live at Chateauroux, a distance of nearly 30 leagues from Tours. At the college 600 francs is the price of schooling; but then there are *accessoires* that make the 600 come to 700 or 800.

The process of brick-making that they practise near Chateauroux is rather curious from its extreme awkwardness. I stood a long time looking, the other day, at a man who was employed in this. He sat upon one end of a stool, with a flat piece of board in his hand. A boy brought him a wet lump of clay, and, with the board he fashioned it into the shape of a brick, the length and breadth of two pieces of stick that he had beside him. Not more than an inch and a half thick each brick. He told me he could make a thousand a day, but, as they put them out in the air to harden immediately on his having thumped them into shape, the too great heat generally cracks them, and he has to go over the thousand again on the following day to beat the edges in and repair the cracks. The awkwardness of this brick-making is seen plainly enough in the bricks, but when applied to tiles it makes sad work. They are very small, very heavy,

and are costly, as so many are spoiled in the making. It is a wonder that so ingenious a people should have found out no method less barbarous of shaping clay. The growth of London would receive a great check if it depended on these brick-makers. The burning of bricks and tiles is a process not less tedious with them, for they pile them in ovens such as lime is burned in, and there burn them, at a great waste of time and of fuel. The little square paving bricks are 20 francs a thousand, those that I saw making, 8 francs. Labourers' wages at Chateauroux 8 to 10 sous the day, with food. Without food, 20 sous. Bread 2 sous and 1 centime (the 5th part of a sous), meat 6 to 8 sous the livre. Wheat 35 to 38 sous the boisseau. Oats 13 to 15 sous. Wood 20 francs the cord; or 100 faggots for 20 francs; wood, oak and beech. Land close to the town 70 to 80 francs the boiseaulée, but further off 12 to 20 francs. Land near the town pays a land-tax of from 5 to 8 sous the boiseaulée, out in the country, nothing like so much.

I was so thoroughly tired of Chateauroux and its inns by Sunday night, that I took the only vacant place in the malle (mail), in spite of my objection to travelling at night. I had just received the receipt for the money of the clerk of the bureau when a French gentleman came in, who had, it seemed, been waiting two days for a place himself. On being told that I had taken the only place left, he sacré bleu'd up and down the room so extravagantly that I, beginning to repent of what I had done, was about to ask him to accept of my place. But he did not give me time to

do this, for I heard him at the door telling the wife of the clerk, that I was a foreigner, and that she might go in and say to her husband that she had fore-promised to him the place that I had taken, and that thus I might have an apology from them all, the money returned, and that the place might be given to him. If it had been of consequence that I should get off that night, these parties might, probably, have been shamed out of their trick, and if not, the Mayor would have seen me redressed though I was a foreigner. As it was, however, though I felt some little indignation against the Frenchman, I was rather glad to get rid of my place. He met me in the passage, and with infinite suppleness of spine, begged me to look upon him as an innocent cause of my disappointment, and to believe that nothing but the most urgent necessity could induce him to take, in such a case, even his own place; concluding with many other prettinesses all equally insincere. To condemn the whole nation as false and disobliging on account of this, would be to do, *perhaps*, a great injustice to it; but here were three parties, and I could not help almost laughing to see how they harmonized in falsehood. The Parisian (for I afterwards found he was one), the clerk, and the clerk's wife; all agreed in two minutes that a *foreigner* might be cheated. However I went back to the *Dauphin* in much better humour than I had been in all the day, having seen the proverbially polite, the delicate and courtly Parisian in his true colours. In the middle of the night I was called up to take the one place that was left unoccupied in the Diligence going to Limoges, and, on coming down stairs I found my

fellow-passengers all crowded into the kitchen warming and regaling; a coach-full of Spaniards.

My expenses at Chateauroux were, for three days and nights at the *Hotel de la Promenade*, 19½ francs and 2½ francs the servants. At the *Dauphin* two days and two nights, 17½ francs, and 2 francs the servants. This latter inn is kept by an old widow, whose feats are so notorious that she is said to sleep with her eyes open. For two days, she charged me very nearly as much as, at the other inn, I was charged for three. This is because I am a *foreigner*, again. When Frenchmen are imposed upon, they pay, I see, what they know to be just, and go off, in spite of all remonstrance. A gentleman who was in this Diligence, had taken something for which she charged what he deemed too much. He remonstrated, but she did not relent. He then paid just what he thought was right and got into the Diligence. The old monster sent out the young girl who waited at the table to implore; for that *she* would have to make up the money out of her wages. I had not breakfasted, as Frenchmen do, on different sorts of meat; and I drank no wine. She went off when I told her this, and, in giving me change for a Napoleon, gave me something less than the money, thinking I should not detect her. I never saw so wicked a looking person. Every feature contains expression enough for a whole countenance, and as it is all of craft, I leave you to guess what a picture the assemblage must present. I was seated between two Spanish officers and opposite to three, but I did not see them, or any thing of the country till we got to *Argentan*, a pretty little town romantically situated,

on the river *Creuse*, the third arm of the *LOIRE* that I have crossed since leaving Orleans; and here, as it began to get light, the postillion begged that all the passengers would walk up the "montagne," which all of us did with a good will. But the town deserves something to be said of it. It is immediately on the banks of the river, houses being built on both sides of it, even so close as for it to wash the walls of some and the garden walls of others. The river, too, is broader than either the Cher or the Indre, and the houses on its sides are high and ornamented on the side which faces the river, with balconies, as convenient as they are ornamental. We walked the length of one long street which bore no resemblance to a *montagne*, then we crossed a very narrow bridge leading over the river and passed through other streets, one of which is the *Rue de la Porte* something, and at the end of which, to the right hand, and almost buried amidst huge masses of rock, is the remains of an ancient gateway, still having in it several Gothic windows and an archway. The modern road, however, winds away at many yards distance from this ruin through which the road formerly went. Here we found the mountain, or, at least, a very long hill, winding up through narrow streets, and under rocks that rise up almost perpendicularly sixty or eighty feet above them. I was not a little pleased on getting to the top of this hill, at being eleven leagues and a half from Chateauroux. The country only wanted foliage to make the scene an enchanting one. The pretty river runs winding under a high ridge of hills, but in so broad a valley that you have many many miles of

its course in your eye, and towns or villages like the little one of Argenton seem to occur continually on its margin at proper distances from each other. The hills are covered with vines, but, in this leafless season, that plant looks so little like vegetation that it deducts from, rather than adds to, the beauty of the scenery. We came on through a great diversity of country, suffering from heat and dust. From the hill at Argenton to *Le Fay*, all is barren: very light land, growing nothing but heath and stunted beech timber. But at *Le Fay*, this changes abruptly for fine corn-fields, with meadows, upland and water, chesnut timber, standard fruit trees, and pretty chateaux; the villages, however, in which most of the chateaux are situated, are dirty little holes. Hilly country. Passing *Le Fay* you ride again through a poor country, but a very different one from that between it and *Argenton*. It is hilly, bearing heath and *chesnuts*, and appears unpeopled. Miles and miles of road we passed without seeing a house. The travelling most tedious. Through *La Ville au Brum*, to *Mortierol*, at and near which latter place the country is again very interesting. The valleys larger and the hills higher than any we had passed before, and there is such a constant succession of them, that it would be almost impossible to conceive prettier scenery. Many pretty villages placed here-and-there in different situations, some on the hills, some in the valleys, scarcely to be discovered now but by the church steeple, so buried are the houses in orchards of fruit trees, the principal tree being the plum, which is just in full flower. This, indeed, seems by far the most cultivated of all the fruit trees.

The fields, which are all enclosed as with us, within live hedges, are lined with them. The timber is birch and chesnut, but so backward is this season, that even the former of these trees does not yet show a leaf. We did not get to Limoges till ten o'clock at night, for the farther we came on the more we were plagued in mounting and ascending hills. At a short distance from *Mortierol* (which is in the Limosin) the country becomes the most savage of scenes. Continual hills, a deep mould on solid rock, and bearing heath, holly and chesnuts. The wheel was dragged one minute and the next all the passengers out and walking, walking a mile serpentine to gain a quarter of a mile of way. When at the bottom of a hill, all above is a rocky hill, brown or green, as the holly or heath preponderate, and now-and-then a small strip of meadow, watered by beautifully clear springs that gush out from the rocks; but one cannot help wondering where the people come from to take advantage of and guide this water, for not a cottage is to be seen. From the tops of these hills, tops of other hills is the object as far as the eye can reach. It must be a pretty forest in the summer time, when the chesnut and birch are in leaf, but now that all is brown excepting the holly, it looks really savage. The first time I have seen the lizard of any size is here. They were running across the road, and about in all directions, the day being exceedingly hot. The green one is a most beautiful little animal, about ten or twelve inches long, and of the most transparent green. As green as those noisiest of animals, the kid-a-dids of America, and they I thought were of the purest green possible.

Arrived at the *Boule d'Or* at Limoges, at ten o'clock of the night of Tuesday the 26th; and coming near to the town we met the Paris Diligence going out, escorted by two *gens d'armes*, a precaution deemed necessary from some robbery that has lately been committed on the high road, but in a part of France very remote from this. The distance from Chateauroux to Limoges is 32½ leagues, through the towns and villages of Lottier, Argenton, Le Fay, La Ville au Brun, Morterol, Chanteloube, and La Maison Rouge. We dined at Morterol, but, the house being pre-occupied by Spaniards, apparently of all degrees, and our Diligence being full of them, it was a scramble, in a dirty house, and in the kitchen of it too, for what had been left by those who went before us. "Dabord, Monsieur," the brown-faced and brown-armed girls who waited on us, called out to every one that asked for something, but the *dabord* soon turned to *il n'en reste plus*. These unfortunate prisoners are crowding back to their own unfortunate country in hundreds. Travelling in all sorts of ways, by diligence, on horseback, on foot and in carts. Some of them are very pleasant men, but they are for the greater part, dirty, smoking fellows. My place from Chateauroux, 19 francs 15 sous; and 3 francs for the conducteur.

Limoges, 30th May, 1824.

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As I told you, in my last letter, I arrived here on the night of the 26th of last month. At the inn, I was obliged to eat, drink, sit and sleep amongst Spaniards. All the rooms double or treble bedded; so, as I thought myself far enough south for the summer season, and as I liked the country as far as a very slight glimpse of it could make me acquainted with its merits, I hastened to get out of the inn, and fix myself either in some "*pension*," or in lodgings where I might be alone. The former, however, are all in the town. There is no such thing in the country; and I, therefore, took, the third day after my arrival, two rooms furnished; at about a mile from Limoges, and on the Bordeaux road. The landlord asked me twelve francs the month for them, and I did not hesitate in taking them at that price. He apologized for their being so far from the town, and told me how valuable they would be to him could he but move them a little nearer to it; but he was most happy when I told him that their situation was the very one of all others that I liked. As I had settled about the rooms, the next thing was where and how I could board. To walk into the town every day to one of the *Tables d'Hôtes* was too much, and I, therefore, settled with a woman who lived in another part of the house with her family, that she should buy

me whatever I wanted, cook it and serve me. Her wages were agreed upon, in less than five minutes, to be another 12 francs the month. And, having settled every thing, and sent in my things, I paid my bill at the *Boule d'Or* (24 francs for three nights and three days), and slept in my own lodgings on the fourth night of my arrival.

The three days following that of my arrival, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I employed in looking round the town, going out a little into the country, and in seeing and hearing as much as I could of both. The climate I asked most particularly about, and having invariably received satisfactory answers concerning it, I resolved on stopping here. It is by far the prettiest country I have yet seen in France. The town is situated on the side of a steep hill, sloping down to the river *Vienne*, which is the fifth arm of the *LOIRE* that I have seen. It is larger I think than the *Creuse*, and is a most beautiful river, running through valleys of rich water meadows, and having hills of birch, chesnut, oak, and other trees, sometimes rising up at a little distance from it, and sometimes overhanging it. The current of the river is rapid. In several places not far from the town falling in cascades over ridges of rock which have been placed horizontally across the river, so as to make it turn a great number of mills of various sorts: flower mills, paper mills, and mills for the grinding of flints for the use of the manufacturers of porcelain, in which latter species of manufacture the town carries on a considerable commerce. Though owing to this, and its smallness, the river does not afford a communica-

tion with the Loire by means of sailing boats of any size, small ones are here employed in the traffick carried on between this and other towns on its banks; and, in the conveying of wood for fuel and for the carpenters, it is almost indispensable. Large rafts of cord-wood, and small ones of timber are launched on it as near as possible to the place where they are cut, and the current is depended on for safely conveying them. A barrier across the river, near the town, prevents them from going any further than is necessary. The country is very picturesque. Hills, valleys, or sides of hills, as you like to take them. Very fine, large and rich meadows; fine-looking, enclosed corn-fields, and beautiful woods. The fields are divided one from another precisely as the fields in England are, by live hedges, which constitutes one great beauty of our country. Here are orchards in abundance of apples, pears, plums, cherries, walnuts, almonds and peaches; all these standard trees, of course, and I have now seen the greater part of these in their full bloom. The figure they make over the face of this pretty country is magnificent indeed. The plum is the great favourite. It grows everywhere, is a certain and an abundant bearer, and it, in the shape of prunes, yields a great profit. The cherry is also a most abundant bearer. The hedges even are lined with this tree just as those of Long Island are; and the sort most in vogue is precisely the same as that which flourishes most there; the little black *mazard*. Many very pretty country houses are placed very judiciously on the most beautiful and most commanding situations in the neighbourhood; and from any one of the hills

round the town, one sees the whole, or the greater part of these at one time. They are almost all of them built in the same form and manner, are white, and have pretty gardens round them: that is, pretty French gardens, for the laying out and beautifying of a garden, is one of the things in which we and our neighbours show our entire dissimilarity of taste. The walks must be *straight*, and when lined with orange trees (and they all are here), they are shaved square or round, according to the gardener's fancy. To every one of these country-houses, and to a great many of the town-houses, too, there is a plantation of two or more rows of lime trees; and being trained with very great care, they in time, form a complete shade from the sun, and a shelter that nothing but the hardest rain can penetrate, whilst under them is a pleasant walk let the weather be however hot or however wet. It is principally meant as a shelter from the summer sun; and I take it as a very certain sign of there being such a sun. It is, too, a great ornament to the country, as trees growing in their natural way are in such plenty all round that the formality of these *tilleuls* is lost.

The town of Limoges is not so handsome as Orleans, nor is it so clean. The population is about 22,000 souls. It is another assemblage of narrow and dirty streets, with one wide one going almost all round it; and with three public walks, or places. The *Place d'Orsey*, said to be on the site of a Roman Amphitheatre (and which is on a spot almost amphitheatrical), the Promenade de Fourny, and the Mairie. The two former are planted with rows of limes that are trained as I have said above; the latter is chiefly

used as a parade for soldiers. The buildings are, the Cathedral, a curious monument of old architecture which the English constructed when masters of this and the neighbouring provinces; the Palace of the Bishop, which was built not long before the Revolution, a very fine and spacious house, having behind it a most magnificent garden. I went within the gates of this to ask permission to see the garden, but a very old man in clerical attire, told me it was not the pleasure of the present Bishop that any one should be admitted to it; however, he took me to a place which was divided from it only by a very low wall, and over this I could see the garden, and duly appreciate the taste of the man who fixed on the spot whereon to have it. It is spacious, regularly laid out, and well attended to. Though at several hundred feet below, the river seems to run immediately under it, and the view of the lower parts of the town, of the river to the right and to the left, and of the country almost all round, is various, and, of the two latter, exceedingly beautiful. The pretty country houses on the opposite side of the river, in the midst of upland meadows, large orchards which were, when I was there, in bloom, chesnut and birch plantations, and all so prettily blended together, conduce to the beauty of this view. The third and last public building of any consequence in Limoges, is, I regret to say, a "*Maison centrale de detention*," an immense and splendid pile, which stands upon the site of a very large convent that existed before the Revolution, but of which nothing now remains but some fragments of immensely thick walls. This central house of correction contains now 800 prisoners,

but there are five Departements that send their criminals here: those of Charente, Vienne, Creuse, Corrèze and Indre. A little man whom I became acquainted with at the inn, would have me go with him and see the most magnificent building in the town, if not one of the most magnificent I had ever seen. It was this prison! He told me it had cost already a million of francs (about 40,000 pounds sterling) and that it was not yet finished. In the Prefecture and Mairie there is nothing particular, excepting that the clock on the latter is ornamented by an almost colossal figure of death with his scythe and sand-glass, who pulls the string of the hammer of the clock, and makes some curious signal with his head as it strikes twelve.

In one of my first walks out of the town, on the day after I arrived, I met my Parisian friend who had taken the place in the mail off my hands at Chateauroux. He knew me directly, and, making me a profound bow, again began to apologize for the "*vilain tour*" that he had played me. He was staying for a day or two at the Boule d'Or as well as I, and, in walking back to it, we met a curious procession: a newly-married couple followed by thirty or forty young women and men walking two-and-two. All the ladies highly ornamented with nosegays, but without any bonnets on their heads. Nothing but plain white caps. The whole procession was led by a player on the *bagpipes*. The bridegroom is a very respectable tradesman, a tanner of the town, and he is, besides, one of the *Judges of the Commercial Court*. He and his bride were showing themselves to the world upon

the occasion, by parading the town, a proceeding very usual with people of their rank.

Execrable as the bagpipes of the morning were, there arose in the evening a storm of music still more execrable. A considerable mob, chiefly consisting of young men, came along the main streets, having mule-bells, cows'-horns, conk-shells, drums badly beaten and old saucepans and kettles well beaten; and with these instruments, each contending which should make itself most distinctly heard, and with menacings and jeerings, this mob of men proceeded to the house of the tanner; and after having exhausted their lungs before his door, they proceeded to parade the town as he had done in the morning. When I first heard this I thought I recognized in it the punishment usually applied to the ears of cruel husbands in England; but, on inquiry, I was told that the tanner had been *married before*, and being a *widower* he had dared to marry a maiden lady, which was contrary to propriety. Widows and widowers must marry widowers and widows, or they must not marry at all. The noise was renewed every evening for three evenings, but with increased vigour every evening. The number of men increased, and with them, the number of musical instruments; and, at last, frightful transparencies were exhibited. The streets were thronged with men, and, as the procession passed along, all the window-sashes were thrown up and the windows crowded by spectators who all seemed to enjoy it. Every one talked of it as an outrage on delicacy, and the young people as an audacious infraction of their rights.

Beginning with the day after my entry in my lodg-

ings, and up to this time, I have had but very indifferent weather: The three first days after my arrival at Limoges were fine and warm. So warm that I fancied I felt a southern climate, and, therefore, determined on going no further into it at this season; but I need not have so soon taken alarm; for I have seen but very few fine days since.—On the 3d of May, as I was coming out of the town up a nasty narrow and dirty street, the Rue Gaginole, I observed a passing and re-passing of people into and out of a large building having on its top the words "*Cour Royale*" in gilt letters. I went in with the crowd, and found it to be the criminal court, in which there was a trial going on at the time. The sittings are held every three months, but before judges who sit in this court and in this town only. They go no circuit. They are inhabitants of the town in the court belonging to which they sit, so that, if there be no other inconvenience attending such an institution, there is that, at any rate, of keeping a parcel of men idle during a great part of the year, as these gentlemen must necessarily be who only hold their sittings once in every three months, and sit for no longer space of time than about fifteen days at each sitting. You enter the court through a pair of high folding doors which are guarded by a *gen d'arme* with a sword by his side, and a musket with bayonet fixed, in his hand. It is a spacious and lofty room, divided into the necessary compartments. An elevated platform immediately opposite the entrance-doors, for the judges and the procureur du roi, a double row of elevated forms on the right-hand side of the room for the jury and a single form on the opposite side, railed off

by iron bars, for the prisoners, the counsel sitting just under these latter. The whole floor is appropriated to the jurymen of the departement who being summoned to attend the assizes, generally spend their time in the court. Behind these are the witnesses, and behind the witnesses is a small space of standing-room for the public. Five judges were sitting on the bench, an indispensable number. They are dressed in a kind of silk frock-coat, with a scarlet robe flung over it, and a velvet cap on their heads bordered with gold lace. The *procureur du roi* is the attorney-general, and he pursues *all criminals*. He is always the prosecutor, and, if he cannot attend to conduct the case himself, he conducts it by his substitute. His dress is the same as that of the judge. The lawyers are dressed in a plain black gown and a cap bordered with *silver* lace. The jury is composed of twelve gentlemen chosen from amongst the most respectable inhabitants of the departement who are above the age of *thirty years*. They are paid nothing for attending, but are heavily fined for neglecting to attend. The prisoners on this occasion, were a woman who was charged with having stolen 16,000 francs in the dwelling-house of a major of the army who lives at St. Leonard, a little town not far from Limoges, and a man suspected of being her accomplice because known to be her friend. These two persons were neither of them ironed. A murderer, even, is not ironed whilst on his trial. But on each side of them, there sat a *gen'l'arme*, in his uniform with his cocked hat *on his head*, and with a musket, bayonet fixed, in his hand. The trial had proceeded too far for me to learn the precise manner of proceed-

ing in such cases. The counsel for the woman was speaking in her defence. A most loquacious little man, who *read from a paper* all that he had to say, which is very much the custom of French orators. By this means the pleader, of course, forgets nothing that he has thought of, and his address may be the more methodical; but, if he adhere to this, he can reply to nothing that has been said by the opposite party, and besides, it has the effect of letting go the attention not merely of the audience but of judges and jury; and in the sentimental and pathetic, in which this gentleman very much indulged, the effect is most maudlin~~g~~. He positively made the whole court laugh when he wished to make them cry; and though he did not absolutely fatigue them into a cry, he produced such lowness of spirits in the jury box, that the foreman proposed, at four o'clock, that all should go to dinner. After the judges and the procureur du roi and the jury had settled that this was advisable, and that they should meet again at *seven o'clock* the same evening, a few words in a low tone of voice fell from the presiding judge by way of expostulation with the counsel, for the extreme length of his speech; whereupon the latter pointed to the clock as his witness that he had been something less than two hours upon his legs. The judges, jurymen, lawyers, and audience all quitted the court, each taking his nearest road home.

I did not fail to attend again at seven o'clock, but I found no one so punctual as myself. The jurymen began to drop in at about half past seven, and soon after the judges and the lawyers; but until they were all assembled it was useless to begin, so they stood, or

walked about in groups in the square before the Court-house, all busily canvassing the affair. The judges, the procureur du roi, the jury and the lawyers. I stood upon the steps of the hall door whilst this was going on, and from their manner of accosting each other as they arrived in this square, and other expressivenesses that I could understand, but that I cannot describe, I should be almost warranted in saying that they were all engaged in *canvassing the affair* that they were going soon to decide upon; but I distinctly heard the president judge say to one of the jurymen, as they took a turn near to where I was standing, that the circumstance of the male prisoner having been *in the house, was not proved*. This sort of adjusting of matters continued for a full hour, so that it was eight o'clock before the sittings were resumed. The undignified conduct of the judges out of the court is not all. They carry it into the court. They lounge about on the bench, as if perfectly heedless of what was going on; they talk and laugh with the jurés on the floor (the jurymen not in the box); and this they have ample time for doing, as they take no notes upon the trial. Some of them are very young men too. One, that I observed in particular, I could not think to be upwards of eight-and-twenty; and when I asked my friend who eulogized the prison, how so young a man as that came to be made a judge, he said that he was named judge out of respect for his father, who had been many years a very esteemed judge of the same court! No compliment to the generality of judges.

When the trial was proceeded in again, the little

man who spoke in the morning, finished his oration, and then, as the prisoners had each his counsel, the counsel for the man rose to defend him. And here I was amply compensated for all that I had endured in the morning. Although also a young man, this latter was a very different sort of man. He had written his defence, but it was a most able one. He had had plenty of time, not only to form his commentary upon the evidence, but a reply to the procureur du roi; and from his commentary, I learnt the greater part of the case. The evidence against the prisoners was almost entirely circumstantial; and it involved a great many circumstances, some of them occurring with considerable lapse of time between them, but furnishing barely suspicion enough to put the prisoners on their trial. Therefore, this speech consisted purely of remarks upon that evidence, as it was connected with the characters of the witnesses and with their feelings towards the prisoners, and as it was reconcilable with probability or possibility. Too many witnesses were brought to swear to the facts; some of them of respectability, and some of them not of respectability; and of one of this latter description he made the most. He very clearly and concisely stated the whole case to the jury as it had been given in evidence, omitting no person, time or place; and then he proceeded to dismember the whole chain by putting the one in opposition with the other, and showing how impossible it was that one should have existed, granting that the other had existed. In all this he was much favoured by the complexity of the evidence, and the great number of witnesses who had sworn to it. Too much

was proved, very happily for the one prisoner who was defended by this young man, for he was acquitted. I was very much pleased to see the effect produced upon the judges and the jury by this last speech ; and, the former in particular being those who discovered the least steadiness during the speech of the morning orator, I was glad to see reduced to that gravity which is with us proverbially one of the attributes of judges.

The procureur du roi replied to these two gentlemen, *and they answered him*, as the prisoner or his counsel have always the last word ; and, after a very short charge to the jury from the presiding judge, the woman was found guilty and the man acquitted. The same judge then immediately pronounced the sentence upon her, which was, six years of hard labour in a jail in the town, after submitting to the *carcan*, a species of pillory. This pillory I saw as I was coming out of the town in a day or two after the trial had taken place. A small platform being erected in a large open square, there are as many upright posts fixed to it as there are victims of justice to be exhibited. To each post there is attached, at about the ordinary height of a man, an iron collar (*carcan*), and this opens to receive the culprit's neck, and is fastened round it by a small padlock. There were, the woman who was found guilty of stealing in the house of her master, and four young lads, all for robberies. The crimes they were convicted of and the punishments they were sentenced to, were written out in legible characters, and fixed to the tops of the posts ; and these were all the persons that were convicted at the late assizes of the departement, out of the sixteen that

were tried. They endured this humiliation during one hour: a considerable crowd kept round the place, consisting chiefly of old and young women, attracted principally by the circumstance of there being one of their own sex amongst the prisoners. The conviction was the subject, of course, of their conversation, and "*elle est condamnée sans preuve*" was given from one mouth to the other, till the whole crowd seemed pretty well convinced that a rare piece of injustice had been done towards the unfortunate woman. Indeed it has caused a great deal of talk amongst much less hasty and less biassed persons, and I think the general opinion is, that judges and jury all suffered themselves to be too much influenced by the "*forte présomption.*"

In talking, some days ago, of the Revolution, first generally, and then more particularly as it showed itself at this place, and in the murder of M. de Chabrol (who and whose virtues are well remembered), my landlord drew an animated picture of the happiness that the French people enjoy now compared with that which they enjoyed before the Revolution. And in counting over upon his fingers the immunities now enjoyed by them, and that were before unknown to them, one was the impartiality of courts of justice in cases where the contending parties are far removed from each other by their rank and wealth. He would now, he said, just as soon go to law with a seigneur as with the commonest individual; and much sooner would he go to law with a seigneur than with a *pretty woman*. Of course, I said, your gallantry would not permit that! No, it was not that; but, "*malheureusement,*"

there existed in reality an influence, an influence beyond any that wealth or rank possessed, and one that even the Revolution had been unable to efface. My little friend here begged to relate one anecdote. A judge of the Cour Civile of Limoges, a M — (but whose name I forget), was called upon one morning by a lady, who introduced herself by saying that she was the wife of a gentleman who had a suit at law that would shortly come on for trial before him, and that she wished (very naturally) that her husband should prevail. Mr. —, who saw that the lady's design was to influence him as a judge, was fired with indignation at the insult, and calmly replied that he would in this case, as he had done in all cases hitherto, administer *justice*.

The little man told this, rising up on his toes as he pronounced loftily the answer of the judge; his face colouring as red as fire from the vehemence with which he gave utterance to this instance of extraordinary virtue; and having subsided a little, he looked at me for those corresponding marks of astonishment which he thought could not fail to be produced by such a récit. But, seeing nothing more than ordinary in my countenance, he thought the phlegmatic Englishman must be roused by a "qu'en pensez vous?" and when I told him that I could certainly relate to him no such anecdote concerning any English judge that I had ever heard of, for that none but a mad person would dream of approaching one of them on such a mission, he lost all humour, and thinking, I suppose, that partiality for country had made me, at all hazards, determine on finding out superior virtue in the Eng-

lish judge, he turned from me with an "ah bah!" that expressed it well.

The rainy and cold weather continued up to the 10th ult. when, having often noticed a placard on the walls advertising a "Domain" for sale, I thought to see what a domain was, and to hear all connected with the agriculture of this part of the country. The weather became warm and the rain having apparently ceased, I went off intending to explore my way to a place at about two leagues distant from Limoges, and on the Poitiers road, called *du Haut*, or *Meyjas*, which had been represented as consisting of a village with a gentleman's house in it, surrounded by upland and water meadows, arable land, timber and under-wood, and chesnut plantations. The road I took to get to it was enough to dishearten any one. I followed the Poitiers road till I came to a village called little Limoges, where scarcely a house had a casement in it; and then turning off the main road, and taking one to the left, I entered a kind of forest of chesnut trees, where large spaces were sufficiently clear of trees to be ploughed and cropped. The land a light sandy soil mixed with pebbles, bearing chesnut, oak and birch, the latter the finest of the sort I ever saw, and producing now and then great beauty on the face of a wild and ill-cultivated country. Hanging woods of this tree, which was on this day only just in full leaf, were the only beauties I had to admire, but these, the stem of every tree being the colour of pure silver, the form of the tree itself, its leaf and the peculiar colour of it, made almost amends for the dreary and wintry appearance of the backward chesnut. I had

frequently been told that in the neighbourhood, and, indeed, all the departement over, I should meet with incomprehensible patois ; and, having lost myself amidst the woods on this day and being in a predicament when most of all I wanted clear and comprehensible explanations, I found that the warnings had been given me with good cause. Two tall figures were at plough under chesnut trees, driving each a pair of cows that were drawing by the horns, that is, by a yoke which goes from poll to poll of the animals. One after the other, I accosted these two men, neither of whom could understand a word I said any more than I could understand what they said. I repeated frequently the names of the person and place where I was going, thinking that proper names they would understand, and they did, or seemed to do so ; but the directions they gave me were utterly useless. I several times lost my way in this same manner, but I always found some one to talk a great deal to me of which I understood nothing, and many who, though they still could not make me understand their dialect, made me understand their expressive gesticulations. They led me upon clean and high ground, and pointed out the village I was going to and objects between it and myself which I should have to pass in my way to it ; making themselves most animated direction-posts. At about mid-day I got to *Meyjas*, a village, though it consists of only the master's house and the houses (dwellings) and out-buildings of the three metayers, or tenants on Mr. CONSTANT's domain. The former is the mansion, what we should call a moderately good farm house. I knocked at the door and a little

youthful lady en negligée opened it for me, and called her husband. My excuse I had determined to make when I should be upon the road to the place I was going to see, but when on the road I found quite enough to do in thinking of it alone, so that I found myself at M. CONSTANT's door so destitute of any plausible excuse for going to see him that I was compelled to throw myself upon his good humour. He asked me if I lived at Limoges. I said no, nor in any other part of France, but that I was an Englishman. "Ah!" he said, "Anglais: c'est égal, c'est égal: brave homme, brave homme!" They were just at dinner, and insisted on my sitting down too, so that, in five minutes, my perplexity was at an end and I was sitting at dinner with the Maire and Mayoress of the Commune, for such I found my host and hostess to be. They pressed me to this, with unaffected good manners, and would hear no apologies from me for the manner in which I had broken in upon them; but, after laughing a good deal at my account of the *patois* I had met with and of the road I had come, they looked upon me as a kind of strayed child, and were proceeding to give orders for a bed to be prepared for me. In the room there hung the pictures of Charles the 12th, George the 2d, and Louis the 18th, and to this latter the Maire pointed, saying that he owed great obligations to England for having given him refuge during the time of Buonaparte. The *Mayoress* asked me if the late Queen of England had not been poisoned; a belief very strongly entertained here. After dinner M. Constant took me out to see his garden, a piece of ground of about two English

acres, well stocked with standard fruit trees, but amongst them, the most valued is the *English cherry*. There is a fish-pond in it, and a very rich apple and pear orchard adjoining it; but M. Constant is not that neat and pains-taking man about the garden that I always supposed all Frenchmen to be. From the garden, which, with the village, stands upon high ground (the house is called "*du Haut*") the scenery is woody and wild. It put me in mind of what I saw in coming from Chateauroux; and I could not reconcile it at all with any idea I have ever entertained of France. I could not help fancying myself in the "Western Countries," and every man I saw I thought a back-woodsman. M. Constant is not unlike an American by any means. A tall good-looking man, with a short jacket on him, a long beard, shoes without strings in them, with his hands in his pockets, and a twist of tobacco in his mouth.

The village consists of the house above mentioned, which has two good sitting rooms down stairs, and four bed-rooms above; kitchen and out-offices, and stables and poultry houses. Then there are three long buildings with two rooms on the ground floor, and a long loft above to each. The floors down stairs, are, the earth trodden hard, and the roofs are thatched. These are the metayers' houses. Barns, stables, sheds for cows and pigs and sheep are generally all built in one, as they often are in America. The metayer being the farmer of France, I must give you some account of him, and I cannot do better than give you an account of the manner in which this M. Constant lets his three farms out to them, because you will then see their

situation. The metayer is, in fact, a *servant*. He lives in the shed I have described, and near to the house of the landlord, which house is called the "*maison de maitre*," the master's house. The reason for letting farms in this way really appears to be a want of industry or energy in the owner. He wishes to have the profits and incur none of the plagues attending a personal superintendence of his own affairs; and, therefore, he gives up all into the hands of his servants, with a strict bargain that a stipulated share of the profit is to be his return. The most general division is of *one half of the profits*, the metayer finding implements, live-stock, and labour and seed, and the master nothing but the land. This is the sort of agreement existing between M. Constant and his three tenants, whom he calls his *servants*. They are bound to supply his house with fresh pig-meat, with fowls, and eggs, and with butter. They rent none of the wood-land, because the mere act of cutting and binding, or of felling, that, would not entitle them to so much as a half of the profits; so the master cuts his own timber and under-wood, and the metayers are bound by their agreements to cart it to whatever place he directs them, so that he finds them in food during their absence from their own homes. They are bound, also, to work in the master's garden, or elsewhere, upon no other wages than their food during the time of their continuing to work for him. I saw all three of these tenants, or servants, at plough. They were using cows, as most of the people in the neighbourhood do. A little boy to each team as driver, though these poor little ill-fated cows appear to be so gentle as to require but little driv-

ing. To each metayer's house there appeared an ample family of well-looking children, but who were running about as wild as hawks and much dirtier. The houses are furnished with coarse earthen ware utensils, and other articles of homely furniture, and though every thing looks uncleanly and untidy in the extreme, it is, perhaps, tidy and clean in proportion with the habits of the occupiers. Their food is *soup* as the staple commodity. For breakfast, dinner and supper, in the summer time, soup made of a piece of any kind of meat and with an outrageous proportion of herbs and vegetables, is the dish preferred by all. In the winter they pick up the chesnuts as they fall, and divide them with the master, and of these also they make a *soup*. The bread most commonly used is that of *rye*, but it is by no means unfrequent in the poorest spots of country hereabouts, to use buckwheat flower in the making of bread. This is, however, the poorest sort of bread that is made, and none but the very poorest cultivators use it. They call it *blé noir*, as we, I dare say, formerly called it *black wheat*, and now *buck wheat*. And, as it would be singular indeed to find neatness and care displayed in the exterior of these dwellings whose interiors are so, I may almost say, filthy, nothing is there to be found in the way of garden, or of any description of out-house. The place seems to have been built close upon the road merely for the convenience of stepping at once on to it; the house close to a well, and a monument of filth and idleness, a dung heap, is erected at every door-way. To look at these places one would imagine the people a set of creatures merely thinking one moment of ob-

obtaining that which shall prolong existence throughout the next; and yet they possess property, and are a kind of masters.

M. Constant had advertised only one of his metayrées to sell, and this he called a domain; but, like a true woodsman, he would sell any thing, and, accordingly, if any body would buy the whole three together, with the mansion, he is most willing to sell.—Altogether he has 550 septerées of land, and the highest bidder may have it all. Ninety septerées are every year sowed with rye or wheat, and as it is the custom here to sow land only every other year, there is always 90 septerées in fallow. Sixty of *tallis* (underwood), which he cuts every six years. Six large meadows the size of which M. Constant does not know, but of which his tenants cut annually 10 to 12 hundred weight (ten to twelve quaintaux) of hay. There appeared to me to be as much meadow as arable land, and that which was neither arable, meadow nor coppice land, was in chesnut plantation. As to the quality of this land, it appeared to be not of the best. A light but rather deep loam upon gravel. Its produce I asked about, and was assured by the Maire that his metayers usually sowed a septier of wheat upon a septerée of land, the septier of wheat weighing about 90 pounds weight and the septerée measuring about 22,000 feet, or half an acre English measure; and that the return was on an average nine times the seed. Something less than 27 English bushels to the acre. Summer crops are sometimes sowed on the resting land, of buckwheat or potatoes, and as much manure as can be made on the farm is used on it, but none is ever bought. On the

whole three farms the stock kept is 8 oxen, 16 cows, 300 sheep and 25 to 30 pigs, great and small, with poultry, pigeons and such like. The oxen and cows are small, and they are all worked, and none of them ever half fatted. But it is the *flocks* of the Limosin that are the most extraordinary perhaps that any country can show. None of the animals weigh much, though some of them are of immense size. Long-backed, long-legged, large and long-headed, and long-wooled. Some, and a good many, too, are black; and some, though old, are so small that they do not weigh more than *twenty livres*, live weight. They may truly be said to be of all sizes, sorts and colours. The merino is discoverable in a great many, but so degenerate! They are kept in no regular manner. No food is grown purposely for them, and, if nature did not cause weeds and grass to spring up in wastes, they would starve *in the summer*. In the winter they are penned in stables and fed upon hay and bran. They go prowling about all the summer long either upon the roads, or under the chesnut-trees, with two or three shepherdess attendants, who being attended by from three to six active, clever and savage dogs, never but in cases of emergency quit their seats, and never their knitting. Four dogs belonging to a flock of this kind came at me, as I was returning from the Maire's, with a ferocity that made me remember how often, since being here, I had been warned to walk always with a stick. I picked up some stones, intending to act only defensively towards them, when a shepherdess (more like a fury) came rattling along in her *sabots*, in attire coarse and glaring, and with nothing

on her head, nothing even to keep up her long hair; and who, imagining that I was about to do some mischief to her dogs, applied to me some epithets fouler than those that shepherdesses have ever been supposed to use. It might have been excess of simplicity; but I certainly never was so be-d—d before in all my life.

Wheat is now selling at 9 francs the septier (101 pounds 4 ounces, English weight, for 7s. 6d.). Barley, 7 francs. Oats, 6 francs. Buck wheat, 4 francs. Hay, 3 francs to 3½ francs (2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d.) the hundred weight.—Oak timber the footsquare, 1½ francs. Wood, 100 faggots, 40 francs.—Labourers, when hired by the day, 20 to 25 sous.—The whole amount of taxes paid on the estate of which I have been speaking, 400 francs (16l. 13s. 4d.).—The expense of registering an estate, on purchasing, 5 per cent. on its value. Expenses of conveying about 60 francs to the public notary.—The sum asked by this gentleman for the whole 550 septerées, with, of course, the farm-houses and buildings, and with the mansion-house and the garden and orchards, is 85,000 francs, and 85 louis d'ors for Madame, as it is customary in such bargains, always, by way of courtesy, to give Madame a louis in every thousand francs. It would be about 154 francs the septerée. Or 3541l. 13s. 4d. for 275 English acres. About 12l. 16s. 8d. an acre; which I have reckoned as about two septerées.—Much less than this he would take, for nothing can be more widely different than the asking and the taking price. The Notary of whom I inquired the way to this domain, told me that such was the price asked, but he added that the *dernier mot* would be considerably less. The whole, Monsieur

Constant said, ought to let at a money-rent, for 3000 francs a year ; and yet he said that land ought, and did, yield a profit of $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 per cent.—As to the expenses of cultivation of this land, I could learn nothing. The owner knew nothing about it, and I suppose the farmers would not have been able to give the least assistance in estimating them. They appear to be really experimental farmers, and the experiment appears to be entered on in consequence of the simple question “is *eating and drinking* compatible with doing so and so?” I think Monsieur put the produce of his land at the very utmost, or the expenses of cultivating must be enormous if he could only let such a place for 3000 francs a year. However, if the information is not correct in every particular, I can learn better in the many opportunities I shall have of so doing whilst I am here; and I have every reason to feel pleased at my visit to *Meyjas*. The Maire walked a good part of the way home with me in the evening, putting me into the right road, and showing me that there is a road to his house upon which carriages might pass, but not without difficulty. He invited me to come and stay at his house during the three days of the races that are to be held next month near the village in which he lives. And here I close this long letter.

Jamoges, 26th June, 1824.

SINCE I wrote last to you, I have had some days of fine warm weather, but, from all the experience I have yet had, uncertain weather is the lot of these people as well as it is ours, for scarcely a day has passed without at least threatening for the morrow. It is still cold, too, and, though, to be sure, the people all say the season is unusually backward, we have yet no cherries but such as come from a considerable distance south of this place, and no strawberries that are eatable. The vines, of which there are but very few in the neighbourhood, are very backward indeed. Instead of having made considerable shoots, scarcely a bud has bursted yet, and all sorts of evil is anticipated from this circumstance.

In the bad weather I do not move out, and this has acquired for me the appellation of "Hermit" and "Oiseau de Cage" amongst some young Frenchmen who live near me, and who, though they very much dislike bad weather, will brave any thing to get out.—On the 21st of last month I went into the town to see an examination of young horses that was to take place before the Mairie, and by the Maire assisted by competent judges, to determine which were the finest, and to award the owners the different prizes that

are given yearly by the government. There are three prizes, the first 1500 francs, the second 1000 francs, and the third 800 francs. But a man who intends to become a candidate for the prize, must bring the foal and show it on one of these show days, have it entered on the books, and prove himself to be a native of the departement. This is to prevent foreigners coming into the country with their undoubtedly superior horses, and taking off the prizes; but it is a sure method to prevent the improvement being rapid. This departement is famous all over France for its nimble and handsome little horses; for its *chevaux fins*; and several very pretty little animals were shown on this day. But the greater part, though thought exceedingly beautiful here, would not be considered so in England. The French have no taste whatever about horses. *Cheval fin*, is the horse in perfection, and so as he have thin and long legs, no matter for the rest; so that, too often they are narrow chested, very thin in the body, with short upright necks, hanging ears and tremendous heads. But some are very handsome, and though tamed, and treated by their owners with the greatest kindness, they are as vicious as mules, biting, and striking with their fore legs as viciously as that traitor of animals does. None of the men that I saw here with their colts appeared to be professed horse-breeders, but countrymen who became possessed of them by chance. After the three prizes were awarded, many foals were brought and entered, to be judged of on future occasions.

By the side of the gates which open to a courtyard in which is the entrance to the Mairie, I re-

marked three or four rows of little hand-bills giving notice of couples that were going to be married. The notice sets forth the name, age, and profession of the man, then the name and age and profession and place of abode of his father and mother; and then the same by the lady. The Maire of the commune marries the parties according to the Civil Code, and then they are married again by the priest. But the placarding the names and places of abode, age and profession, against the wall of a large square place that is used constantly as a parade for soldiers, is what struck me as being somewhat indelicate; or, at least, I could not help thinking that it would be thought so in England, where the experiment was lately tried in a way certainly not so gross, and where it was cried down instantly.

On the 22d, the annual fair was held in Limoges. Fairs in France are like fairs in England. Cattle of all kinds are brought to be sold, plays acted by strolling players, wild beasts are brought to be shown, and toys and finery of all sorts get assembled together in unusual masses, and the people seem unusually inclined to lay out their money. This greatly depends, however, on the weather, and the 22d was a very wet day. Farmers and their wives are, however, proof against rain, so the town was full of them and their cattle. Oxen, cows and calves, sheep and a profusion of goats and kids; and amongst the animals of the cow kind, I noticed some of the prettiest little creatures that, I think, I ever beheld. A little animal spotted black and white, and being hornless, with a very fine coat, and with limbs fine in proportion to the

smallness of its other parts. I think I saw some of these once in Rose-hill Park, near Whiteflood in Hampshire; but those, if I recollect, had long horns, and were larger than the animals I saw here. These are hornless, and, though I am afraid to say how small they are, I am sure that no Alderney cow ever was so small. Not so high as a common ass; but a little longer in the back. They are bred in the wild parts of the country, and are kept by very poor people, who use them for their milk and calves only. They call them *brèttes*, as they came originally out of Brittany. They say that they give a great deal of milk and are exceedingly docile. The price they commonly sell for is 50 or 60 francs. The men seemed fully occupied in driving and leading their oxen, cows, colts and mules, of which latter there were an immense number; and the women kept the sheep and goats; but the day was too showery for the fair to be any thing but one of business. Oxen are generally, I see, sold in pairs, and so are cows, with the yoke on. The former 300 to 400 francs the pair, and the latter about 300 francs. Young horses from 100 to 600 francs each; but all that I saw here were of the little nimble sort mentioned above, and a sort that is but little used in the country. Mules 100 francs each, for very good ones; but these animals are so vicious that they are all brought with either bits of stout sacking or netting round their noses, and their masters strictly enjoin all passengers to beware of their heels. They are strong, or rather indefatigable, beasts, but very ugly; and their chief occupation is that of bringing things on their backs through countries that are impassable for

wagon and horses, and almost for horses without the wagon. They go in droves with bells round their necks; and, with a leather cask, or very large bottle, on each side of them, they bring wine from a great distance south of this.

I was invited to walk about a mile out of the town to see the burying-ground, which is on a very high and commanding spot, at the end of a long line of straight and broad road, with high elm trees on its sides, the Paris road, and a fashionable walk with the people of Limoges. The *Cimetière* is the burying-ground for the town. It stands on very high ground, and the view from it on almost every side is very extensive, in some directions beautiful, and in others exceedingly wild. It is a piece of land of about eight acres, walled round; and here people bury their relations in the manner best suited to their means. The poorer people put up nothing but a simple cross of wood painted black, with a tin plate on it bearing the name and age of the person who is dead. But those who are rich enough, buy a space large enough for many coffins, have it fenced round, and exercise much more taste (or drollery) in laying out and keeping up little flower-gardens over the bodies of their fathers and mothers than they do in the gardens about their dwellings. Pinks and carnations are here set out in the form of hearts and other things, emblematical of nothing that the maker of them can feel for those over whose bodies he is exercising his skill, but strongly expressive of the rivalry that is going on amongst the living, as to who shall have the prettiest garden over the bodies of the

dead; and strongly characteristic, too, of French levity. On all the stones and all the crosses put here by rich as well as poor, I observed a great quantity of white or black spots, according as the stone or cross was black or white. These things are just in the form of a small pear, and as I thought it a very ugly ornament, I said so; but I was instantly told that they are *the tears*! Raining cats and dogs is a common hyperbole with us, but the French would almost *cry* them. Many of the inscriptions were curious, a great many pretty, but I saw but one that was serious, and that is said to have been written by the subject of it herself, and only a very few days before her death; but when she saw that her speedy death was inevitable. My friend admired the little gardens exceedingly, and poured forth great censure upon the owners of some that seemed rather neglected. We walked back into the town, and though the badness of the weather prevented some dancing that was to have taken place in the afternoon at the Tivoli of the town, the peasants did not let that prevent their merriment. Every little public-house was full, and one room of each was appropriated to dancers. These people, however, of the Limosin do not show the elegant taste that pervades almost all classes of almost all the French people as to dancing. The music is the bagpipes, played in the most excruciating manner, and the figures they dance resemble nothing I ever saw before. They clap their hands at one part of it, and give a kind of Indian whoop, which serves as a signal for some simultaneous change of position; but it is so little elegant, and the dancing on boards with sabots is so horribly and dis-

agreeably noisy, that I was soon glad to get out of sight and hearing of it; and, as the afternoon was wet, came home.

The next day introduced me to a man that I had read of in England, and that I had often heard of here. I found him sitting with my landlord under a vine in the garden behind our house; and, as I was "Monsieur l'Anglais," he very politely got up and offered me his seat. It was the Count ABISBAL, the Spanish General, of whom many ugly things are said, and who is now living in the most perfect retirement in a little country box almost hidden in a pretty garden, on the road between Limoges and Aixe, and at about half a mile from where I am. They say he is pensioned by the French government at a cost of many thousand francs the year, and that, besides being pensioned, he is *imprisoned*; at least, so far imprisoned that he cannot move from this spot. In person he is tall, or about five feet eleven inches in height, very upright, but with very square and high shoulders. His face is round and very dark, and it would be handsome but for an unusually wide mouth and a faulty set of teeth. His hair is rather gray; his eyes small and his nose rather turned up than straight. When walking fast or running he limps sadly from a very bad fracture of the upper part of the shin-bone, a wound that he received from a musket-ball, I believe, at the battle of Abisbal in Catalonia, where he gained a victory for which he was made a Count. He told me that the ball, when extracted, he took particular care of, and as the war was still going on, he loaded one of his pistols with it, kept it carefully always by his side, and

wore it for *two years* waiting an opportunity to send it back into the body of some Frenchman, and this he ultimately did, but where I forget. He talks French most elegantly, and he understands something of English, German and Italian. He is a man of great general knowledge, and he piques himself upon his knowledge of history, in which he seems to take great delight. He talks much about his own "unfortunate country," which he ought not to do without blushing, if all that is said of him be true. His great amusement at his house is in innumerable canary birds, rabbits and guinea-pigs, and in his garden; about all of which he talked with so much glee that one would imagine his whole life had been spent in affairs of this small kind; but he carries affectation enough into his hermitage to feel a presentiment that a field of battle will be his grave! He invited me, with my landlord and a young Frenchman, to go and see his birds and rabbits. We went, and I was very much pleased with the place. The garden slopes gradually to the south away from the road, and the house, though so low as to have none but servants' rooms higher than the ground floor, is very pretty and convenient, and the view from the windows is exceedingly pretty, notwithstanding the place is by no means on a height, but is rather placed on a piece of gently sloping ground, so advantageously situated as to command views of several very pretty heights, covered either by chesnut plantations or apple and cherry orchards. The evening was very warm, and in walking home through some lanes not wide of the main road, the notes of the nightingales were almost deafening. There seemed

to be hundreds and hundreds of them collected together, lining the hedges every step that we walked. One or two will make music enough for no small neighbourhood, but here they were in such profusion that every tree and almost every branch seemed to have its nightingale.

The races that have been looked for with impatience being fixed for the 12th of this month, I went off with my little French friend to see them. The road leading to the ground was over fields and through chesnut plantations; roads that are seldom used even for cartways, and only on such days as this for carriageways, so that we who were on foot fared somewhat better than those who were in their vehicles. All the roads, however, were thronged by passengers of one sort or another, but the greater part were people from the town, and going on foot. The course is of an oblong shape, and it is a road cut on the crown of a hill, the whole skirted by chesnut woods. All within the oblong is cleared of trees, and the round may be three quarters of a mile. I do not think it is any more. A rope fence goes all round on the inside of the road, and behind it are a great many booths and stages, one or two erected for the Prefect and the Maire, several others by private individuals, and all the rest by people on speculation of letting places. The Prefect is perpetual Steward. He sees the men and saddles weighed, starts them, and is judge who is the winner; and that his authority may be supported, the ground is kept by a troop of gens d'armes, assisted by a detachment of cavalry, who are stationed all round the course with their swords drawn! This is the worst of

France. Nothing can be done that is not done under military superintendence. Blue coats with red facings stare you in the face at every turn, and in every public meeting of whatever kind, you get to it by sufferance of bayonets or drawn swords; but the people not only do not mind this, but they seem rather proud of it, or at least, one of the greatest boasts they have is of their fine troops and their fine dresses. They are so familiarized to the praises betowed on the army in war, that in peace they do not mind the *trade*.

I did not think of finding precisely an English clerk of the course, galloping up and down with his long whip and tremendous voice; but I did not either expect to see little boys chased at the point of the lance, and shouted off the territory they infringed on as if they were the strolling members of an enemy. At every instant a *gent d'arme* was appealed to for permission to stand here or there, and whilst his consent was received with disgraceful gratitude, his dissent was submitted to with the utmost cheerfulness. One thing only there is to admire in these scenes, and that is the uniform politeness and desire to oblige shown by the soldiers, whether *gens d'armes*, cavalry or infantry. They only take upon them to *look* much fiercer than other men.

The French have adopted our word *jockey* for the man who rides, and they have adopted the English style of dress for them, though not in its purity. The saddle that is commonly used in France is one with pommel behind and before, mounted in brass, precisely like the military saddle; but as that is incompatible with racing, they adopt also our small saddle

for this purpose. The selle Anglaise. But the riders are heavy young men, and are very bad riders. The lightest of them was brought to the standard weight by having a piece of sheet lead tied round his waist in a handkerchief, and so heavy a piece that it visibly affected his movement. All being ready for the start, the horses were brought before the stage in which the Prefect sat, the jockeys all mounted; but when brought to each other's sides, they kicked at each other, bit, and struck out before at their leaders so, that in the confusion the boys and horses got frightened and one of the horses hurt. When they became pretty quiet, "*Vas,*" set them off; but as two or three, out of the seven that were to start, pranced about a little, preparatory to flinging out their legs, and thus lost an hundred yards or so, the Prefect cried out for them to stop, and in a moment *arreté* was echoed along the outposts of gens d'armes and lancers, and the horses brought back to the starting place. Another placing and another kicking were to be gone through. I thought "stand not upon the order of your going, but go," but the Prefect has no taste in jockeying, so he would have a fair start. The second time of starting, the boy who was so loaded with lead, took the lead for some little distance, but having to turn rather a sharp corner for a horse that is at half-speed, he was fairly brought out of the saddle by the weight round his body. The next horse fell over him, and a third fell without cause soon after; so there were then only four to come in. The race was for the government cup, so it was to be run for twice round the course, and so hard did the jockeys ride at starting, that at

winning there was no racing at all. They came in at little better than a hand-gallop. Several other cups and subscriptions were run for during the day, but I did not stay to see them all over. The jockeys who fell, hurt themselves very much, and as the course is a gravelled road, the horses that fell cut their knees.—The company was the most fashionable of the town of Limoges. There were two or three carriages and four, and numberless vehicles of other descriptions, but the road they had to come very ill-suited to them. I observed that all the ladies came dressed as if for a ball-room, excepting those that came on horseback. Riding on horseback, by the by, is performed by the ladies here in a manner very different to that in which it is performed with us. They all ride astride the horse, as men do; and this is not confined to the farmer's, miller's, and baker's wives, but ladies who ride for their pleasure, ride in this way, the only difference in their dress being that they wear a cloth gown that hangs on each side down as far as the foot which is supported by a pair of common stirrup-irons. There were but two ladies on the race-ground differently mounted, and they, following religiously the fashions of Paris, ride on horseback à l'Anglaise, that is, with a side-saddle. Of the beauty displayed at these races I can say nothing disparaging, but the ladies show rather an incorrect taste in coming most airily dressed into a forest, to get to which they have to come most of them in open carriages, bounding along over stones and through ruts, in awful contrast with them and their dresses. There were really many very pretty women there, and in spite of MOLIERRE's outrageous libel upon all that is

Limosin or Limosine, I do not see but their faces are as Christian as those of any other people. It is true that you rarely see a handsome person amongst the labouring classes; but a great deal of this is owing to their habits and occupations. The women dress in garments inexpressibly coarse. It is almost all homespun, and almost all of them are dressed in the same colours,—blue gown and red apron, or red shawl, coarse thread stockings, and sabots on the feet. If it were not that the whole is invariably surmounted by a very ample, a very clean, and nicely plaited cap, which is, if the material is not of fine texture, at any rate of much finer texture than any other part of the dress; if it were not for this, the whole female neighbourhood would have the appearance of being clad in a work-house uniform. This dress makes the women look old, but they have old-fashioned countenances too. Young women look old, but this is only the young women of the labouring classes. One cause of it may be the constant exposure to the weather, to the sun and to rain, for all of them work out of doors and at the hardest of manual labour. Young married women of the labouring classes have, perhaps, another cause for looking old. They are doomed (or a great part of them) to become in some degree the mothers of perhaps twice as many children as they give birth to. From habits of idleness, or from a love of luxury and gaiety, or from a state *denaturé*, or from some unmotherly feeling, the “well-born” ladies of France *rarely* suckle their own children. To say that it is the well-born only that neglect their children, is to say too little; for it is notorious that all who can afford

to put their children out to nurse, do it. And in spite of Rousseau's eloquent exhortations and his rebukes upon this subject, the richer classes of the French people are suckled abroad, I should think, as much as they were in his time ; for nothing, it seems, can be more general than this is now. Supposing there to be as many who have the means, as there are of those who have not the means, of hiring mothers, one half the French nation is suckled by the other half. I have two or three times lately stared to see some ladies stepping into their coaches to go out *full dressed* just after breakfast, and I could not help thinking how just is Rousseau's description of the consequences of the practice that he inveighs against. In all the parading that I have seen on every fine morning and evening in the public walks in and round the town of Limoges, and constantly as they are attended by all the female population, I have never yet seen a lady carrying or leading a young child. Their children, whilst they are dressing, walking out, attending balls and all sorts of places of amusement, are sewed up in strong cloths, nursed and nourished by any hands but those of their mothers ; very often, nay, I believe most times, not in the same house with them, and sometimes in the dirty and unwholesome hovels of the nurses, at some village in the country, and remote from the place of their birth. Of two married servant women who live in the house where I live, and one of them is a very young woman, both have nursed other people's children ; though to the elder of the two some objection was taken by the father and mother of a child that she took, on account of her not *talking pure French*. But

well-founded as the objection was, sooner than lose a moment in such a trifle, the child was committed to her care. Gain, of course, is the object of the nurse, and to enjoy uninterrupted idleness or gaiety the object of the mother; but I think it must be one of the causes of the young married woman of the labouring people looking so old and so care-worn. She performs work of various sorts, notwithstanding the duties of mother of her own children, and half mother of the children of others which fall on her, duties so incompatible that the husbandmen of the Limosin do not impose them on their cows; for though they are in the habit of working cows, they never milk them at the same time.

As I have mentioned two or three times my dislike to the sort of weather that I have here, I will copy out my journal of the weather for every day since I have been here, and then you will be able to compare it with yours. For my part I have not yet felt any difference of climate, and I have no reason to anticipate any from what I have experienced. The husbandmen complain that the season is unusually backward, but I was speaking the other day with a gentleman who is a banker in the town, and who in affairs of business once passed some months in London, and he congratulated me on my having come into a climate very much resembling my own. *Pays de brouillards* (fog-country) the French call England, and this is really a country of rain. I begin my journal with the day on which I entered my lodging, which was on the 29th of April.

April 29th. A warm day. Thermometer 76.

30th. The last a very warm night, and this day a warm one. The same heat as yesterday.

May 1st. Rain all day. Thermometer 60.

2d. Rain again. 58.

3d. Cold and cloudy day. 56.

4th. Rainy but warmer weather. 65.

5th. Some rain, but not a great deal. 65.

6th. Same weather precisely.

7th. Showery and colder. 58.

8th. Wind changed in the night from south-west to north-west, and the day has been cloudy but dry. 67.

9th. Beautiful day. 70.

10th. Warm day, but overcast. 72.

11th. Fine warm day. 75.

12th. Nasty hot and wet day. 65.

13th. Rainy all day. 67.

14th. Rain all day and cold wind. 58.

15th. Rain all day. 56.

16th. Rainy and cold day. Same heat as that of yesterday.

17th. Rain began soon after twelve o'clock, and kept steadily on. 57.

18th. Rain and cold. 55.

19th. Rain or clouds all day. 57.

20th. Cloudy and threatening all day, but no rain fell. 59.

21st. Cloudy and some rain. 60.

22d. Very wet, indeed. 61.

23d. Wet again. Heat just the same as that of yesterday.

May 24th. Cloudy, but no rain fell. Heat the same again.

25th. Cloudy all day and rain in the evening. 65.

26th. A thick fog in the morning, but a cloudy day after it. 68.

27th. Finer day than yesterday. 70.

28th. Fine warm day. 70.

29th. Warm day, but so cloudy that the sun never once broke out. A "jour de dames," as such days are called, because they do not spoil complexions. 72.

30th. Warm day. 73.

31st. Began raining early in the morning, with the wind north-east. 67.

June 1st. Rainy morning, but much did not fall after eleven o'clock. 66.

2d. Fine day, but a smart wind. Vent de bise. 73.

3d. Some rain fell during the day, which was a warm one. 74.

4th. A day with almost no rain! 70.

5th. Fine day. 74.

6th. Finer day. 76.

7th. Fine warm day again. 76.

8th. Finer day. 78.

9th. Rain in the evening. 74.

10th. Rain in the morning, and cloudy all day. 75.

11th. Rain or clouds all day, but warm nevertheless. 77.

12th. Overcast all day, and rather cold. 64.

13th. No rain to-day, but great threatening. 73.

14th. Rain the greater part of the day. 71.

June 15th. Rain falling *all day*, and, at intervals, very hard indeed. 60.

16th. Rain all day again, and this a colder day. 56.

17th. Rain almost the whole of this day, but the wind changed in the evening from the south-west to the north-west. 58.

18th. Rain all day from the *north-west*, so the change which took place yesterday does nothing. It is determined to come. 65.

19th. Rain again for the far greater part of the day. The Indian corn is now not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and it is looking exceedingly yellow. Wheat is just in bloom, and rye is turning a little brown. This latter crop is a much more general one than wheat. It is sown broadcast on high and narrow ridges, and though it stands but very thin upon the ground, it grows to an immense height. Full eight feet high.

20th. Did not rain till the evening of this day. 63.

21st. Began raining before twelve and kept on steadily for the whole of the day, the wind being south-west. 78.

22d. It rained in the afternoon. 64.

23d. The wind very high all day, but that falling, towards night, the rain came down in torrents. 66.

24th. A very wet day. Strawberries just turning red; and currants doing the same; but I do not see gooseberries in any of the gardens. 66.

25th. Another wet day. 65.

June 26th. The haymaking which has for some time been put off in the hope that fine weather enough for it would ultimately come, is now begun, but under no very auspicious time, if we look to the past. All people, however, are looking with some confidence to the new moon which they think will bring about a change of weather. This moon, too, is looked upon as decisive of the husbandman's fate. If a wet one, a short harvest is inevitable, and if a dry one, an abundant harvest is safely calculated upon. The wheat and rye crops though standing generally very thin upon the ground, are very much lodged, but the people say that all will be right provided they now have warm and dry weather.—The day cloudy but warm. Thermometer 66.

I have now lived here very nearly two months, and *en ménage* too, so that I am qualified to give you some account of the expenses of house-keeping. My expenses are such as will almost make you laugh. I looked at some very excellent rooms that were to be let in the town; but this I did before I thought I should succeed in finding any lodging out of it. They were too large and too many for me. Three large rooms and two kitchens; kitchen and a servant's room; and for these, unfurnished, I was asked 300 francs the year. Mine, you know, cost me 12 francs the month fur-

nished. The old woman who cooks for me, does it for 12 francs the month, and she goes to the market and buys whatever I tell her I should like to have. She is in the genuine sense of the words a "*plain Cook*," for give her a potatoe to cook in any other but her own old way (*passé au beurre*) and she spoils it to a certainty; so I soon found that my best way was to live upon the plainest cookery and to know as little as possible about it. Of bread there are three sorts commonly made by the bakers, purely wheaten, mixed rye and wheat, and pure rye. The first is 4 sous (two pence English) the *livre*, or eighteen ounces English weight. The second is 3 sous the *livre*, and the third, the rye, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ sous the *livre*. Meat is from 10 to 12 sous the *livre*, but it is not the same kind of thing as meat with us. I never saw such meat in my life. Scarcely any thing so bad on board of ships; and of all the loathsome, the disgustingly filthy sights in this world, I think I could safely bet that the *Rue des Bouchers* (Butchers' street) of Limoges would prove itself the most deserving of the epithet. It is exceedingly narrow and very winding, but most providentially it stands on a declivity and has a rapid stream of water constantly running through it from a fountain that stands at the upper end of it, and this carries off all the filth that collects round the filthy butchers in such a manner as to incommode even them. Their shops are houses full of carrion, and they look as if they had from their infancy been enveloped in it. Their street is noted for its nastiness, and those who are obliged to go to it, go and deal with the men who live at one of the outer ends. I never saw so disgraceful a sight,

What a difference between it and the market-place of Philadelphia! With very fine oxen, indeed, they have the worst and least fat beef I ever saw, and the butchering seems to be performed as they tell us it is in some parts of South America; the flesh pared off the bones, leaving the skeleton entire. The great difference between our cookery and that of the French arises, I think, from our knowing how to prepare meat for the spit and from their only knowing how to prepare it for the table. The English butcher excels the French butcher, and if English cooks were dependant upon the French butcher they would not get on at all. The merit of these cooks is their making any thing of the bad meat that I see about here. I speak of this place particularly now, for at Paris it is better. Here (and all along the road I came) they do not make apparently any distinction as to season or age for killing animals. Hares are as common at table now as at any other time of the year, and partridges and fowls the same. Calves are carried to market so young that I see them going by my windows every Sunday morning into the town, two or three in a pannier hanging at the sides of a common little horse; and as for lambs, I believe they are killed when they do not weigh more than a few ounces the quarter. I leave you to guess their weight, when I tell you that on every Sunday morning (the market is held in the town on *Sunday mornings*), I see the farmers, who live in the neighbourhood, walking into the town with, many of them, as many as four live lambs on one arm. The little animals have their fore and hind legs tied up together, and this forms an eye for the man to put his arm through, and with this load he seems to walk very

little incommoded. Meat and bread are the two great articles in the house-keeping, and I have said enough about both. The smaller articles are proportionably cheap; butter, for instance, 14 sous the livre. Beer 10 sous the bottle, and wine 8 sous the bottle. Vegetables cost a mere nothing; and I see that the largest bill that I have yet had brought me in for one week is 10 francs and 7 sous, or *eight shillings and seven pence halfpenny*. At this rate, a man might cost himself in board for a twelvemonth no more than 20*l.* 14*s.* 0*d.* The lodging at 12 francs the month, 6*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* and the attendance another 6*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*, making altogether 32*l.* 14*s.* 0*d.* But I have had nothing to do with fires, which would form another, and a very important item. I took my lodgings at the price the owner asked for them, and though not very large, they were convenient and clean. They had been inhabited before me by the Spanish General, Abisbal, and his servants. The woman asked me just what I gave her, as wages, and she buys me all that I want and charges me for it. Excepting the meat, all is very good, but nobody must come here from England without making up his mind to forego the grass-fed beef of that country.

Paris, 4th July, 1824.

I RECEIVED your letter at Limoges on the 27th. The very day after I had sent off a letter to you, having then determined on staying another month at Limoges and on coming back to Paris after a very short visit to Auvergne in which I wished to pass through Clermont, Moulins, and so on to Paris; but your letter informing me that I was to meet you at Paris, on the first of this month, left me not a moment to spare, so I took my place again in the diligence and came off on the 28th at eight o'clock in the evening, to travel night and day till I reached Paris. It is an undertaking of no small importance to travel a hundred leagues at one stretch in one of these vile road wagons, but bad as it is I was most happy in getting a place in it, for I was in doubt as to whether I should not have to take a place in another, and a much worse sort of vehicle, a coach that is called the *Patache*, a very large coach-body with two or three different compartments, fixed on only *two wheels*; the consequence of which is that to give the effect of springs, the body is hung to the carriage with so much play allowed that you are in danger of being jerked out of the windows at every step. They go, too, exceedingly slow, as they have seldom more than three horses; but notwithstanding this, and the notoriety of it, the proprietors of them have the face

to carry puffing far beyond that of the owners of our Rockets, Bang-ups, and Telegraphs, and call this thing *L'Eclair*, and, in illustration of its swiftness, to have a thunder-bolt painted on the outside pannels as large and as red as a red-hot poker.

However I did not ride in this, so I have no right to abuse it. But at eight o'clock I got into the coupé of the diligence, where I found myself in company with two aged but very chatty ladies who were to leave me about the middle of the night. One of them had been in London, but she did nothing but abuse it. She had been there when a mere child, and remembered nothing but its dirty and smoky streets. She knew every thing and talked about every thing. The postillion stopped, and left her voice exposed to perfect quietness. "Why does he stop?" she inquired, rather disconcerted, I suppose, at hearing herself so plainly. "*Pour faire — ses chevaux,*" her neighbour answered. "*Il a raison,*" and on she went again. They were very pleasant companions, however, for such a journey, for when awake it amused me to listen to them, and when asleep I believe they thought I was listening most attentively. At about one o'clock in the morning a serious thing took place. We had been, and still were, escorted by a gent d'arme; only one, because the rest of the troop belonging to Limoges were distributed about on service, there having been a little time before some robberies which had given great alarm. At one o'clock, and in the wild country that I described to you in my first letter from Limoges, just as we were walking gently up a rather long hill, our escort, who had walked his horse on some dis-

tance before us, made his appearance on the top of the hill, coming at a smart gallop, and halloaing with a most stentorian voice something that we could not understand. The more completely to frighten us all, he fired one of his pistols, and by the time he got up to us, he had the discharged pistol hanging to his arm, while he was flourishing about his sword in his right hand, still crying out—to the postillion to keep straight on his road—to the conducteur (who was on the roof) to keep firmly in his place—and to the passengers not to attempt to get out! This was very kind of him, but he only took a turn round the diligence, and galloped off again at speed, calling most frightfully on an imaginary troop of *gens d'armes* to follow him, sword in hand, rout the ruffians, and protect the Paris diligence. The “*en avant mes braves gens d'armes; protégé le diligence de Paris, sabre à la main!*” rose, every member of the sentence, in import and in tone, till a poor lady with her family, who were in the interior, or middle body of the coach, uttered cries and groans enough to reduce this vapourer if he had heard them: “*Nous sommes attaqués, nous sommes perdues,*” the little girls kept crying out, till the fellow came galloping back again, having fired the other pistol when he got off a suitable distance from us. Still he kept halloaing and galloping, whilst my two companions said not one word, but kept a silence which I did not interrupt. We all thought of nothing less than being robbed, and we all made up our minds to it when the gent d'arme came and told us the story, which was, that he had seen eight *brigands* (*rogues*; every man that is out at an unseasonable hour in

France being a brigand) on the road, and that when he accosted them as to what they were at, the reply was, "You will see presently." Upon this he fired his first pistol, which did not take any effect but that of dispersing them and making them all run across the heath down to a certain point where the road took a wind, a point to which we were to come shortly. We were very silent in the coupé till this point was well passed, and by the time we got to the next poste royale, the place where we were to change horses, the conducteur had whispered that he believed it to be all a hum, that the gent d'arme was a young man wishing for promotion, and that he took this opportunity of showing his pretensions; but he had so frightened us all that no one forgave him, and he was very glad to sneak away quietly just before day-break, when I lost my two companions. We had no more adventures, though escorted every night by one of the "blustering band." I was too tired to notice any thing that we passed. I was coming over the old ground, too, which made it uninteresting, excepting that the crops were in a state much forwarder than when I passed this way in April. Argenton, which I mentioned before as a pretty place, is really more than pretty at this season. The balconies of the houses of which the walls are standing close to the river's edge, are covered with vines now out in full leaf, and this is on both sides of the water, looking beautiful, as you may suppose. The vines in the country round are all out also in full leaf, and they are very abundant. But the richest part of the country that I have passed certainly is that between Estampes and Paris. It is flat and open, so that

nothing can make it beautiful, but the wheat which is sowed in very great breadths, gives it an air of richness which cannot fail to give pleasure.

As soon as I got into Paris, and found your letter directed to me here, in which you tell me you are not likely to come, I looked out for a comfortable boarding house where I might board as well as lodge, and such a place I found in the Faubourg St. Germain. These boarding houses are the commonest and most convenient things at Paris. You have your own room or rooms, and in them you are perfectly separate from the family and other boarders, the only interruption you have is from the maid or man servant who makes your bed, and that is usually done at the time you are at breakfast. When you go out, you lock the door and put the key in your pocket or deposit it at the porter's lodge. All the boarders in the house breakfast and dine at one table, but as some do not come down, or are not in, so soon as others, the breakfast is rather irregular; but at dinner, it is a little more exact. All come at one time. The custom of the French people is to eat but twice a day, that is, generally so; and at these boarding houses, all you have after dinner you must prepare or have prepared, and served in your own room. It is in one of these that I now am. The cost is, so much for the room and so much for board. My rooms are 40 francs the month, and the board 80 francs the month, or 5*l*. English money. The great thing against this sort of life is, that it brings you into a mixed and strange company, and, unless you have peculiar luck, company some part of which is disagreeable. I can scarcely say this from

experience, for I have had but very little yet, and all I meet with leads me to suppose that I am fortunate in that respect. These places are of new origin. They say, since the peace, and that it is the flocking of the English and other foreigners to Paris that has caused them. The greater part of them have some English guests and many have scarcely any but English; indeed, Paris is, at this season of the year, so overrun by English visitors, that one would wonder where they could put themselves if there were not such places as these. It is not customary for diligences to run to certain inns or hotels where people may lodge and board at their pleasure; but all of them go to three or four large yards, where their respective offices are, and whence they start. Coach-offices and hotels are, therefore, entirely distinct, and there are in Paris but few *inns*, or houses for lodging for the night and for taking in horses and carriages.

All people, high and low, tradespeople and nobility, excepting only the very rich, live in *chambers*. The houses are immensely high and large, a large common staircase leads to the different floors, and, without many exceptions, there is a family on every floor. Therefore, house-keeping is a very different thing here to what it is in England. Nobody seems to own the staircase, though every body uses it, and I believe the keeping of it clean devolves on the porter, a necessary appendage to every house. Few servants are kept in families, for it is very much the custom to dine at restaurateurs, or to have the dinner and breakfast sent into the chambers from these places, and the immense number of them in almost every street is a convincing

proof that there is but little cooking carried on at home. There is, in short, as little staying at home in a French family as possible, and if it were not for wet weather and night-time, those who have nothing to do in business, would never require a home. The house, which is the great subject of pride with an English family, is but a secondary concern with a French one. A French gentleman will appoint you to meet him at some public place; at the place where he dines, or where plays at chess. If there are no children in a family, the husband and wife dine to-day at one boarding-house, to-morrow at another, next day at another, and so on, till, in the course of a week, they have, perhaps, dined in as many different houses as there are days, and more even, for it is by no means peremptory on them that the husband and wife dine at the same house. They know some of the guests at every table where they dine, and the hour (for it is not more) that is spent at the dinner-table is one of good-humour and noise and laughter. Though to a people so very fond of variety and constant amusement, a most pleasing one, it is certainly a most irregular way of living, and the scrupulous English charge it with being the very root of all demoralization, the branches of which they see spreading themselves through every street and alley. With them the men are monsters, and the women little short of being the same; but the English people that I see here are the most prejudiced creatures in the world; full of intolerant nationality, and they make a wonderful display of ignorance in describing their disappointments.

There is a general laxity of manners amongst the

French people, and it is so nearly allied to morals that those who conclude at once that they are immoral have some reason. An English lady who should talk openly in the way that a French lady will talk, would be *hushed* out of her existence; but there, says the French lady, is precisely the difference between us. It is all in that word "*openly*." The worst I have yet witnessed of them, is, a total absence of reserve upon almost all points; their personal condition, and their maladies and their remedies, are all made the subject of common conversation, which are grounds sufficient for those who are hunting up immoralities. It is a very bad taste, but a very great part of what we hear against them may be traced to prejudice, some of it to ill-nature, and some of it would probably be found to be just. I have heard two or three French ladies frankly own that the English are the prettiest, an avowal that is not the less amiable because extracted by the fact; but then, they contend vehemently and upon the authority of English writers both of verse and prose, that they (the French) are far the most agreeable.

Paris, 9th August, 1824.

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WHEN I last wrote to you, I expected that this would be about the time when I should be able to quit Paris, but I am now not much forwarder than I was then. I do not by any means see clearly yet precisely at what time I shall be able to get away. I have seen quite enough of *Paris* to satisfy me. I have been bawled at enough by the miscreant drivers of coaches and cabriolets, they have splashed me enough and have often enough nearly run over me; so that I think time would wear itself out in the attempt to reconcile me to the streets of Paris. They are narrow, ill-paved, and almost always muddy. The heaven of women, the French say it is; and, I suppose, the Rue Saint Honoré an illustration of Paradise!

In the neighbourhood of Paris, however, there are many things worthy of being seen, and I should be very sorry not to have seen those I have seen, and not to see some others that I intend to see. The weather has not been fine enough since I last wrote to you for me to go to several places that I did intend to go to before this; but, besides having tired myself with seeing sights of the town, I have been to Meudon, Montmorenci and Vincennes, and to the *burial-ground*, Pere la Chaise. The last of these four I went

to first (on the 29th of July), and, as to place, laying out and so on, it is only a magnificent repetition of what I saw at Limoges, and of which I told you enough. On the road side, a little before coming to this one, there are several small families who seem to employ themselves in the manufacture of natural and artificial wreaths of flowers for those persons to buy who intend ornamenting the graves of their deceased friends with such ; and, accordingly, you see frequently these wreaths hanging on some part of the grave or grave-stone. But in the burial-ground of *Pere la Chaise*, the great object of attraction is the graves of many great men who lie buried in it. The tombs of Massena, Lafebre, Moliere and Lafontaine and many others of the great wits and generals of France are here, and to see them is very naturally desired by all who read of them, or read them. On the tomb-stone over the grave of Moliere nationality seems to be incessantly at work with a black-lead pencil, the contention being as to which of the two, Moliere or Shakespeare, is the greatest of poets ; and, of course, according to the pencil-marks, both are. The most splendid erection in this place, is the tomb over the body of the wife of Strogonoff, the Russian, who died, I believe, whilst the allied armies were encamped round Paris. It is a splendid thing, of pure marble ; and though one is bound to contemplate it as an emblem of Russian conjugal affection, it is indisputably a specimen of Russian magnificence, and much more imposing as the latter than as the former, however it may have been meant. The architect has had the good taste not to mutilate the marble by cutting out tears on it.—The paths about

and round this burying-ground are some straight and others tortuous. The trees are trained, in some places, and in others they are suffered to grow at random. The ground itself is on the side of a hill which overlooks Paris to the south-west, and in different directions many of the small towns in the neighbourhood of Paris. Leaving out the tomb-stones, it would be as pretty a "jardin Anglais" as I have seen in France. Its walks are not absolutely crowded in the finest weather, but you meet a great many persons when the weather is only tolerably fine, and particularly in the evening, promenading their time away in these walks, reading inscriptions, and enjoying all the other attractions of Pere la Chaise.

On the 5th of this month I went to see one of the country palaces of the royal family, that of *Meudon*. The village of Meudon is at about two leagues south-west of Paris, and to go to it, you pass two small villages, Issy and Vaugirard, which are but the suburbs of Paris, and nothing, I believe, famous can be connected with its name but that Rabelais was its curate. The palace is a large white building, looking too large for the chateau of a private gentleman or a nobleman of France, but not looking vast enough for a royal palace in a country where the people seem to look upon every thing as of small importance when compared with the splendour of the court or the size of the army. The spikes of the iron gates are gilded, and each chimney has its lightning-rod, and in this it resembles the Tuileries and the Luxembourg; but else it is nothing more than a large, and even magnificent, country house. The beauty for which it is renowned,

is, a very fine site, an eminence on which it is placed and by means of which it commands a view of not only Paris, but of Vincennes and Saint Denis and several other places beyond Paris, besides a great many to the right and the left of it, and of a great extent of country, through some part of which the Seine flows. This eminence by nature, is greatly improved by a very fine terrace of 300 toises (upwards of 1800 feet) in length, and 30 toises in breadth, which forms a walk almost immediately before the palace. The little village of Meudon stands immediately under this terrace, the height of which may be guessed at by the circumstance of the church steeple not reaching so high as its wall. The gardens behind the house are spoken of as worth seeing, but I had not time to go round them, and besides, I saw enough in the front of it to judge of the style, which when shown even on the smallest scale, is seen in all its *variety*, for it has no variety. The terrace is, however, proof of the pains that were bestowed and of the taste of the famous Le Nostre who planned and executed it, and whose taste in ornamental gardening is the admiration of every true Frenchman.

In coming home, I passed Sevre (not the road I went), where there is a very large building, a royal manufactory of porcelaine, or Sevre-ware, which is, and very justly, famous for its quality and beauty. The show rooms are now all that the public is allowed to approach, though I believe the factory itself may be seen by those who take the trouble to ask in the proper place for orders of admission. The show rooms are ornamented by the ware, and most beautiful it is.

None of it is cheap, but those who can afford to buy plates at 30*l.* sterling each could buy nothing more beautiful for that money any where else than they can here. It is the delicate and excellent painting on the Sevre-ware that makes it so costly, but more delicate workmanship it is impossible to conceive. Historical subjects are chosen, I see, generally, for the larger pieces of this ware, but on many there are the portraits of eminent men, painted after the best portraits, and copied with surprising truth. Birds and insects and flowers are the paintings on the smaller things. One vase of superior beauty, a vase meant as a flower-stand, and which itself stands seven feet high, is on sale, the price fixed *thirty-two thousand francs*, or about 1340*l.* sterling.

After seeing all this finery, I came through the fields, or rather, over the country, for it is all open, by the Seine and between the two roads, that of Sevre and that of Vaugirard, to see the harvesters. The wheat, they told me, was very much damaged by the constant rains which had lodged it in a great many places, the oats and barley very fine. The crops just at this time give the country an odd look. They are sowed in extremely narrow strips of not many yards broad, so that you sometimes see a strip of wheat, another of beans, another of barley, and then another of vines. Then oats, cabbages and rye, and, as the corn turns brown and leaves the other crops green, they look, at a great distance off, like so many broad ribbons of different colours. They cradle the corn generally about here, but particularly now that it is so much lodged, and an old farmer whom I spoke to,

told me that he gave ten francs the arpent for this sort of work, and that his men grumbled at the lowness of the wages (the arpent 40,000 feet). Getting again on to the main road as I came to Paris, I met the King and his attendants going on their way to St. Cloud. He was preceded by a corps de garde, a set of scampering outriders dressed something after the fashions of olden times. The large-mouthed and square-toed boots, the larged cocked hat and the long embroidered waistcoat. The King himself I can scarcely say I saw, for while I saw a corpulent body and was looking for its head, the cavalcade passed me. The coach, which was not very magnificent, was drawn by *eight* horses, and they were going at a smart trot ; a coach and six full of attendants came behind.

On Sunday the 8th, in company with two young fellow-countrymen, I went off early in the morning to visit a rather celebrated little spot, the valley of Montmorenci. In the first place it is a very pretty little valley having very pretty and somewhat extensive views from some of its neighbouring hills, it has a pretty little village in it, and a great many very pretty little country houses ; it gave the title to the dukes of Montmorenci, so famous in the history of France ; and there now stands in it the *Hermitage*, a house that J. J. Rousseau lived in. It lies north-west of Paris, at about four leagues distance from it, and on the left of the great north road from Paris to Calais.

As we chose to go on foot that we might go our own road and stop where we liked, we breakfasted at St. Denis, a town at about two leagues from the barriers of Paris, in which is the ancient cathedral, or

rather abbey-church, the sepulchre of the kings and queens of France. This stands at the end of a narrow and ill-built street, and though very old, is not of extraordinary beauty. It has severely suffered as a building from the violent and lawless hands of the Revolution, but it perhaps suffered more as a treasury of relics. So completely was it devastated that for several years it was without a roof and without altars; but it was by Buonaparte partly restored to its ancient state. The altar at which he was married to Marie Louise stands in it now, and by the great industry of those who are in charge of it, a great many of the monuments and curiosities have been found and brought back to it. A very handsome monument of Francis I. and his queen stands almost hidden by a large pillar.

On quitting Saint Denis, we turned off to the left, leaving on our left, an immense pile, a barrack, with a fine large parade before it. A barrack for foot soldiers. We got immediately into the country, amongst corn fields, and harvesters of corn. All the crops are fine, but the wheat in all the good land is very much lodged, and here it is more so than any where else that I have seen it. The lileys and grass are poking up through it and binding it down, so that there is no alternative, and harvesting it the only way to save it. Accordingly the men were cradling that which could not be reaped, and the women were reaping all that could. This is on *Sunday*, too; a day when people with one accord hold themselves exempt from work, that they may dance and sing and be merry. But as they cannot keep up merriment for an entire day, they generally work one half of the Sunday, hear

mass afterwards, and then give themselves up to joy.

The fête of Montmorenci is on this and next Sunday, and, besides the familles who live immediately in the valley and the neighbourhood, a great number of persons come from Paris, and all joining together near the *Hermitage*, they first dine on provisions that they bring with them, and then either walk about in the walks cut through pretty plantations of chesnut trees, or ride about the valley, and they finish their day by dancing. The dancing we did not stay for, but went to see the residence of Rousseau. It is a neat little Cockney box, inhabited now by a gentleman who has taken care to preserve every thing that he found belonging to Rousseau, but which is not much. A young woman opened the door of the court-yard, and took us through the garden, a small sloping piece of ground, laid out partly in pleasure-ground and partly in kitchen-garden. The first thing she pointed out to our notice was a Portugal laurel which was planted by Rousseau himself, and under which is an oblong piece of stone presumed to have been his seat, and by the side of which a spring sends out a very clear but very little stream of water; enough, however, to fill a pond a little lower down the garden, in which the present owner of the place keeps some swans. Close by this pond is a bust, upon a small marble pillar, of Grétry, the musical composer who was a friend of Rousseau and who lived with him, and whose heart was buried under this pillar, which bears the inscription: "Ton génie est partout, mais ton cœur n'est qu'ici."

After showing us a bust of Rousseau, placed in a nich in the wall, the young woman took us into an outer and small room in which there is nothing of his but a bedstead, a small table, and a few common prints. Of Grétry, there are the spectacles, the ribbon of the Legion of Honour which he wore, and a handkerchief that he wore when he died and on which the artist who took a cast of his head let some of the plaster fall. The woods on the sides of the valley are of oak and chesnut, and the orchards, cherry, apple and plum. Vines are planted, too, in abundance about this retired and pretty place; but retirement in a pretty neighbourhood is all that seems to have been the desire of him who came to inhabit the Hermitage. I cannot help thinking that the field sports of England must have a great deal more to do with the manners and morals of English people than is attributed to them. A French gentleman seems not to enjoy life excepting he is in town, and it is almost essential to him that that town be Paris. All the officers of the army that I have met with (and I have met with many) out of Paris, seem to talk of a kind of heaven when they are talking of being called to serve at Saint Denis or Vincennes, and those who are happily at either of these places, would almost draw tears from you by describing to you their lamentable forethoughts of a few months "in the provinces." We, on the contrary, have our most respectable people all living in the country, and a great part of whom have never seen London; and one great cause of our attachment to country is the inherent propensity to sporting that almost swallows up an Englishman. If he do not in

reality perform feats worth boasting of, he will boast of them without performing them; but every man is a sportsman or wishes to be considered one. Even the buried-alive clerks in London offices, though they must perform a day's journey to get clear of their native smoke, do nevertheless penetrate so far into the country as to have opportunity and scope enough offered them to shoot other men's game, or, worst come to worst, one another. Here there may be found some gentlemen who delight in boar and wolf-hunting, but one never hears it talked of. The princes shoot in the royal preserves, and the noblemen do the same; but a Frenchman would rather catch a woodcock by intrigue than shoot it. He will catch snipes and partridges in springes, and pheasants à la pipée; so that country life is nothing in France. Nor would it be in England what it is but for the hunting and shooting. However we might admire fine views, fine soil and fine crops, we should soon lose all relish for the views by constantly having them in our eye, and the crops are nothing to those who do not own them. Frenchmen get huddled into towns as much as they possibly can, and there they contract habits and manners completely different from those of people who are accustomed to country life. They are not industrious and yet they are not idle. They are active in little matters. Particular instances are nothing, to be sure, but I could not help observing one who made as much fuss about his cane as if it had been a *near and dear relation*. He would have some alteration of it about once a week. They *dangle* after women all day in the pure spirit of idleness; and when night-time comes all congregate in cafés, to play chess and dominos, read the

newspapers, and to further intrigues—against a neighbour or against the government.

I recollect your describing to us the sight presented to you on the market-days at Battle and at Lewes in Sussex; the stout and well-dressed young countrymen that you saw upon those occasions, and their great numbers. It is a sight not to be seen in all France. A young Frenchman who possessed the means of probably any one of those Sussex farmers that you saw, would think himself disgraced by carrying his talents to any other profession than that of arms, or his person to any other place than Paris. “*Qui n’a vu Paris, n’a rien vu*,” I was fifty times told by different persons whom I have met with in my excursions to the south, and a young man who has not even seen Paris, confesses it with some little humiliation. “*Paris sans pareil*!” is another exclamation that I often had to endure, but you will wonder, perhaps, that I have been put in mind of all this by going to see a little valley full of country houses. In the environs of Paris there are a great many of these pretty places, and they are all built upon, and though a great many of the houses are inhabited by French people, they are also very much in request amongst the English, who form no mean part of the population of these environs.

Although we left many parties at Montmorenci, dining under the shade of the chesnut trees or riding or walking about in the groves cut through the young plantations of the same tree, yet by the number of vehicles that we met going towards it, on our way home, we had reason to guess that the assemblage would be great; and of course it would be gay, for what French company is not?

Paris, 21th August, 1824.

I HAVE almost tired myself in running about from place to place to see every thing in or about this place without an equal. To Mont Calvere, Marli, Saint Germain en Laye, I have been since I wrote my last letter to you.

The former is a high hill standing west of Paris, and on the left of the road to Havre, and about $2\frac{1}{2}$ leagues from it. On the very top there stands a convent, which was stripped of every thing connected with it in that capacity, during the Revolution, and was probably falling into disrepair when Buonaparte made it a magazine of arms and ammunition! It is now, I believe, a convent again. In passing over the hill, and close by the doors of the house, we saw nothing human belonging to it but a very old woman, who opened a side door and let somebody out. Three crucifixions of Jesus Christ and the two thieves, are placed opposite to the main entrance, and these are full as large as life, painted flesh colour, and on the countenances of which the artist has done his best to depict the expression imputed to them. In an artificial grot close in front of these, is a Virgin Mary, and before it were two Swiss guards in the humblest of attitudes. We merely passed over the hill out of curiosity, to see the house and to see the neighbourhood from it. The Seine, which winds very prettily round through a great

part of the neighbourhood of Paris, runs at but a very short distance below this hill, and close by the adjoining village, Suresne. On the side of the river is the Bois de Boulogne, cut into innumerable and very pretty straight roads.

From Mont Calvere, we passed through Nanterre, and close by the gates of the Palace of Malmaison, to *Marli*, where we stopped only a few minutes to see the famous machine now no longer working, but which when worked supplied the palaces of Marli and Versailles with 27,000 tons of water a day, forcing it from the river to a height of 600 feet. Leaving this, we followed the course of the Seine, and ascended a winding and narrow street leading to the town of St. Germain en Laye, a pretty town. There is an ancient convent of the order of St. Augustine not far from the town, in the Forest of Laye, and near this is now a house called the Maison des Loges, an establishment kept up for the purpose of educating the daughters of the members of the Legion of Honour, a legion that seems to rival all other legions as to the numerousness of its members.

The Castle is an immense, gothic building, but now in complete ruin. It stands on a great eminence, and is, therefore, seen from a very great distance; but it is so out of repair that the finest parts of its outside are effaced or so demolished that nothing can be distinguished. They say it was originally built in the shape of the letter D; but it has been so added to under different reigns that the original design is lost. A wide court in the interior of the chateau is in better preservation, and the water-spouts, the windows and doors

are all good proof of its antiquity; solidity and ponderous ornament appearing always to put convenience on one side. Henri II., Charles IX. and Louis XIV. were born in this castle, and James II. of England died in it. The body of this latter king has lately been found somewhere, but in so neglected a spot that the English ambassador here has determined to re-bury it, and has accordingly published his invitation to all the English people now in Paris to take their hearts back to the time of the Stuarts, and walk with him, good *Jacobins*, after the remains of the king of our forefathers.

But the great Castle of St. Germain being in ruins does not ruin its adjoining park and grounds. Close to its gates comes the Forest of Laye, and on the margin of this forest is a long terrace of some thousands of feet in length, which forms the summit of a rather steep ascent from the river, the Seine. It is not so regularly beautiful a terrace as that before the Palace of Meudon, but it is much more extensive, and the wild neglected air of the castle accords well with that of a forest of trees that are growing, I am happy to say, beyond the control of the scissars. Standing on this terrace, your face towards Paris, you have to your right a ridge of hills extending themselves at not more than a mile from you, and curving round to Mont Calveré, covered by vineyards or the gardens of handsome houses; to the left, but at a considerable distance off, is another ridge of hills, but they are more considerable, and at so great a distance as to be discernible only as a blue mass, excepting in very clear weather. These also wind round however, so as for the eye to con-

nect them with the further end of the foregoing ridge, and in such a manner as to exclude Paris from the sight. All that is between these ridges of hills is flat, and, as it is a wide space of country, many little towns and villages are to be seen in it, the river Seine winding about amongst them in such a way as to look like many rivers. You trace it a certain distance, and imagine that it continues its course in a straight line, but just then it takes a wind, and immediately you see it running in a directly opposite direction. On its banks there are a good many fine water meadows; there are also some woods, which I believe to be royal ones, and there are a great number of pretty country houses with their very pretty gardens and walks and lime-trees. The fields are all open, and divided amongst small occupiers, for they are cropped in small patches or strips, with wheat, clover, lucerne, barley, oats, beans and pease, and all sorts of vegetables for the Paris market. We came home by another and a straighter road, having to cross the river twice in our way.

Tuesday the 24th. I and a companion had been long engaged for. It was to go to a ladies' school with the *Maman* of a young lady who was there, for the purpose of seeing a distribution of prizes; the prizes that were obtained by young ladies for the proficiency they had attained to in that which they went there to learn. I did not go there as a judge, you may be sure; and though, at any other time or under any other escort, the "surly porter" would have shut the gate in my face, yet on this day, and with a staid lady to answer for our *sagesse*, no less than three of us were admitted.

within the walls of a very respectable, if not fashionable, ladies' school. It is in the Place St. Sulpice, and near to the Luxembourg. The room where the distribution was to take place was almost thronged by spectators, most naturally interested in the scene, for they were for the greater part, either mothers, aunts or other female relations, of the poor little performers who all crowded together in two recesses in the wall on each side of the fire-place. Amongst them there were pretty nearly as many English as French children, and, therefore, the company altogether was very English. The performances were little pieces of music, in which the music-masters took a leading part, keeping time with their fiddle-sticks, and making the most hideous contortions of their ugly faces when a *note was dropped*. After enough of this, a large slate was brought in upon a stand marked with the latitudinal and longitudinal lines, and a very little child, who did not appear to be more than twelve years of age, marked out with a chalk the geography of Africa, explaining as she went on the source and course of its great rivers, its divisions and its principal cities; altogether taking her a quarter of an hour at least; a very long speech, for, as she had it completely by heart, and was a little, though a very little, awed at saying it to so large an audience, she hurried through it, and spoke in one quarter of an hour that which would have taken some orators a whole day, if they had to originate it. She excited an extraordinary degree of interest by her artless and yet graceful manner, and from her extreme youth. Her hand was hardly larger than the piece of chalk she held in it,

and in her work of drawing she shook it so as to form the irregularities of the coast, and as every body took this for timidity, the whole audience seemed to tremble too. It was not hardy brass that supported her, but a self-possession in which there was great modesty and grace. Whether this little fairy could have found her way from Paris to St. Denis, after all, is another matter. We three Englishmen were occupied in deeply considering the difference between the French and English beauty, the brilliant French, and the pretty English, countenances; but though the music and geography and distributing of book-prizes, took several hours, we had decided nothing at four o'clock, when all was over excepting the pleasure that the great and little girls had in rushing into the arms of their fathers and mothers (who had till now only recognized them by nods), with kissing, laughing, crying and going into hysterics. I never saw an exhibition of the kind before, and I never saw such a display of strong feeling; but I was very much pleased to see in fathers, mothers and brothers such proofs of the greatest affection, when one would think that their habits and manners were calculated to exclude all such feelings. A libellous thought, however, and from this time forward I shall think quite as much of Maman as I do of Mama, that is, with this great and all-important difference, that Maman is nothing to her child till it begins to run about alone; that Maman's feelings of a mother begin to operate upon her not till her child begins to interest the veriest stranger to it, and that then her feelings being more warm and impetuous than those of Mama, she runs back over the years of her negligence,

and can take up her affection where she put it down, and can thenceforward act a mother's part.

The lady who introduced us to this school pays 1400 francs a year for the schooling of her little girl (58*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* English money). The schooling for young children, together with board, lodging, and washing, is 900 francs a year, but when it becomes necessary to have masters of languages, music, drawing, and so on, these are paid for separately, and that is what makes the odd 500 francs cost in the education of the young lady I allude to above. It is one of the first schools in Paris, and this lady speaks very highly of the managers of it and of the masters they employ.

Wednesday the 25th was the Fête St. Louis, the birthday of every king of France, and it was kept even during the reign of Buonaparte, and, I believe, as his birthday. On this day the government takes upon itself the care of amusing all classes of people. The theatres and other public places are opened to the public, and fire-works are let off in a wide open place near the Champs Elysées; but the lowest order of people is first to be contented, not to speak more grossly of it. On the two sides of a very wide road, leading in a direct line from the principal entrance to the King's Palace, the Tuileries, through these Champs Elysées, there were four or five stages erected of considerable size, and these were, from the platform, boarded up to about the height of a man's middle. One half of them were filled with loaves of bread, fowls, and sausages; and the rest of them with casks of wine with spouts conveniently arranged so as to let the liquor run out on the outside of the magazine. A gent d'arme stood

in each to keep off the multitude that would otherwise have scrambled up and helped themselves, and thus protected, three or four men in each of the magazines had enough to do in letting the wine run and in throwing out the sausages and fowls. The mob (for this really was mob) with extended hands, hats, baskets, cans, pails, or whatever else their brutality suggested to them to bring, caught all they could; but, in nine cases out of ten the object was so contended for that it fell to the ground and was immediately trampled underfoot. The men who go to this scene for the purpose of getting food and drink, go in parties, and whatever they get, as a party, is kept till all is distributed, and then they sit down together and eat and drink what they have got. They generally strip to the shirt, and those who do not are soon stripped whilst at their work. In justice to journeymen masons and carpenters and labourers of the fields, I must say that I could not by their appearance distinguish such amongst this mob, but they all looked like the shoe-blacks, and they talked a patois that I did not recognize. They are the really lowest set of wretches that I ever beheld. It is evidently the way to please such, but it is a base pandering to the basest of mortals; and though they may be brutes in their hearts, it does not appear necessary to perpetuate the disgusting quality. To see the number of ladies and gentlemen who paid money to be allowed to stand on chairs, and who appeared amused to see this scene, one would think it the most aristocratical of nations, for who but a true aristocrat could look upon it without humiliation?

The practice of distributing victuals originated, perhaps, in charity; but a man who stood in need of charity, a feeble or aged person, who should attempt to seek it here, would assuredly find his grave in the attempt. It is real lusty fellows who fight and scramble for this alms, and when the magazines are exhausted, they gorge and get drunk. In the evening of this day I went expressly to see them, and round every tree there seemed to be a party, 'all lying dead drunk; completely posed by the results of their morning's exertions, and (perhaps happily) incapable of moving for the rest of the night. Just about the time that these creatures, therefore, were fairly laid asleep, the theatres and other places of public amusement were opened. Fireworks the most splendid were let off in the square place opposite to the palace of the Tuileries, and Madame Sacchi ascended amidst them, enveloped in fire and smoke. The darkness of the night made her, when walking up the rope suspended from one tree to another, appear to be at so great a distance off and at so great a height, that she looked like a creature in the clouds. The crowd was immense. Perfectly suffocating; although in a very large square, and near to the Champs Elysées. And thus went off the Fête St. Louis, excepting that the effects of it are to be felt next Sunday by the playing of the grand waterworks in the gardens of the Palace at Versailles, a treat that is not often enjoyed by the Parisians, so every body goes.

Paris, 10th September, 1824.

BEFORE I went to Versailles to see the waterworks play, I went with my English companions to see the Castle of Vincennes, as we had been invited by two officers of the Garde Royale who are now quartered there. It lies in a direction from Paris immediately opposite to that of Versailles, but we went early in the morning. From the barriere of I forget what name, you have a pretty walk through the Forest of Vincennes, a considerable extent of coppice cut out into straight carriage roads; and at the end of about a mile and a half, is the Castle, a large fortress, and one of the scenes of the exploits of Henry the Fifth, who died in it. It is now used as a military building only, but in the time of Buonaparte it was the state prison. The Marquis de Petier was confined in it for upwards of seven years, his crime being persevering attachment to the family of Bourbon. Indeed, he would probably have been there to the end of his days but for the restoration of that family. On the King's arrival at Paris after the abdication of Buonaparte, his prison doors were thrown open and he immediately presented himself at court. The king recognized him, and to reward his loyalty, desired he would go back immediately to his prison, which he did, but found a messenger there who was commissioned to deliver him his

appointment to the governorship of the Castle, a station he now holds. But connected with the modern history of this place, there is nothing so remarkable as that of its having been the place where the trial of the Duke d'Enghein, and his execution, took place. The judges sat in a very small chamber in the tower of the southern door-way. The Duke was brought from his room at night, and placed in a corner of the southern ditch, the judges who condemned him having placed themselves at windows overlooking it. He had a lantern and a lighted candle fastened to his neck, and the single soldier who was his executioner, desired him to walk forward and kneel down to meet his fate. He refused to do this, saying that he had never knelt before an enemy, and that he never would. The soldier then shot him (taking his aim by the light given from the lantern), and disposed of his body. A small black marble pillar is erected in this corner of the ditch, with the inscription on it of *hic cecedit*, and a weeping willow hangs over it.

The chapel, the dungeon or keep, and one of the gateways, appear to be all that remains of the original building, which is said to have been the work of Francois the First. The dungeon is the most attractive. It is lofty with a winding flight of steps, 270 in number, if the state of my head allowed me, in coming down them, to keep anything like a correct account. From the top of this tower you have a view over Paris and of an infinite number of shining white towns on all sides, but the country is flat. When we came down from this tower it was time to go and hear *military mass*, in which the soldiers ground their arms

by word of command from their officers, who, in this case, take *their orders* from a little boy and his bell. We were pressed by our friends to stay and dine at the officers' mess, and though we should all of us have liked it very much, the *grandes eaux* had pre-engaged us for the afternoon, and we had to hurry back to Paris and then out of it again for Versailles.

Such a smother of dust never was before. Such a crowd on the roads, and such a crowd at the place of meeting. Versailles is really a pretty town, but one half of the town is its enormous Palace. This you see before you get within two miles of it, along a straight line of road for about that distance; the approach to it and the town. It has a body, but its wings are each as large as the body. It is not only a royal residence, but it has parliament house and house of peers in it, a chapel and an opera-house, and a picture-gallery besides. The latter is the "Grand Monarque's" flattering gallery, and as what with the weakness and the meanness of men, such places are generally vast enough and full enough, you can judge of its size.

The rooms are many of them very spacious, but they are gaudily decorated. I thought we never should have got through them. The grand staircase is the most beautiful thing of the kind that can be imagined. It is of pure marble. The chapel is the same, with the exception of the seats and some other trifles; all these beauties are of no other service than to attract a great number of admiring strangers. The first king of France who inhabited it, and who, indeed, made it the immense and costly pile that it now is, has been roundly accused of bringing the last king who inhabited

it to the block by means of his wastefulness. Amidst all the splendour of Buonaparte's reign, he never inhabited this Palace, and now it seems likely to remain for ever any thing but a legitimate object of pride either to the King or people. Yet the people are proud of it, and if any one were to stand forth publicly and say that the original projector of it all was a "disolute tyrant who practised the corruptions of courts without their mildness, and incurred the guilt of wars without their glory," he would have to seek protection from somebody not French.

The gardens are very extensive. They are immediately behind the Palace, which stands on rising ground, and you are let down gradually on every side by different short flights of marble steps of immense breadth, into I dare say upwards of an hundred acres of ground that is intersected by gravel walks in every direction. These gardens are, I believe, the masterpiece of Le Nostre. At least here he had the greatest scope for his genius, and his delight seems to have been in bringing you at every step to a spot from whence you might see down innumerable long alleys of hedges and trees so planted as when trimmed up by his indefatigable scissars, to form a complete green archway over the walks by the sides of which they are planted. The trees planted for this purpose are, the elm, the lime and the horse chesnut, but the two former prevail. A row of elms is suffered to grow up to the size of timber, but it is kept so carefully pruned as to form a mass of leaf, beginning at about fifteen feet from the ground, and at the top, the trees are suffered to spread over and close, being shaped as an arch. Be-

tween the stems of these trees, limes are planted, and so thickly as to draw each other up with feeble but straight stems, and these are so managed as to bear leaves down to the very ground and up to where the leaf of the elm begins. It is pleasing for half an hour, because the walks are so long and so numerous, that you cannot disconnect the sight from your ideas of the great and constant exertion and care that produces it, but after half an hour, you begin to look for something else, and the Parc where the trees and brambles are growing at their own pleasure, is preferable to the gardens where at every turn you look along a green alley the sides of which are as even as those of a wall, and which would produce much about the same effect if they were really two wooden walls painted green. What a French poet has said of this in irony, may be said in earnest :

“ Lieux, où la folle industrie,
 “ Arrondit tout au ciseau ;
 “ Où rien aux yeux ne varie,
 “ Où tout s’aligne au cordeau
 “ De la froide symétrie,
 “ Et de l’ennuyeux niveau ! ”

The water works are the only thing that relieves the eye, and when they are not playing, there is little to look at in the different animals with large pipes projecting from their mouths through which the water comes. On the evening, however, of the day on which I was there, the works were in *full play*, and competent judges of such things said that it was very grand. For my part, I certainly never saw water spouted up so high as it was in two or three of these places. The King of France can beat a whale at spouting up water.

I do not know how many different sets there are, but a great many. I should think not less, great and little, than between twenty and thirty. One of the most admired ones is a figure of Latona and her two children seated upon the *growing island*, whilst the people, some turned into complete frogs, some half frogs, are spouting over her. There are two or three figure of Neptune where the water is thrown up to a considerable height, and into various forms; but that which excited the greatest curiosity, and which attracted a crowd immense, the greater part of which consisted of ladies, was one in which the fishes are made the instruments. Some whales are made to send the water to a very great distance, but we were prowling about and lost this, though we could see the distance to which the water had been sent by the quantity that was sent beyond the edges of the basin.

The Trianons, great and little, are exceedingly pretty Pavillions; and the marble pillars beautiful. They are not the less pretty for having gardens round them laid out in the English style. After roving about up and down the straight walks of the other gardens for some time, it was quite a relief to get into a place where something new came across you now and then. One of the evils of the Le Nostre style is, that all but the trees that serve his purpose, he discards with becoming ingratitude to nature. I wonder the man did not cut his own fingers off in his desire to improve.

To get home to Paris from Versailles at night, ten miles, we did not know how, for we had secured no places in any of the many vehicles that were ready to take one there on that day, and to get places in them

appeared hopeless when we cast our eyes over the thousands and thousands of both sexes that were either putting in their claims already or that were gently moving off simultaneously to the places where such claims should be preferred ; so we took advantage of all that there was left of day-light and started on foot for Saint Cloud which is on one of the roads from Versailles to Paris, and at nearly equal distance from both. It was dark, however, before we entered the Park, but it was not too dark for us to see that the grounds which are laid out in avenues of timber-trees, are exceedingly fine, and that the site of them is infinitely superior to that of Versailles. The avenues are spacious, and the lofty trees of oak and elm and of many other sorts of trees, make a retrospective view of the gardens we had just left very prejudicial to them. Our road lay in a pretty straight line through the grounds and out at the gateway of the Palace ; but before we had come quite up to the house, a glare of light amidst a wood of lime trees struck our sight at the same time that music from the same quarter struck our ears. It proceeded from the place of dancing. A very broad public walk, or rather a *terrace* running parallel with the Seine, and having one side of it a gentle acclivity planted with lime and other trees. It is a part of the royal grounds, and is not above two hundred yards from the Palace itself, of Saint Cloud. Under a very fine cluster of these lime trees, there are two rings divided off, the one being a little lower than the other, and kept in a proper state for dancing. The neighbourhood meets, it seems, on every fine summer's Sun-

day evening, and whilst ladies and gentlemen occupy the upper division, maid-servants and men-servants occupy the lower one, and one set of musicians plays to both parties.

Of all dancing this is the prettiest I ever saw. The branches of the lime trees spreading over and meeting form a complete ceiling, and the lamps placed in considerable number amongst the large and delicately transparent leaves of this beautiful tree, shed the palest and the most impartial light that you can imagine. The floors are sand, bound sufficiently to keep it from flying, and, for the convenience of those who do not dance, there are seats all round the rings, these rings being sufficiently large to admit of a great many spectators besides four sets of dancers. The ladies were of course dressed in the most airy manner, in the greatest variety of the prettiest colours; in a great many colours every one of them, and if any of them too glaring or gaudy, the light was such as to correct it. They wear their bonnets while dancing, only just untying the ribbon; and for easy and graceful movements, for pretty dancing, who can deny that here the people excel? The place is so captivating that one almost overlooks the rest, but the choice of place is one great characteristic of the genuine taste of the French people in these matters. They always choose to dance out of doors when the weather is fine enough, adding to their own innate gaiety, all that they can borrow from open air and the varieties of nature. A proof of the goodness of both classes is that of their meeting and almost dancing together. A whole family may be dancing in

the upper ring whilst the servants are dancing in the lower one, and all to the same music. It was nine o'clock before we could leave this place.

On Monday week (the 30th of August) I went in company with two English gentlemen to Fontainebleau. We started early, and by Diligence, going through the villages of Villejuif, Fromenteau, Essonne, Ponthierry and Chailly to Fontainebleau, which is 14½ leagues from Paris, and on the Lyons road. At Essonne we changed horses and breakfasted, and then, in rising up out of the town we had a really pretty prospect to admire. A small town (Corbeil) down on the left in a valley, and another little town in another valley to the right, through both of which valleys the river Seine runs, turning a great number of corn, paper, powder and other mills; and a little to the left of our road, seated on an eminence sloping down to the river and which is laid out in English Park-like style, is a noble chateau that was until very lately the property of Marshal Jourdan, but which he has just sold for 800,000 francs. The land about here is a fine dark and deep mould, bearing fine wheat, clover and lucerne, and oats; and on the southern sides of the hills, vines. The wheat and barley is now all carried, but the oats are yet in the field. A coarse-strawed sort, but producing abundance of both corn and straw. The farms are evidently larger a great deal than any I have seen before in this country. The farm house and buildings stand enclosed within a wall, which generally encloses also, I see, a good number of corn ricks, with no hedge and no tree near them, and looking precisely like some of the smallest of the great farms in the upper part of Hampshire. Getting nearer

to Fontainebleau, the land gets lighter and lighter, and by the time you enter the forest you see that it stands upon a mixture of all sorts of soil. The trees on entering it are chiefly oak, and very noble ones, though a great number are rotting with old age. The conducteur (who is, like our coachman, great authority) says that many of these were planted in the life-time of the Reine Blanche. No wonder they are decaying! Getting further into the forest, the trees are in some places nothing but beech, and in others nothing but birch; the land is level in some places, and hilly in others, and the hills are covered with a black and thickly-packed rock. The road is rather sandy, but it is wide and well-kept, and there are cross-roads through the wood in one or two directions, intended for the accommodation of huntsmen if one can draw any thing from a very French inscription on a post in the middle of these intersections: "*Croix du grand Veneur,*" or *Cross of the great Huntsman*. A bouncing sentence to write upon a post, but the French deal in such. On our road, and I think, close to Ponthierry, there is a gentleman's country house, before the entrance gate to which a former owner, seemingly, has erected a stone pyramid, one of no great beauty, but it has evidently stood the peltings of the weather for a long time. The new owner (for I suppose it is a new one) determined that it shall stand dumb no longer, he had inscribed on it in large characters,

" Dieu,
le Roi,
les Dames,"

signifying doubtless great devotion to all three; but

how perfect a man must it be to do that with becoming zeal, without stepping a little on one side of his duty to one or the other.

At not more than two leagues from the entrance to the forest, we came suddenly to a dell before us, with Fontainebleau, a pretty little white town, down in the bottom, literally embosomed in wood ; a town, of a population of about 9000 souls with scarcely a cultivated acre round it. It owes its name, they say, to a fountain of pure water that was discovered close by it, the word Fontainebleau being a corruption of the words *Fontaine de belle eau*. Its origin as a town it owes to François the first, the projector of the Palace under whose inspection the original, and the handsomest part of it was built. Of all the French Palaces I have seen, I think it the largest ; indeed, I have seen none that comes near to it in size excepting the Palace of Versailles, and Versailles I think the smallest of the two. It was augmented, from being originally a magnificent building, by Henry IV., Louises XIII., XIV., XV., and the assemblage is become under the hands of so many masters, so very irregular a piece of architecture that a complete view of it cannot be taken from any one point, and it is the work almost of a day to see it piecemeal. The largest front, and the original one, is a body with projecting wings, forming a spacious square front court. The door is approached by a double (horse-shoe) flight of ponderous stone steps, extremely curious ; and in one of the wings which project from the body in which is the door that these steps lead to, I counted the windows and found them to be 270 in number, besides 50 in the garrets. This is only in one

of the wings of *one of the fronts*, and on every side of the building you have a front. The narrow and high Dutch roofs give it an odd look, and to each of these curious roofs is a lightning-rod. I counted twenty-two, not counting them all, for I only took those that I could see from one spot. A lightning-rod is a sure accompaniment to a Palace here, for whilst I see them on no other buildings, there is not a Palace that has them not, but in this one there seems to have been a particular dread of the anger of Heaven.

The inside of the Palace is shown to strangers by men who are always in attendance for the purpose. The first thing shown us was the Chapel of François I., a part of the main building, and curious from its antiquated carving and painting; but a room adjoining this is still more curious. Its ceiling is, the beams and rafters not hidden by lath and plaster, but so highly painted and gilded, and in such an extraordinary manner, that one sees here that the same taste has prevailed from the time of François I., through all the successive reigns, down to the present time, refining but slowly as it came down. Versailles is painted up in almost the same manner, and the Theatres of Paris the same. It is an unmerciful disposition to a display of colours; but I do not know that it can be seen in its purity any where but here, where, though time has done its work in fading, there still remains enough to put one in mind of the glitter and trumpery of American savages.

How many splendid apartments we went through I do not know, but it took us a long time to go through them; and though some have very handsome satin

tapestry covering their walls, this is so inferior to the tapestry of the present day, that it cannot be admired for its intrinsic worth, and it is not old enough to be venerated. We did not stop, therefore, to gaze until the Suisse came to a small chamber, in the ceiling of which there is a representation of humanity weighing down justice, and pointed out to us a little common round mahogany table, the one, he said, on which Buonaparte signed his Abdication of the Throne of France in 1814. I understood that we should have pointed out to us the mark of a penknife, in the floor or on the table, that Buonaparte threw down in his rage after having signed his name, but no such thing was shown. The Suisse only lifted up the lid of the table and showed us a small brass plate on which are cut the words, "Le cinq avril, mille huit cent quatorze, Napoleon Buonaparte signa son abdication sur cette table, dans la chambre qui est le 2^me apres la chambre a coucher." There are not many pictures now in the Palace, and of those that are there, very few of them are good ones. The late Pope of Rome hangs in effigy on the wall of one of the rooms that he was allowed to inhabit when Buonaparte held him at Fontainebleau a prisoner of war. There is a gallery of busts, called François the First's gallery, in which there are a great many heads of eminent men of all nations; but, though François the First's *Gallery*, it is the *exhibition* of some one of later date, as Washington, the Duke of Marlborough, and other heroes of later times, are here.

The grounds immediately round the Palace, the grounds artificial, are truly insignificant when compared

with those of Versailles, Saint Cloud, or even Meudon, notwithstanding there are two or three pretty and extensive pieces of water in them, besides other means of finishing a garden; but the Forest comes to their very edge, and despair of ever finishing such a work, or good taste, have one or the other dictated to the Royal Gardeners not to attempt to reduce that to the straight and even ways of the Royal pleasure grounds. The Forest is, however, cut in many directions into great or small roads, roads leading off to different towns, or merely leading through the most romantic parts of the forest as carriage or hunting roads. In a short walk that I and my companions took in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, we found good or pretty roads in every direction, and we met many vehicles on them belonging apparently to persons staying in the town. The land is very light, but bearing oak, beech and birch, excepting on spots particularly sterile, and there I observed nothing but the juniper. The face of the country is, especially near to the town, unequal, and after climbing several of the highest and clearest points, we had to descend without discovering anywhere round us a particle of cultivated land. It is all wood, but wood of various sorts. From avenues of lofty beech-trees you get into wastes of juniper amidst rock. I do not wonder at the king of France quitting the buzz of a Parisian Court to come and enjoy quiet in this retired and interesting place; to enjoy his one thousand five hundred rooms in the midst of a forest like that of Fontainebleau, where you really have more than that which the people of London are always striving to mix up together, town and country. All the conveni-

ences of a *country town*, at any rate, without seeing out of the windows any thing but trees.

Even the Fontainbleau grape, one of the things for which the town is famous, is not grown near to the town, but at a little village at about a league from it, but still in the forest and near to the river Seine. The *Chasselas de Fontainebleau* is cultivated against low walls, being trained along trellis-work, and, though the space of ground on which this famous grape is grown is but a few acres, the produce is so great that the Paris market is supplied abundantly with it from about the beginning of this month to the end of November. This season is so backward that grapes are not yet ripe. Not even the Fontainbleau. But the market-place was full of peaches and plums and other fruit of excellent quality and as cheap as dirt.

We slept at a pretty good inn, and came home by Diligence the next day and over the same road that we went, delighted with our journey.

Paris, 29th September, 1824.

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SINCE my trip to Fontainebleau, and my last letter to you, I have done scarcely any thing but prepare for quitting Paris. I did not think it worth while to write and tell you of the king's death, since the Telegraphs carry in a few hours that which the mail carries in a few days. One would think he must have longed for death long before it came, if all that is said of his state be true. The three days previous to his death were spent in saying prayers in all the churches for his recovery. The ladies flocked in in troops, and the officers of regiments drove to them in whole coach-loads. Never was man better prayed for, at least as far as number goes. But notwithstanding, he died at four o'clock of the morning of the 16th; and at about eleven o'clock of the same morning the rush of the public, of both men and women, to gain admittance to see the dead body was quite tremendous. I hope each individual that composed this anxious and curious crowd was ultimately paid for his pains; for such striving against drawn swords and fixed bayonets I never saw. But, according to public announcement, the public (as far as was compatible with the size of the Palace) was admitted to the king's bed-chamber to see the dead body, and the whole public seemed desirous to see dead that which they had constant opportunities of seeing

alive; and I, as I looked at them, could not help thinking that it seemed the desire of the crowd to make themselves sure that the King *was dead, really dead*, rather than a desire to gain a personal knowledge of that which they were to mourn. The public bears its loss calmly, every body seeming to congratulate the deceased King on his death. But the *Journal de Paris* on the 16th, came forth with three whole sides blank, having its first page filled by accounts from the Tuileries, and, at the bottom, asking what other news than that connected with this painful subject could on this day interest French readers. It is the most monstrous bombast, to be sure, that ever court scribes put forth. "Des larmes," says the Editor, "*des larmes toutes Françaises*" stop him from writing. Such ones as I saw upon the tomb-stones, if they are the "*larmes toutes Françaises*," are admirably calculated to inundate a paragraph!

The body of the King having laid eight days at the Tuileries, was publicly conveyed on the 24th, to Saint Denis, there to be buried in the Abbey Church. The day was rather a fine one, and, as this was to be a grand military show, all the town seemed preparing to take the best view of it. I went out of the town, to a little distance beyond the Barriere de Saint Denis, where begins a very fine and broad road with two broad foot paths on each side of it, and each of which is skirted by a row of magnificent elm trees, leading in a line as straight as an arrow to the town of Saint Denis, a line of three broad roads, two miles (at least two miles) long, with the town of Saint Denis at one end of them and the suburbs of Paris at the other end. On the two

sides of these roads, the country is perfectly flat and cultivated chiefly for the supply of the Paris markets. It is a couple of plains skirted by long rows of poplar trees.

The whole population of Paris seemed to be there; and the mass of men standing thickly on this whole line of road gave me an idea of the population of Paris that I had not before, and that one never would have without calculating the height of Parisian houses and the number they are capable of containing. At about one o'clock the procession reached this road. Soldiers, nothing but soldiers, kept passing for a whole hour. How glorious and how glorified a set of men! To hear the praises of the ladies bestowed upon the fine men of the Garde du Corps, the Lancers, the Curassiers and the Cens Suisses, and to hear their ridicule of the National Guard, is enough to explain the military madness of the nation. A man born without feelings of the same kind must in the end become inspired with them, and to avoid being called Pekin, he encourages the growth of monstrous mustachios. After the soldiers, came four hundred *beggars*, each man dressed in a large and long light-grey cloak, with a hood of the same colour covering the otherwise uncovered head. They each held a long lighted torch, but added nothing to the brilliancy of the scene. There were then about eight royal carriages and eight, containing some of the members of the Royal family, and the principal nobility, of whom, however, I only noticed the Duke of Angoulême and the Prince Tallyrand. The hearse, a blaze of gilding, containing the body of the late King, came next, and it was followed by the Prefect of the

Department and the twelve Mayors of Paris ; and the whole was followed by soldiers again, making altogether about twenty thousand troops that were shown to an admiring people on this day, who and whose dresses and mustachios were so great a subject of gratulation that nobody seemed to recollect the “ larmes toutes Françaises ” that should have been shed upon such an occasion.

I have given you now descriptions of all that I have seen in the neighbourhood of Paris ; of all that I have had time to go and see, and I, of course, chose to see that which was best worth seeing. Of Paris itself I have said nothing yet that is not disparaging, and taking its streets and alleys and even bridges only into view, I can say nothing to its advantage. There are some fine houses. Many, indeed ; but the town is so filthy and the streets are so narrow, that visitors to it must be made of unusually good-natured materials to forgive the selfish creatures who have fine houses for themselves and narrow and dirty streets for all the rest of the world. The Boulevards round it are broad and noble roads, lined by rows of fine elm trees ; and the Champs Elysées are two woods separated by a broad road that runs through the middle of them in a straight line opposite to the Palace of the Tuileries. These are the only drives and rides round the town. The walks are, in the gardens of the Tuileries, in those of the Luxembourg, or those of the Garden of Plants. These public buildings, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg and the building in the Garden of Plants are all so minutely described in the “ Pictures of Paris ” that you will there find their whole histories as well as drawings.

them, and I, therefore, say nothing about them but as gardens.

The former of these gardens, that of the Tuileries, is a considerable piece of ground enclosed within walls and iron fences, and immediately behind the Palace. It is disposed in one broad walk, and innumerable smaller ones, the trees being suffered to grow up into timber on the two sides of the main walk. Some small plats of shrubs and flowers form the corners and divisions of the walks, and at every corner is a marble statue. It is the Garden of Statues in fact. I never saw any garden like it, except, I think, that of *Balm-o'-Gilead-House*, near Liverpool, which meanly emulates it. If it were not for the geraniums and roses, it would look like a statuary's work-shop. In the summer evenings these gardens are the favourite walk and lounge of the most populous side of Paris; but on the opposite side of the river, in the Faubourg St. Germain, where you find some of the quietest and finest streets and houses, is the Palace of the Luxembourg, now used for the Chamber of Peers, which has its gardens, and which I think the finest, or at least the best kept of any. There is here, too, a profusion of statues. Dianas and Venuses in abundance, and there are geraniums that would flourish in the open ground, languishing in marble vases. These gardens are about the same size as those of the Tuileries, but they are beyond comparison prettier. The Palace fronts a considerable space of ground which is occupied as a flower-garden, and to the left and the right of this front are woods of tall elm, lime and plain trees. Considering that this is in a town, they are woods. The principal flower gardens

are two large circular pieces of green wood fenced off from the public walk, and in which there has been a constant succession of blowing or full blown flowers since I first walked through these gardens to the present time, that is since about the middle of April to the middle of September. Geraniums and roses have kept blowing almost all the time. There are two or three little corner gardens of standard roses only. But it is in the two circular pieces of ground that the gardeners display their excellent taste and their indefatigable zeal. During the height of summer, the orange-tree, of which they have many very fine ones, scented and beautified the walks. Now that the orange flower is no more to be seen, the beautiful deep red blossom of the pomegranate takes its place; and these large flowering shrubs are always set off by such a profusion and such a variety of the annual and perennial tribe that the place is kept constantly a garland. On the terraces that surround these flower gardens, the ladies who live on this side of the river, spend their summer's evenings, coming to it dressed as if for the ball-room. Whole companies come together, and, occupying chairs which are let by persons who keep an ample supply always in the gardens, they perform all the talking and laughing that we see in England performed round a tea-table.

The Garden of Plants is a larger and more important establishment (as gardens I mean) than either of the former; but it is too far from the centre of the town to be so fashionable a place as the other two. The building in it is a museum of natural history, and lectures are delivered in it on these subjects. There is a de-

tached building in which lectures on chemistry are delivered; and all these lectures one hears for nothing but the pains of attending them. The first division of the garden is of herbs for the use of the sick poor, and the gardener is always ready to give to those who apply for such. Another division is in specimens of the different sorts of live hedges, of which the common quick is the only one worth looking at. But the botanical garden is the chief division, and at stated times of the day, any one is permitted to walk in this garden so that it be in fine weather. All the rest is, though ornamental, useful, too, for the meanest tree is carefully attended to and classed and ticketted. The menagerie of wild animals is as complete as the room would perhaps allow of, and the dens are not so confined as to drive one away disgusted at first sight, or rather smell, of them. The harmless animals and the birds have all their houses and parks to themselves in in different parts of the grounds and under the high trees, so that they are not altogether taken out of their own element.

There is a little contention amongst people in Paris whether this place which has hitherto been called the *Jardin des Plantes*, shall or shall not now be called the *Jardin du Roi*. The furiously loyal call it by the latter name, and people in general call it by the former. I heard a gentleman one day ask an old man in a working dress, the way to the *Jardin du Roi*. The man did not, or would not, understand him, but at length, they agreed that the *Jardin des Plantes* was the same thing, and the gentleman (in whose company I was) found his way to it. It is looked upon as a desire to

incroach a little upon the "propriété nationale," and is therefore strongly resisted. No incroachment, however, has been effected in *reality* as to this piece of national proprietorship, for I have constantly seen dirty boys in their sabots playing at pitching brick-bats in the walks of the gardens, and, on the public days, the Museums are generally as much enjoyed by masons and carpenters and common labourers and their families, as they are by any other description of people, the place always guarded by a company of the National Guard.

Of other public places in Paris, the Chamber of Deputies, the Louvre, the Exchange, the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, the Palais Royal, the Hospital of Invalids, the Military School, the Panthéon, and others I cannot give you a better description than that you have in the before-mentioned Pictures of Paris. The three former of these buildings are very beautiful; however, and of the pictures exhibited in the immense galleries of the Louvre I could say a great deal in praise if I could find in my heart to admire beautiful colours with very little life. Of the Palais Royal every one says that it is the most magnificent sink of iniquity that any country has to boast of. In its cloisters shop-keeping is carried on all day, and gambling all night; and in the immense square of it the evenings are kept in the utmost hilarity and eating of ices by ladies and gentlemen of all sorts. The only place where I ever had occasion to see ladies of character sit undisturbed in the presence of ladies without character. Gambling-houses are not only permitted, but, I believe, encouraged. There is one magnificent one kept near to the Boulevards Italiens, called Frescatti's, and here you

pay nothing for entering though you are not obliged to play. I went there out of curiosity one evening, and was surprised on walking into the lobby, to see at least half a dozen livery servants waiting, one of whom took my hat and gave me a ticket for it. He then opened a door and ushered me into a room where *roulette* was playing. Here the company was chiefly English. In an adjoining room, there was another table for the game of *rouge et noir*, and the company a large one and there too almost English. Young English lads were playing a sovereign at a time and losing them as fast as they put them down. I remarked one who had evidently only just begun his playing career. He lost a good many sovereigns and blushed at each loss, but to show that he felt no sort of shame or disappointment, down he put another, and so it went on till he ended the inglorious evening by walking off with an empty pocket. An English nobleman attracted the wonder of the lockers-on. He was playing French bank notes to the amount of a thousand francs each, and in a very short time I saw him lose 60,000 francs beside 6000 that he borrowed of the waiter behind him. Vulgar rhetoricians talk of sweating the purse, and this was the case here; but the sympathy, in that respect, between purse and person was so evident as to be an admirable commentary on the pleasures of gaming. Despair and hope and false pride had fixed themselves on to him for the evening, and they sweated him well. I walked out of this place certainly not less a gamester than I always was, but thanking God that I hated it, and thanking you, my dear Father, for implanting that hatred in my breast.

The Halles, or markets, are another description of public buildings, and they are not a little boasted of. There are upwards of twenty, in the whole; but excepting that for the sale of corn and flour, I do not know one that deserves to be mentioned. This is, however, an immense circular building with a dome-roof, and well lighted by a sky-light at the top of about 30 feet in diameter. It is a pitch-market, or a depository, for all kinds of grain and for flour; where certain hours of certain days are fixed for the sale of the different kinds of grain that the farmers either bring and superintend the selling of, or send to be sold by their brokers. The flour market never ceases, but women, who or whose husbands, rent small counting-houses round the inside of the building, sit and perform their works at the needle in the intervals that customers give them time for. They are persons completely *au fait* at business, and I found them by no means reluctant to answer questions. The universal measure is, they tell me, the demi-hectolitre. It serves as our Winchester bushel does, but it is considerably larger. In diameter I found it one foot three inches and a quarter, and in depth one foot and three inches and three quarters, English measure; and the weight of it in wheat is, they say, about 80 livres, or near about one third larger than the Winchester bushel. They sell by the sack, which contains three of these demi-hectolitres, and the price, when I inquired the other day, was 24 francs the sack, precisely the same that I found it at the same place in April last. Flour (the best) is now $4\frac{1}{2}$ sous the livre (about 18 ounces English), $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. English money. Oats

9 francs the sack, and barley 12 francs. Immense piles of sacks of wheat and other grain and of flour are always to be seen in this Halle, and a *gent d'arme* takes care of the whole while the place is open. The other market places are for meat, vegetables, fruit and so forth, and there are many in different parts of the town; but in all of them, though the places are as convenient as they could be made, there is disorder and dirt. The market-people, their arrangements, their utensils, their shelves and baskets; but particularly the people in their own persons, have an air of negligence and slovenliness that they communicate to the whole. The butchers are obliged to kill their cattle outside of the town, so they have no excuse for harbouring filth near their stalls. I dare say we have in England hundreds of markets that are altogether a thousand times handsomer than these and which are not boasted of a thousandth part so much; but, if we have no other, there is the (I think Saturday's) market at Norwich, which I will be bound to say shows a greater number of clean aprons in one day than is to be seen in these markets of Paris throughout the year; and after the market of Philadelphia, neither of these will bear speaking of.

Paris, of all places, for cheap living and for sights; for a constant round of amusement both frivolous and solid. A man may live here for almost nothing, up to as many thousands a year as he has, be he ever so rich. He may live as cheaply in Paris itself as he can in the remotest parts of the country, and yet he may find at every turn he takes something new. He can go into all the theatres for next to nothing, and he

can find dances at as reasonable a rate; all the libraries are open to him together with innumerable lecture rooms on arts and sciences. And if he wish for French society he can ingratiate himself, nay almost ingraft himself, into it by throwing off the Englishman so far as to praise France *in its turn*, and by refraining from talking about the Battle of Waterloo too much. But Paris for a steady English family, unless they have already formed an acquaintance in it, must be a wretched hole to live in. I shall leave it without any regret, though exceedingly glad that I have seen it; and the next letter that you have from me will be dated, I hope, from some country place. I have now settled every thing that prevented my going sooner, and I have bought a small horse that I think fit for a journey; and as to the route that I am to take, I think it must be extended a little beyond the one that you have been so good as to send me. I know that it is getting very late in the year, but as you have left it to my choice to extend or contract my tour, I think I shall choose to do the former.

Auxerre, 10th October 1824.

I set off from Paris at 7 o'clock on the 5th (Tuesday), but in rather an inauspicious sort of weather. However, I bent my steps towards Villeneuve Saint George's, meaning to cross the Seine opposite to that place, and so get on the same night to MELUN, out of the department of the Seine and into the principal town of that of Seine et Marne. In this I was, however, disappointed; for, after losing my way once by asking the road simply to Villeneuve, and by being directed to another Villeneuve than Villeneuve Saint George's. When I had corrected my mistake and had got so near to the latter town as to have only the river between it and me, I found that my horse had an irrevocable dislike to a ferry-boat, and that no caresses and no threats would induce her to enter one. I, therefore, went a considerable distance round, and was so late on arriving at Villeneuve Saint George's, that I was obliged to bait my horse and myself at a miserable little inn, the *Cigne*, in a little town almost as miserable. A bad beginning, I thought; but, after dining on soup and bouilli, the worst I had ever tasted since I left the Limosin, and then sharing with about a million of flies, the grapes and peaches that my most masculine hostess had for me, I paid her the bill for myself and my horse, 2 francs and 8 sous, and came off for Lieusain, the next post, which is at about $8\frac{1}{2}$ leagues from Paris, a small post-town situated on a high but flat country, and immediately at the extreme

end of the Forest of Senard, which I went through to it, a forest of oak underwood. The land about this town is a very rich brown mould, and the growth of the young trees in the forest amply demonstrates its goodness. The best inn in the town, or village, is the *Trois Rois*, so I put up at it for the night, for I had lost so much time in getting round to a bridge to cross the Seine, that it was nearly night before I arrived at Lieusain. The place is only a chief of a commune, and the aristocracy of it consists only of the Mayor and his Adjoint, so I had nothing grand to behold but the majesty of an open country, and a healthy one, if we may conclude any thing from its name.

At about half after six o'clock, I found ploughmen still at work, ploughing by the light of a full moon. They told me it was not unusual in busy seasons to work until this hour, beginning at five o'clock in the morning, but resting for a couple of hours in the middle of the day. They plough about an arpent and a half during the day with three horses, the arpent being 100 perch of 20 feet to the perch; a little more than an English acre. The master came up to me, and, giving me a coup de casquet, he asked me if I was satisfied with the work that was going on. A little man, rather stout and thick-set, red-faced, and gay as any Frenchman that ever lived, and a perfect bustler in his business. He was not quite satisfied, so he seized the plough-handles, took the whip and reins, and with a multiplicity of uncharitable oaths, frightened his already-jaded horses into a quicker step. He put me in mind of some English farmers by his bustling, but he was free of all conceit or arrogance and

possessed in an ample degree the great virtue that pervades all classes of French people as far as I have observed them, communicativeness. There is a class of men in England, who have arrived at such a pitch of selfish cunning that they are afraid to speak lest somebody should be the wiser for it. This little man told me that his land was very good; some of the best in a rich neighbourhood, where the estates and the farms are large. That he rented about 500 arpents, at from 26 to 30 francs the arpent, he paying the land-tax, which is here about $5\frac{1}{2}$ francs the arpent; higher than I have found it any where else. This is the *average* of the tax he pays on his land, for for some of it he only pays 4 francs, while for some he pays as much as 6 francs. He sows something every year; but of wheat the quantity he sows by the arpent is a *septier* (the sack of Paris, called here the *septier*. It is three demi-hectolitres.), and the return in an ordinary year is five times the seed, in a *good* season, seven times the seed, and in an extraordinary one, nine times the seed. The price of wheat here is 20 francs the sack. That is 240lb. (French weight) for 16s. 8d. English money. French weight is $\frac{1}{8}$ heavier than English weight; so that it is 270lb. equal to $4\frac{1}{2}$ bushels English, at 60lb. the bushel; which brings the wheat at Lieusain to 3s. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d the English bushel. He keeps 500 sheep, but no other sort of stock to any number, and the manner of treating them is the same as elsewhere in France: suffering them to pick a scanty subsistence on the sides of roads, and in stubbles or fallows in summer, and *fattening* them in stables in winter on bran and hay. He pays a money rent, as the farmers about here generally do, and is a different

person to what the metayer is. He told me that the harvest has been with him and his neighbours an unusually bad one; that they were estimating their crops as most abundant, and were looking forward to a plentiful harvest when the rains came and so lodged their heavy crops that they did not recover it, and the grain was generally discoloured, and a great deal of it totally spoiled. The wages of his ploughmen are 100 ecus (an ecu is 3 francs) the year, with food and lodging, but without drink. At seven o'clock, a neighbour who had left off work, called to him *à la soup!* and my little farmer desired his men then to take their horses home, and, thinking that it was his turn to ask me questions, he began by asking me if I came from any distance. "Beau pays!" he exclaimed when I told him I came from England; "pays de la liberté!" An exclamation precisely similar I have had from several such persons in the country parts of France. They give us credit for being miraculously fond of liberty, and very little fond of bread. I found that he admired Buonaparte for what he had done, but that he was well satisfied at being no longer under him. The people seem to have been heartily tired of wars, and conscriptions. They talk now of the blood that was spilled in furthering the extravagant views of a man that they call *trop ambitieux*, and seem glad to have a king who is likely to let them rest a little in quiet. Though they so strongly admire glorious deeds, and particularly deeds of arms, that they would, as soon as not, follow another Buonaparte, but they are not quite ready for him yet.

On Wednesday morning, the 16th, I came off early

to breakfast at the next town, paying my expenses at the Three Kings at Lieusain 3 francs and 5 sous. I got to MELUN, 3 leagues, by nine o'clock, and put up at the *Galère*, a large inn, that was so full of soldiers that I found it most convenient to seek entertainment for myself at a restaurateur's in the town, a description of people that are not wanting any where in France. They brought me for breakfast, café au lait, eggs, bread and butter, mutton chops, and fruit and wine, and charged me 2 francs 16 sous, for it (2s. 4d. English), and my horse cost me another 14 sous, or 7 pence, at the inn, boy and all. MELUN is a small town, though a prefecture, the chief of the département of Seine et Marne, having a population of 7000 inhabitants. It is situated at a short distance from the Seine, at about 4 leagues north-east of Fontainebleau, the river being about midway between them, and it is almost on the borders of the forest. It has one good wide and clean street in it, and not one really dirty one. And it possesses that which constitutes a French town, what logicians would call the *essential mode*, a barrack, a play house and public baths. As I wished to perform a good day's journey on this day, I spent but little time in the town and I saw nothing of its environs, except what I saw in riding in and riding out of it. The country is not pretty. It is high and open, excepting on the side of the forest of Fontainebleau, and there the wood is seen at a distance. The roads broad and good, and planted at the sides with apple trees. The fruit of which the people are now gathering, and of which they make an indifferent cider. In Melun and its neighbourhood I remarked one thing characteristic of

the people's taste: they cut the cats' tails off, leaving them not more than an inch or two in length. I know you will burst out at this. I really thought, by the first two or three that I saw in this tailless plight, that some accident had befallen the poor animals; but on applying for information to the very best authority, an old woman, to know if this were done on purpose, she answered, "*drily, mais oui, Monsieur.*"

I came on through the villages of Panfou and Fossard to the little town of MONTEREAU. The country very little interesting. Flat, not so rich by any means as that about LIEUSAIN, and partaking very much of the rocky Fontainebleau soil, which is not unnatural, seeing that it is so near to it. I had been, before getting to this latter town, rising for a considerable time, when suddenly I came to a sight of Montereau in a valley immediately below me, seated at the confluence of the rivers Seine and Yonne, which wind off to the right and left of the road, pursuing the course of the very pretty valley through which they run. The town is small, and the streets narrow and dirty. I found a young man on the bridge who told me that this is the place where Buonaparte beat the king of Wurtemberg's troops in 1814. He pointed out the positions of the two armies to me, showed me where the bridge was blown up and since repaired, and he showed me two cannon balls sticking now in the ends of two houses on the margin of the river, and which have been suffered to remain there ever since. The wine that is grown in the neighbourhood is but of little value, but the river offers a great facility for conveying things to Paris, and accordingly a considerable com-

merce is kept up by this town, in grain of all sorts, grown in the neighbourhood and sold at the Paris market. I only stopped to give my horse a bait (12 sous, 6d.) and then took the road again, intending to get, if possible, as far as Pont-sur-Yonne that night. It soon got dark, however, and, though the country I passed was, I believe, of the same description as that which I had been riding through all the morning, I did not wish to loose the sight of any of it. At about two leagues from Montereau is *Villeneuve-la-Guyard*, a village, and though I had still a recollection that the Villeneuve of yesterday was an unfortunate place to me, I was strongly tempted to put up here. Walking gently down the street, and looking out for the cleanest looking of the little inns in it, an aged lady stepped forward from a newly built and very cleanly-looking one (*L'Etoile d'or*), inviting me to stay there if I meant to stop in the village. She assured me that Pont-sur-Yonne was three *grosses lieues* (nothing more common than to hear of a long or short league or a long or short quarter of an hour) off, and that the road was bad; that she had excellent accommodation for me and for my horse, should be proud of the honour of entertaining me, and that there was a rabbit actually in the *marmite*, besides other things that were ready cooked or to be cooked. If she had known me to be an Englishman, she could not have been more vehement in enforcing the excellence of her *bill of fare*, its variety and condition. I yielded myself up to the force of eloquence, and all I had to complain of was that the eloquence ceased not. She gave me *soup au lait* (bread and milk), a rabbit, a pigeon, and fruit of all

kinds, but with very poor wine. I soon found that the best way was to find fault with nothing, for she seemed to have acquired the prerogative of an English attorney-general, giving me always two speeches for my one; the right to lead she took in virtue of her sex, and the right of reply was hers *ex officio*. She was what is emphatically called a *chatty woman*, but as is, I think, usually the case with such, she was active and bustling and clean about the house. Every thing seemed in order and every thing clean, which you do not always find in the house of your easy good sort of person.

On Thursday the 7th, my landlady attacked me the moment I came down stairs to know how I had slept and to make me confess how well I had been treated. The fact being that I had been well served and cleanly lodged, I did her the justice to say so, and my horse would have done the same I am sure, could she have spoken. For my supper the night before, and for some soup au lait in the morning, and for good feeding and lodging for my horse, the lady charged me 6 francs and 10 sous, rather more than I expected it to be, but not so extravagant, considering the fare. Ten sous more to servants made it 7 francs, and I came off to breakfast at SENS, an old town of a population of 11,000, formerly the capital of the Sennones. Its streets are narrow, but through almost every one of them there is a small rivulet running which carries off the dirt into the river Yonne and Vanne, two rivers that meet at a very short distance below the town. The only thing worth looking at here, is the Cathedral, a Gothic building, the outward parts of which were effectually defaced during the revolution, but the *tresor* was

preserved, and is now shown to strangers. It is a cabinet of curiosities, and one of the greatest is the curious little old man who shows it, who, after showing me a great many skulls and jaw-bones of different Saints, showed me a piece of the *real Cross*, that had been obtained at great expense of pains from the Holy Land. This was handsomely mounted in silver, and in the shape of a diminutive cross. But a still greater curiosity he had to come, he said, pulling out a small oblong ivory box, and then with great care opening its lid and showing me, sewed on to a richly-adorned little velvet cushion, a very small bone of the Prophet Isaiah ! The altar of this Cathedral is much admired, but it is not shown completely excepting on great occasions, and it is now almost hidden by a magnificent Monument of marble that has been erected since the restoration of the present Royal family, to the memory of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. The Suisse who has the showing of this latter wanted me sadly to stop and go in and examine it minutely, but I had not time, so putting a franc into the hands of the little man who showed me the curiosities, and receiving his very low bow in return, I came back to the Inn (the Cerf-noir), breakfasted on soup and bouilli, a fowl and abundance of fruit, with pretty good wine, which, together with the baiting of my horse, cost me 2 francs and 5 sous, and then I set off for Joigny. Of the country that I passed on this day, I can say nothing but that it is just like that I passed on the day before, flat and open ; but the river Yonne which I now and then saw, gives a little variety to the scene. The roads are still wide and excellent until you come to the villages or towns, and then

they become almost universally narrow and always ill-paved and dirty. Before I got to Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, a small town between Sens and Joigny, I was again riding at night, but by the light of a beautifully bright and full moon, bright enough to show me that just before getting into this town, I had entered a country entirely different from that which I had been riding in all the morning. A constant succession of hills all round me, though I was riding on a perfectly level, though a winding road. I was riding at the roots of the hills and following the course of the river Yonne. I did but trot through the pretty little town of Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, which has an old gateway at each end of a wide street which seems, by the aid of three or four small branch streets, to compose the town; and a ditch surmounted by the remains of a wall, surround it. I here entered the wine-country, Villeneuve being either in lower Burgundy or very close upon its borders. The hills are all covered by vineyards, but I could see no more than what was close by me by the light of the moon. The course of the river I could discover for a considerable distance by an immense number of fires that were burning on its edges, kindled and kept up by people who were fishing. They throw in food during the day to attract the fish to a certain spot where they have previously put in a spoon net; and at night they draw them by the light of a fire to the spot, and keep feeding them with boiled beans till there are fish enough in or about the net; when, if the night be dark enough, the haul is pretty sure to give abundant luck. It was nine o'clock before I got to JOIGNY, a small town immediately on the YONNE, a confined and wretchedly-

dirty little place squeezed in between the lower part of an immensely steep and high hill (the *Côte Saint Jacques*) and the bank of the river, on the latter, however, there is a magnificent quay. This day I came 13½ leagues and yesterday 13 leagues, but the league is not three English miles, for I did not ride forty miles on each of these days. Two miles and a half is the utmost that it is.

From Joigny I had but seven leagues to this town, so I had time in the morning of Friday, the 8th, to stay an hour or two, looking about me. It was the first time I had done so since I left Paris, for I was anxious to get as far as this before Sunday, that I might think myself really in the country again. From the bridge of Joigny which crosses the river close by the inn where I was staying, you have a complete view of this vine-growing country. There is no necessity to mount hills in order to see hills. These are not tremendously high, but they are an unbroken system of hillocks, mounds of earth not rising up peakedly, but being rounded at the top, and they form wide openings between each other, giving you views of distant hills, all of which are covered with the most luxuriant vineyards. The whole country, indeed, excepting the meadows by the river's side, is vineyard, but now and then planted at the same time in standard fruit trees, such as peaches, apricots, apples, pears, and mostly in plums. This is precisely the season for seeing such a country to advantage. The vine is in full leaf, and in full bearing, and there is not in vegetation a plant that is, at the same time, so full of luxuriance and of promise ; it is richness and plenty themselves, and this a smiling land, though I do not

think it contains a smiling people. The foliage of the vine is probably the only one that, seen covering a whole country, does not utterly disgust by its sameness; but there is some of this even with the vine. The country is not beautiful, nor even pretty by its means, even at this season of the year, and in the leafless season; nothing can be more ragged than the appearance of a vineyard, or more sterile than the air it gives the country.

The population of the town of Joigny is about 5500, and its commerce is principally in the wine grown in the neighbourhood, in which commerce the town is eminently favoured by the circumstance of the Yonne running close by it and joining the Seine near Fontainebleau. The quantity of wine annually shipped here for Paris is estimated at *thirty-five thousand tuns*; and the vineyards that are most renowned of any in the neighbourhood are those of the *Côte Saint Jacques*, a very high hill which rises up at the back of the town facing the south. There are not more than about 500 *feuillettes* of wine grown on this Côte in the year, but it sells for double the price of any other round the neighbourhood. An arpent of the Côte Saint Jacques, will in a tolerably good season, produce from 2 to 3 thousand francs. The grape cultivated on it is black, and the Vendange will begin in about eight days, so that I am not too late for the wine harvest, at any rate. The opinion at Joigny, was, that the vintage of this year would be a poor one. The constant rains that they have had lately have very much damaged the grapes, and many parishes are *en vendange* because the people see no prospect of the

grapes getting riper, whilst every day almost makes them rotter. My bill at Joigny for a late dinner, or supper, and for breakfast on meat and eggs the next morning, and for my horse was 10 francs. And a thorough shoeing of the latter cost me 3 francs, 2s. 6d. I then came off for AUXERRE, riding the whole eight leagues close upon the banks of the river, and passing a great number of pretty-looking little villages at little distances off the road to the right and the left, each being a little cluster of white and tile-covered houses, with a neat and little stone-built church in its middle raising its steeple a good deal higher than the roofs. No straggling houses are to be seen either on or off the road, but a parish seems like a family, all its members acting in concert. A whole parish goes en vendange at the same time, while the neighbouring parish may not begin for a week. I noticed the population of two or three of these little villages gathering their grapes all together, while in the other parishes that I passed not a soul seemed to be stirring. Got to Auxerre in the evening. It is the capital of the Département of YONNE, and is placed on the banks of the river. A fine old town, but dirty, and with narrow crooked streets; but with two large buildings at the northern entrance, the Hospital des Enfants trouvés, and a beautiful old cathedral which stands on high ground, and has escaped the defacing of the Revolution pretty well. I came to the *Trois Chandeliers* (the *Three Candlesticks*), but it is a much more comfortable place than the *Trois Rois* of Lieusain.

Here I am amongst wine merchants from Paris, and commis voyageurs who are travelling for wine mer-

chants, and, occasionally, the vigneron, or owners of vineyards, who come here to talk with both. The wine merchants *en gros* are of two sorts, the one buys the wine at the presser, just as it is squeezed out of the grape, pays for it, and sends it to Paris. The other comes riding through the country amongst the owners of vineyards, getting them to send their wine to Paris there to be sold for them on commission; and between the two sorts of merchants, the poor needy vigneron doubtless suffers. I was greatly amused for a good part of yesterday in sitting and hearing the conversations between these vigneron and the merchants, the latter a crafty set of men, taking advantage of every circumstance within their knowledge to persuade the poor wine grower out of his own, and the latter pleading excessive poverty, and ignorance greater probably than was his, to entice the notice of both sorts of merchants and drive the best bargain he could between them.

The wine of Auxerre is very famous. Its general name is *petit vin d'Auxerre*; but there are two or three spots of the country near here that are famous above the rest of the country for their produce. The white wine, called *Chablis*, is grown at a small village (*Chablis*) at about two leagues from Auxerre, and there are close to the town, the two Côtes, *la Chenette* and *la Migrène* which are both of them famous for their red wine. I observed, in going to Fontainebleau, that all the vineyards between that place and Paris, were on the southern sides of hills; and here I find that frequently spots of excellently well-adapted land for the plant, are not planted with vines because they are not

high enough. And whenever you hear of good wine, it grows on a *Côte*, or *side* of a hill. These *Côtes* are particularly attended to, I see, by the wine-merchants, who go and place themselves on the spot, see the crop, see it gathered, and put into the tubs by the road-side, see it pressed, and then immediately send it off to Paris; and this, they say, is the only way to be sure of getting pure wine; because, the moment it gets into the hands of the country wine-merchants, they begin to mix it with their old stock, or with the strong wine of the South in order to make *more Burgundy*. And by this means you may have almost at any inn in France, wine of the *Côte de la Migrène* for instance, whilst there are but *four arpents* of the *Côte* altogether, belonging all to three proprietors, who make in a favourable season not more than thirty *feuilleittes* of wine from them. The *feuilleitte* is the barrel made use of here, and it contains 136 litres, or 180 bottles. The price of it wholesale differs with the seasons, and according to the celebrity of the place where it is grown. This season is looked upon as a very unfavourable one by the merchants. The wine they say cannot be of good quality, owing to the great quantity of rain that has drenched the fruit, but the *vignerons* say that they do not remember a season of greater plenty; and it is probable, therefore, that there will be a great deal of wine made, but of an inferior quality. Going upon reports of this kind, the price of wine in ordinary is now fixed about this neighbourhood, at from 30 to 35 francs the *feuilleitte*, but this is a good deal below what it would sell for if the autumn had been dry and warm. At *Chablis* the price is not yet

fixed, because the people have not begun yet to harvest it; but the price of that wine in the best season that has occurred for some years (1822) was *two hundred and fifty* francs the *feuilleitte*. Last year it was 100 francs for the same measure, and it is likely to be as little this year. The wine of the *Côte de la Migrène* generally brings 500 francs the *feuilleitte*, and the owners of that spot are rich proprietors in consequence.

In cultivating the vine, I do not find that such vast pains are bestowed in *preparing* the land as I always have supposed. Trenching for vines I have not yet heard of, and here, and in the country I have yet passed, it is not practised. Indeed, it would be unwise to practise it in the vineyards that I have yet seen; for the generality of them are of a soil that would be injured rather than improved by such means. The Côte Saint Jacques at JOIGNY is a very light and stoney loam upon a bed of pure chalk; and all the land that is in vineyard, and that I have seen since, is either too rocky to be trenched, or too shallow. The soil proper for the plant is a *light* and *stoney* one, and the situation, the southern side of a hill. A declivity, and facing the south, if possible; and it is rarely that I have seen a vineyard in a valley. The manner of preparing for vines is by simply ploughing two or three times during the summer, the land that is to be planted, and well manuring it. They plough as deeply as they can go with the plough, so as not to go into the sub-soil, and their main care seems to be to get the land perfectly clean. But I have not spoken to any man upon the subject of preparing for vines who

has not told me of the universal practice of securing a crop of some sort of corn upon the land during the time that it is in preparation. The planting takes place upon ridges of from 3 feet to $3\frac{1}{2}$ apart, and the little plants are put in at about 30 inches in the row. There they stand, being very carefully pruned, for two years without bearing a grape, and they are tied to short stakes of about 3 feet long, the usual height that the plant is allowed to run. They are manured every year if the owner can afford it, and, three times during the year, they are hoed, but in a more substantial manner than you will imagine when I simply say *hoed*. The implement made use of in this operation is a triangular hoe very nearly equal in size to a large shovel, triangular, in order that its point may go into the earth with the force of the arms merely. With this tool the vigneron move the earth very rapidly and with great truth, and it is certainly better calculated to keep the land in its original state of ridges than the spade would be. The pains of hoeing, pruning, propping, manuring, and, in some cases, of fencing, must be carried on for five years with scarcely any return, for it is full five years before the vineyard comes into full bearing.

The best sort of grape for red wine, is what they here call the *Pinot*, and for white wine, the *Beunois*. The expense of cultivating an arpent (the arpent of this place is 100 corde of 24 feet the corde) of vineyard is from 90 to 110 francs, including every thing. In a pretty good season, a vineyard of good quality will yield from 8 to 10 *feuillettes* of wine; but this is taking the inferior with the superior, for some will

yield more and some less. The properties of this kind are small, every creature almost owning more or less of *vigne*. The ostler of this inn has half an arpent, from which he thinks of getting as much this year as five *feuillettes*. The men I saw this morning carrying the produce of their own vineyards to the quay, were poor peasants who work by the day for others, or help at the vintage of their richer neighbours for a share of their produce. They each (and I saw an immense number of them) have a small *rave-cart* consisting of two wheels, a board or two for the bed, and staves for its sides, and with this and a couple of little cows, or a cow and an ass, they manage to bring a couple of *feuillettes* at once from a considerable distance. Their land is, of course, the poorest, and they own the smallest portions. They cannot afford to manure it well, but they keep it as clean as that of their neighbours. The time they spend in leading their cows or asses about on the high roads, on the little wastes and fallows, to let them pick up food enough just to keep them from starving, is a consumption of time that the labour of the animals can hardly repay. The idea of a whole country covered over with black and white grapes is a rich one, and it is but natural that we should suppose the makers of Burgundy rich in proportion to the richness of the luxury they produce; but vines are subjected to so many chances, that there is not a poorer country than that which is covered with them. A frost in May will cut off the buds of a whole country of vineyard; at the end of June, one really hard shower of rain effectually destroys the crop by knocking off the flower; at the end of July or in

August, a hail-storm will cut off the newly-formed fruit, and a wet autumn rots it; but most of all, the vigneron dreads the hail, a visitation by no means uncommon in, I believe, almost every part of the country; and one that does peculiar mischief in the provinces where the vine is much cultivated. So frequent are the losses occasioned by hail, that a man who is so opulent as to have more than one acre of vineyard, rarely chooses to possess his second acre near to his first, but rather to have them at a considerable distance from each other that he may not, to use an old saying, "have all his eggs in one basket." A shower of hail may by accident fall upon the one without touching the other, and this is another disadvantage that the poor vigneron labours under. His half acre being destroyed, he must mend his fortune by living unusually ill, and perhaps by borrowing upon the strength of his next year's prospects. The profits of those who are rich enough to own from six to ten acres of good vineyard are said to equal any thing we hear of arising from the cultivation of land, that is, taking one year with another: in some years the profits are immense, but in others they are a mere nothing. But the small proprietors (and they are the greatest in number) are a set of beings, who do but live. They eat very coarse bread, not so much meat as my friends of the Limosin, because they cannot keep stock, and their dependance is upon potatoes, some milk, and garden stuff and fruit. Of the walnut they make a sort of oil, of which much use is made in what they call *soup a l'huile*, oil soup.—The price of best bread at AUXERRE is $2\frac{1}{2}$ sous the livre (18

ounces) ; for brown bread, which is, I believe, made purely of rye, 2 sous. Meat 7 to 8 sous the livre. Fowls 2½ francs the pair. Turkey 2½ francs.

I have had no really fine weather since I quitted Paris, and last night I was afraid it had set in a determined spell of rain, but it is rather finer to-day. I was invited by my table-d'hôte companions last night to go with them after dinner to the café, and there play at billiards. I went, and found it crowded to excess by doctors, lawyers, attorneys, notaries and idlers, who were playing at billiards and drinking wine, and smoking. Every Frenchman plays at billiards, and those I found here were astonished that I did not. Monsieur played at piquet, if not at billiards? "*Tiens!*" they exclaimed when I assured them that I did not play at any thing. They played by turns, smoked and drank coffee, and disputed most vehemently; but in an earnestness that did not grow to anger; and when ten o'clock came the whole company separated for their respective homes.

To-day (Sunday) I see the town just as busy as it was yesterday. All the shops are open, and business is going forward without any interruption. But this is a very busy season; the most busy in this part of the country of any, and a day lost now would not be gained by a week. I went into two of the churches this morning, and, in the largest, found but very few men, though a considerable number of ladies; in the other absolutely not one man, and but very few women. The women leave their shops for a few minutes and go and say their prayers, and come home again. In the first church (the Cathedral) I saw a very old man come in with a

hand-basket full of cabbages on his back, kneel down and say a few prayers, and then get up and walk out again. I mean to go from this place to Dijon, starting to-morrow, if the day should not be too wet, and I shall not have an opportunity to write to you again till I reach that place.

Dijon, Saturday, 16th October, 1824.

I STARTED on Monday the 11th. from AUXERRE, paying for myself and horse at the Trois Chandeliers, for three nights and three days, 15 francs and a half; and then I came off, intending to get as far as Lucy-le-Bois the same night, coming through Saint Bris and Vermenton (10 leagues), and accordingly I made great haste, for I wanted to go one league out of my road to see some caverns in the neighbourhood of Vermenton, which are, as natural curiosity, the pride of the country. I only stopped a few minutes to inquire of an old woman who was tying thorns on to the bunches of grapes that hung near the road, the price of her care. She told me she had 70 francs in argent the year for hoeing, pruning and watching, and her husband and she performed the whole. The thorns were for an obvious purpose; but so far from being stingy of their fruit, I have been eating grapes out of the baskets of the vigneronns wherever I found any, all along the road.

At Arcy, a little muddy village on the Yonne, I arrived at about 3 o'clock. I put up my horse, and went to find the bailiff of M. Darcy, the gentleman to whom the estate belongs on which are these caverns; and as soon as I found him, he sent me a boy and a man, two guides, with three candles, one for each of us. I had no idea of the sort of place I was going to see, but had taken it into my head that I could ride through them, and should find them but little out of my way. Not so, however. My horse being in a stable at Arcy, I had to walk about a mile across newly-planted vineyards, and rough ground of all sorts, till, coming down upon a hanging copse of oak underwood, the boy opened a door that stood in a recess of rock of about thirty feet wide and ten feet high, and lighting the candles, my guides asked me to follow them. The place is wide, but how wide I cannot guess even, for the three candles that we had did not spread the light far enough to show us much more than our way along. The whole side and roof and floor, however, seem to be of solid rock, and in such irregular and curious shapes that it looks like immense leg-bones of animals hanging down from the sides, whilst from the roof the stone has the appearance of icicles, and the effect, too, of icicles, for from every point there was water dropping. A great many of the largest blocks of stone have formed themselves into odd shapes, and are, with some little violence to reality, called *Virgin Mary's*. In one place there is a pretty complete representation of the bars of an organ, and as the boy rapped these with an iron key, each of them echoed a completely different sound through the cavern; this is in a broad and clear

space, free from irregularities on the floor, and, therefore, called the ball room. My guide told me that, in the summer time, M. Darcy has given dances here, necessarily by torch-light, and that when the whole place is lighted up it is very agreeable. For the curiousness of the thing, no doubt, for to get here, I was obliged to creep on my hands and knees two or three times, there being several natural divisions of the cavern, and it is impossible to say what would not be agreeable to the man who could choose for the sake of its agreeableness to dance underground, and by torch-light. One is apt too often to say millions, but I really do think there were upwards of a million of bats in this place. They were hanging to the roof so thickly as to make it completely black, and when the candles came near to them, it set the whole population in such commotion that I began to think of getting out merely that I might escape them. I had now gone no more than one third of the way, however, and my guides wished me very much to continue. We were at 100 feet from the entrance, therefore the place is 300 feet long; but I choose to turn back, as it was a very heavy afternoon and would soon be dark, and as I had to go a perfectly by-road to regain my road to Lucy-le-Bois. So we came out, and I got my horse and set off. It soon got dark and I soon lost my road, and after making all the inquiries I thought necessary of an old man that I met leading home an ass, I prowled about, again losing my way; and, after a great deal of trouble, I was very glad to find myself close to a lone inn, half way back to Vermenton, having lost the better part of my day in visiting the cavern. It had

rained, and I was cold, so I sat very cheerfully down by the side of a very good-humoured host. A man with laughing eyes, and who soon convinced me that if it is a characteristic of his nation to answer questions, they can ask them too. He soon found from me where I had been in his neighbourhood, and that I had come all the way from Paris. He asked me about the new king, and if there was any likelihood of there being any taxes taken off, the *droits réunis*, for instance. The landlady gave me some cold beef and some cold veal and wine and fruit, and a clean bed. The following morning, as I was going off, my landlord was going to begin his grape-gathering; but he says that here the grape is not so good, by any means, as where I saw it on my yesterday's ride. Indeed, I could see a change on the face of the country, beginning about VERMENTON, where an old man whom I met with the implements of a vigneron on his back, told me that the land round the town was well cultivated and produced pretty good wine, but at a very short distance from it, it was poor and poorly cultivated, growing nothing but scanty crops of grapes and of potatoes, the latter a crop that I find much cultivated in different parts of the country between Auxerre and Dijon. The old man told me that his little piece of vineyard, consisting of only one half of an arpent, had been *massacré* by the hail for the two successive years of 1822 and 1823, but that, this year, it had remained untouched by it, though his neighbours have suffered in at least so far as the losing of two thirds of their crop. He esteems himself of course most happy, though his crop this year is but middling, for the hail is so poisonous

to the vine plant, that his have not recovered the damage so far as to bear now any thing like an average crop. There is at Paris an *Assurance-Society* lately set up, specially for assuring against the effects of hail; but ignorance, or prejudice, or want of means, prevent these poor people from taking advantage of that which would, at a very trifling expense, place them beyond the possibility of injury from really the only thing they dread, almost the only thing that prevents their safely calculating upon a crop that is abundant and that meets with a ready sale. As it is, the unfortunately-small proprietors, in a season of great havoc by hail, receive some assistance by charity from Paris, or the richer towns; but when divided, such charity goes but a very little way. This old man told me that he received about 4 sous out of what was deemed a very liberal donation of the Royal Family last year, meant especially for his neighbourhood. My landlord was going with some people that he had hired, to gather grapes. He gives some 15 and others 20 sous a day and their food, this latter being "*mauvais légumes*" (rubbishy vegetables) or *soup à l'ail*, with brown bread and wine. I paid 3½ francs for my supper, night's lodging, and for my horse, and came off in a very cold morning for Lucy-le-Bois, a little place of about 1500 inhabitants, in which I counted no less than twelve inns, all professing to find good accommodation for travellers whether on foot or on horseback, and then to AVALLON, a town of about 6000 inhabitants; and one of those places of prettiness mixed with ugliness that all French towns are. The country between Vermenton and Avallon is hilly, but poor,

until you come near to the latter place, where it is flatter and richer, and is cultivated in grain. AVALLON is situated upon the right bank of a little river called the Cousin, which falls into the Yonne. The town is upon an eminence and the streets are therefore not dirty. Round it is a broad walk under lime trees, which here may be called a terrace, for it is the summit of a steep hill which rises up to a about 600 feet above the bed of the river, and from it you see to the south-west over a great extent of country that is covered with wood, hereabout consisting of oak that is cut every 12 or 15 years. This is a large tract of wood-land called the MORVAN, from which almost all the wood that is consumed at Paris comes, being cut here and sent in rafts curiously constructed, first down the river Yonne and then into the Seine which carries it to the wood-market in the centre of the town of Paris. It is also well known by the savage habits and manners of the people who inhabit it, living in large families and depending almost entirely for their living on what they can produce in the cleared spots in their own woods. Whatever they want more than what they themselves grow or produce, they get by bartering in the towns and neighbouring country the sabots and ox yokes that they make, and some cattle that they breed. Few people go amongst them, excepting those who wish to deal with them for these, but those whose business carry them thither do not complain of their want of hospitality. I put my horse up at the first inn I came to, and went to a restaurateur's for breakfast. He gave me five mutton chops, sausages, a mutton pie, cheese and fruit, and café au lait and wine; and he

charged 2 francs and 15 sous for it, and my horse at the inn cost 14 sous.—House rent at Avallon, 500 francs a year for a large house in the town, and taxes included. The price of beef and veal, 7 sous the livre, of mutton, 6 sous, of pig-meat, 7 to 9 sous. Bread, 2 sous and one centime (or 5th of a sou, or 10th of an English penny), brown bread, 2 sous. But the bread here is not so good as that I have eaten on other parts of my road. None of it is very white, but here it is very brown.

I quitted Avallon as soon as I could, intending to get a good way on the same day, but I found the roads very bad, though to me it did not much signify as I was on horseback. The diligences from Lyons I met going at a foot pace, the driver of the "*Celeresfère*" humbled even to walking by the side of his horses. It is a stiff land and the roads partake of it. From Avallon to near ROUVRAY, the land seems good; of a stiff dark and deep mould that requires four oxen in a wheeled plough to turn it over. All the farmers are sowing wheat, and a great deal seems to be grown by them; but getting near to ROUVRAY, at a little place called Saint Maïence, the people were harvesting what seemed to be their principal crop, *buck-wheat*. An old cultivator who was driving his own team (2 oxen in a cart) along the road, told me that they sow a great deal of this grain in this part of the country, and that they make it their *bread*. He said they eat blé noir bread and blé noir potage. Potage is a word almost as indefinite as *victuals*, for every thing can be turned into potage so that it be mixed in water and boiled. The crop is generally of 18 or 20 boisseaus from a *journal*.

(the journal of land being 140 perch of 9 feet to the perch), and the boiseau weighs 30 livres, of wheat. After quitting the vine country, which I did at AVALLON, I saw cattle again, for not one sheep had I seen till this after I first entered Burgundy. Here, however, the oxen and cows are rather fine animals, but the sheep the least animals of the sheep kind that I ever saw. Much smaller than the rough little heath-croppers of Bagshot. They sell at about 5 francs a head, and well-fatted (well-fatted for this country), they do not weigh on an average more than 20 livres. So, when I breakfasted at Avallon on five mutton chops, it was on the chops from these little animals, which, though so small, make most excellent meat. The price of a moderately good cow 100 francs.

Getting away from the buck-wheat and potatoe-growing neighbourhood of Saint Maïence, I came into a prettier one immediately, a constant hill and dell; fields divided by live hedges, some in meadow and the rest in corn or wood. The first small woods that I remember to have seen for a long time and the only enclosed country since, I think, the Limosin. The woods are of oak timber and oak underwood, the latter cut every twenty years, and sold (this year) at 180 francs the journal, *standing on the ground*. A little place called Rouvray which I passed through in this pretty part of the country is proof of the gambling passion of the French. I counted no less than five Billiard rooms in going through it, and it is a village of a population not exceeding, I should think, twelve or thirteen hundred people. I turned off to the left immediately on leaving this little place, quitting the high-

road to LYONS and taking that for DIJON. Still the pretty country continued, but I was sorry to see great crops of buck-wheat. Here I came, now and then, to small commons, the first I have seen in France, and very like our own; with straggling cottages on their sides and an abundant population of geese, a bird that seems to be held in honour here, though so despised generally throughout France that I have never seen one at a table since I have been in the country. At Paris they say it is fit only for the *basse classe*; and if they have made their first experiment in goose-eating without having observed more respect to season and age than they do in the case of other birds, and in that of hares and rabbits, I do not wonder at their not having returned to a second. I got to a village of about eight houses (two of which were inns) called *La Maison Neuve*, and found a fire in the kitchen of the inn I went to, and a landlady who was in perfect good humour, though in the midst of a wash; and I was not a little contented with myself for having come 12 leagues since the morning, over a bad road as far as Rouvray, but afterwards, over a most excellent one.

On Wednesday morning, the 18th, I left *La Maison Neuve*, paying for a dinner lodging and breakfast and for my horse, 3 francs 2 sous, and then I came on through Vitteaux and La Chaleurt to Pont-le-Pany, over a bleak and rather poor-looking country till within a league of the latter place. An open country looks ill in the most flourishing time of the year, but when cold and wet weather come, it is impossible to disengage the scene from ideas of its poverty and sterility. It rained and hailed on this day, so as to make my horse turn

from the wind; and to drive little shepherds and shepherdesses home with their flocks. The only crops remaining on the ground are, some back-wheat, and great quantities of potatoes. A farmer whom I asked about it, told me that of wheat they sow two boisseaux to the journal, and that they reap, from 25 to 30. He pronounced a very high eulogium on the potatoe, calling it *the best of fruits*. At *Saint Benoit*, a little place of that name, the hills get much higher than those of lower Burgundy, or the *Yonne*, as this department of which Auxerre is the capital is now called; and much more worthy the name of *montagnes* than any I have seen on my road, though all even to the smallest hills are so called. It is a fine red soil, but exceedingly rocky. No vines are cultivated on it, but there are meadows upland and water, and corn fields and woods. From this little village a herd of cows that were grazing in some fine pastures below me on the right of the road, looked as small almost as sheep. The wood growing on the tops of these hills appears to be of all kinds, oak, hazel, alder and ash. The cottages in the villages are small, built of the native stone, and covered with the same material only cut to the thinness of tile; and in the act of conveying these thin bits of stone up to the roof of a house, I could not help remarking that the operatives were women, who managed it in rather a singular manner: a ladder was placed against the roof, and about five women were standing upon it, but, with their backs to it, rather lying back upon it than standing on it. The woman next to the ground took a tile from a girl who gave it to her from the heap, and handed it over her head to the next woman, who

did the same to the next again, and so it got to the mason's assistant (a woman too) who stood on the roof to receive it. But if I were to stop and tell you of every odd and masculine employment assigned to the fair sex of France, I should have little else to do. The excuse is, that Buonaparte took all men away with him for warriors till they all became useless at home, or never came home at all. At Saint Benois there is a very old ruin of a castle, with two square towers remaining in pretty good preservation, but I could only learn concerning it, that, "*dans le temps*," it was a strong fortress; and I cannot forget to mention that in monuments of this nature, France appears to be exceedingly barren. I do not recollect to have seen any thing like a ruin during the time I have been here, and in the now considerable extent of country that I have gone over, excepting the Archway at Argenton. In cathedrals and churches bearing evidence of their antiquity, every town of note has specimens enough; but no castles of any consequence appear to remain entire or in ruins. I got to Pont-le-Pauy in the afternoon, after a cold and wet ride, coming 11 leagues; and there dined at the Poste Royale with a Swiss family, husband and wife and son. A short thick, broad and red-faced old gentleman, with a wife exactly the counterpart of himself, and both of them so merry and good-humoured that I passed a very pleasant afternoon in their company. They were dressed in precisely the dress we see in our old-fashioned pictures, and were in person and manner so unlike the French, that, till I found out where they came from, I thought I was getting amongst a different people to that I had before

seen. They began to question me about the king, Charles the Tenth, and seemed very anxious to know how the people of Paris spoke of him ; and about the Duchess of Berry, they asked me if she was not very charitable to, and careful of, the poor. I said that both she and the Duchess of Angoulême were so, but they would not hear of the latter. The lady said that she was both Dauphine and Dauphin, and she could not at all recognise a *Stateswoman*, a woman who has, it must nevertheless be confessed, carried off, if not all the intelligence of her family, at least all its looks of intelligence, despoiling most of all the countenance of her own husband. On thursday morning I had but 6 leagues to go in order to reach this town, so I breakfasted at Pont-le Pany, paid 5 francs and 8 sous, my whole expenses there, and arrived here by 1 o'clock. The morning was so cold as for it to be 48 of the thermometer ; and I think there has been frost enough just to touch the tips of the vine leaves, and quite enough to melt potatoe haulm into blackness and filth.

Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, is a town of about 22,000 inhabitants. It lies rather low and between two insignificant rivers, having hills and rocks coming to within a very few hundred yards of its gates. It has some straight, clean and well-paved streets in it, but without foot-ways ; the churches are fine, but not so magnificent as one would expect to find them. To be sure, the Revolution, which has fixed its mark every where about the country, and no where more indelibly than here, has so torn and mangled that no one can estimate the loss. I admired for some time the out-

side of an old church in one of the squares of this town, immediately after I had put up my horse, and, as the door was open, I went in, and was surprised on getting within it to find it a cavalry stables! A soldier took me all round it, telling me that it was formerly the church of *Saint Philibert*, but that it now constantly held 150 cavalry horses; and, looking through a door over which there still remains the word "*Sacristie*," I saw a hundred and fifty saddles and bridles hanging upon their pegs. The spire of the church of *Saint Benigne* is well worth looking at. Its top is, they say, 375 feet above the pavement; but there is not one of these churches that has entirely escaped Revolutionary handling. One of them, being entirely despoiled of its inside has been turned into a corn market, now a great empty hall, with immense gothic windows of broken glass. The greatest loss, however, that the Revolution occasioned here in this way, was in the complete demolition of the *Carthusian Monastery*, which was at a short distance from the gates of the town on the western side of it. There remain now nothing but the vestige of its walls.

The castle, or house of the King, built by one of the Dukes of Burgundy, is a noble house in the middle of the town, but the principal part of it is inhabited as a barrack for foot soldiers, and the wings as booksellers' shops and a museum of pictures, the former very excellent, I dare say, of their kind, and the latter containing some curious little Dutch original paintings, some large historical ones not Dutch, and some busts of the eminent men who were born at Dijon; and amongst whom there are *Bossuet* the eloquent, *Bur-*

SON, DAUBENTON, CREBILLON, RAMEAU and PIRON; a greater number of celebrated men having sprung from this place than perhaps from any other. I paid the man who showed me this place, not because he asked for payment in words, but because his looks were such that I almost heard them; and here I must say, that though there are many places of public exhibition that one may see for nothing in Paris, such as the Louvre, the Garden of Plants, and the Libraries, the most has been made of this liberality to the public and to strangers. No place other than these that I have enumerated is to be entered but *à coup de poche*. It makes the people more attentive to the visitors, and is no sign of meanness in either the giver or the receiver.

Yesterday, just after dinner at the Table d'Hôte, I was turning over the pages of a book in which travellers are obliged to write their names, and as I saw a great proportion of English names; I spoke of it with some little astonishment, when a young man who had been dining with a colonel and his wife at a side table, began a most unsparing attack upon the *English*; calling them all what some, perhaps, deserve, and allowing them no other merit than that of sowing their money thickly wherever they went. He went so far, that in spite of my great disinclination to enter into quarrels about country and countrymen with foreigners, who, if they are not base fellows themselves, never can be convinced of the superiority of others over them, I felt my cheeks grow a little warm as I kept my eyes still upon the book; but a lady who had also dined at the Table d'Hôte, and who knew me to be an Englishman, begged me not to take it to myself. The

tirade ceased in a moment, and the young man seated himself, saying *Quoi ! Monsieur n'est pas Anglois ?* When he knew me to be one, he came to me, and begged more millions of pardons of me than I should have had time to count out to him but by the million. He declared that he had not the least idea that I was English, and appealed to his friend whether he had not pointed me out to him as a German. This young man afterwards told me that he had just quitted the army, which he had entered at the return of Buonaparte from Elba, and when he thought he was in the high road to military glory ; but he said that seeing no chance of promotion, he had quitted the service. It is no wonder, therefore, that he should dislike the English, who are blamed for all the evil that has resulted from the battle of Waterloo, which the Prussians are said to have gained. But there is a dislike to the English deeper rooted still. Not pervading the whole country, for I have never heard one man of the country people talk of England but with admiration. They have an idea of her power that is scarcely to be equalled, of the craft of the English Cabinet, and of the strength of the English Navy.

In the corn market this morning (a pitched market) wheat was selling at 4 francs and 7 sous the measure (the Dijon measure weighs, of wheat, 40 livres), and Indian corn meal, of which there was a great deal for sale, at 2½ francs the measure. Of this latter they make one of the great number of sorts of potages, but only the poorer people make use of it. There must be Indian corn grown in the neighbourhood, but I have not seen a single hill of it since I left it growing

in the Limosin. Meat here 10 sous, and the best bread 4 sous. A dear place by reputation. The farmers at the market told me that their crops had been fine this year for all grain excepting beans (haricots), and for them a very dry season is required. As for the grapes, they are here as much damaged as elsewhere; as ripe as they will be, and rottener than they ought to be. It rained almost all day yesterday, and some part of this morning; but this morning, as I was attending upon the Mayor in the affairs of my own passport, I was surprised to find about twenty poor men and women, looking as poor as they could possibly describe themselves, waiting about to see if they could not prevail on the Mayor to revoke in their favour some part of a decree that he issued yesterday, commanding when the parishes in his district should begin their vintage. This decree contained a list of the parishes, and, against their names, a list of the days on which the vintage in them might be proceeded in. It seems unjust that a man should not be allowed to gather his own fruit when he pleases; but it was explained to me, that some parishes are, from different circumstances, forwarder than others, and it has been found necessary to dictate the time of harvesting, that the forward vineyards may have all the hands in the neighbourhood first, and that those hands may then go to the next most forward, and so on. These vigneron say that they get but little by their little estates, but, as all people say the same, their saying it is nothing; but they look as if they got no more than they profess to get. The great part of their time seems to be employed in loitering about after that little till it is

nearly lost. I am in a famous wine country again, good wine at 1 franc a bottle in the inns; but I saw no vineyards till just as I approached the town, and the famous *Côte d'or* begins at a little distance out of it on the southern road, but this I shall not see, as I go north-east on the road to VESOUL, taking my departure this afternoon; and from Vesoul I shall next write to you.

Vesoul, 20th, October, 1824.

I LEFT Dijon on the afternoon of Saturday 16th, and, taking a second wheel to the left, I there made another elbow in that which, when performed, will be my tour. In doing this I left all vineyards behind me, and came, at the end of only one or two leagues, into a corn-growing country. A light and stoney soil, disposed in very gentle ascents and descents, open, excepting that it is not unfrequent to see very extensive woods, chiefly of oak, and invariably cut as underwood, being more profitable as fuel than as timber. The villages here are still more distinct families, if possible, than in Lower Burgundy; there is no such thing as a lone house or even shed, not a gentleman's house that stands by itself (and very few that stand in the villages), but I had, constantly in my first and second day's ride from Dijon, at least three villages under

my eye at one time, and often five or six, and all resembling one another so perfectly that their situation only would lead one to discover a difference. With one church spire rising out of each, they seem to be composed all of the same number of houses, and the houses built and covered precisely in the same manner, and of one material. The prettiest villages in perspective that I ever saw, but in reality the most insufferable masses of mire that can be conceived. As I approached about the third that I had to pass through, a little one called *Mirebeau*, at about 6 leagues from DIJON, I made up my mind to stay in it on that night and on Sunday, and thought it fortunate to find so nice-looking a place for my stay; but when I was getting within a hundred yards of it, the road was exceedingly muddy, and before I got into the heart of the village, I walked my horse gently to let her pick her feet up out of the mire. The houses are low, and, like those of Limosin, inhabited only in the lower floor, the upper being a corn loft, and all these I see stored with *Indian corn* just harvested; they are built and covered with stone, and the floors are pitched, but all of them have casements with glass in them, though these are frequently near to being darkened by an aspiring dung-heap growing up against the wall on the outside. The profusion of live stock is another change that I remarked first between Dijon and Mirebeau, the country being covered with herds of cows and flocks of sheep. Flocks exceeding often 500 sheep in each, and cows almost in as great plenty. The little boys and girls who attend these are not the most intelligent of shepherds and shepherdesses; but one of them told me that they have

6 liards (centimes) a month for each head of stock, they bearing any loss that occurs from accident, which is agreed to be called *neglect*. They generally belong to the parish of which they tend the stock, and they have under their care all the stock of one parish.

Mirebeau is a little *burgh* of about 1300 souls. I put up at its best, though poor little, inn, and whilst my dinner was preparing, went out of it to see the flocks of sheep and cows. The inhabitants of this little place have now 600 sheep and about 300 cows; the sheep not large but larger than those of Rouvray and Avallon; they weigh dead weight, 30 livres. The cows are not large, but they are not particularly small. The herdsman of this herd told me that there were 500 cows belonging to Mirebeau before a dreadful malady which attacked them this time last year, and which thinned them to the number they now are. He says that they pick up their living upon the fallows or stubbles, and are fed in the stables upon hay or straw. In the evening, the flock and herd of the village came home, and sheep as well as cows walked of their own accord to their owner's sheds as they came to them, leaving the herdsman free from care for the night. I followed a little cow and heifer into their master's stable, and saw him tie them up and feed them upon both hay and wheat straw, and they seemed as fond of the one as of the other. I see that horses are fed quite as much upon wheat straw as they are upon hay, but until I had a horse of my own to manage I did not know but this was in pursuance of the principle that long usage has ascribed amongst us to a Frenchman, that of teaching his horse by degrees to eat nothing ;

but I see that mine picks all the straws out of her hay before she eats the hay itself, and that often she eats even the litter if fresh. There is no blight in the straw, here. It is as bright as new gold, and is therefore sweeter than ours generally is. But the little cow. Her master gave, he told me, 100 francs for her, a young cow in full milk, and the yearly cost of her he estimated at 25 francs. She kept himself and his wife in milk, and they sold 10 sous worth every day, so he gained about 157 francs a year clear by her. The heifer he had only just bought, for 40 francs. A butcher told me that there were three of his trade in the place, and that during the harvest and the vintage, they killed about 20 sheep a week each, but in winter, not more than 12; sometimes a cow, but never any oxen. The price of meat, on an average, 6 sous. A sheep, of from 30 to 35 livres weight, worth from 9 to 12 francs. The price of bread, 3 sous for the whitest, $2\frac{1}{2}$ sous the middling, and 2 sous the brown, and that is very brown. The size of rented peices of land is from 10 journaux up to 60, an average of 35. The journal being 360 perch of 9 square feet the perch: not quite three quarters of an English acre; but 32,160 French feet. The farmers pay some of them a money rent, and some of them share the produce. If the latter, they pay about 10 measures the journal of wheat; but the custom is to sow one third of a farm in wheat, another third in barley, oats, Indian corn (here called blé de Turkie), or potatoes, and to let the other third rest. The measure here is 33 livres of wheat; that is, 37 lb. English. The measure sells for 2s. 6d. English, which, at 58 lb. to our bushel, brings the wheat at

Mirebeau to 8s. 10d. the English bushel, or, 30s. 6d. the quarter. They get a crop of ten times the seed. The price of fire-wood is 16 francs the corde, 4 feet high and 5 wide. It is oak wood, of from 20 to 25 years growth. Before the middle of the day of Sunday, I began to get tired of the dirty little village I was in. I had seen all over and round it, and had been to mass where every body excepting the little children seemed to be. So I went early to bed and started early the next morning to get as far as possible that night towards Vesoul. My landlady charged 9 francs and 10 sous for the lodging and boarding of myself and my horse since Saturday evening, during which I had eaten two dinners and two breakfasts consisting of fowls, fresh-water crabs, and other delicacies of the village, and had drunk very bad wine. My horse had fared not badly under the hands of a female ostler, finding out by experience that a kick from a foot that wears a sabot does not require to come from a male to make it felt.

The country and the soil are the same very nearly, for the four first leagues between MIREBEAU and GREY, only they say that Indian corn does not succeed on their land. At Mirebeau they said that it was not so productive a crop as wheat, bringing not more than the 30 measures on the journal. At about 2 miles before I came to Grey, I descended into an immense plain of superb meadow with the river SOANE running through it, and with GREY on the side of a hill which slopes down upon the river. Here were a great number of cows, the handsomest and largest I have seen in France, and rivalling, I assure you, any thing I have ever seen in England both as to their size and their beauty. They

are for the greater part of a very light dun colour, many of them bordering upon a pure white, and with short horns. Richer meadows, finer animals, or a finer river, I have not seen this long time. I anticipated nothing from the prettiness of the town at a distance, but on entering it I really found it by no means unworthy of its fine situation. It has some nice inns in it, if I may conclude they are all so from the one I went to, the *Chapeau Rouge*; and there are a play-house, a fine barrack, a commercial court of justice, and a population of 5000 inhabitants. It is one of the most commercial towns in France, considering its size, and is in divers seasons of the year crowded by merchants from many parts of this immense kingdom. Its chief articles of commerce are grain and flour, in which the river Soane gives it every facility of transport. There is one flour mill on the banks of this river, and in the town, which is said to have cost a million of francs, about 40,000*l*. Besides the grain grown in the surrounding country, there are many iron mines which look to Grey as a depot for their produce, which from thence goes to Mæcon, Lyons, Valence, and to the shipping ports of the Mediterranean coast. I went to the mill to inquire the price of flour *en detail*. There are four sorts: first quality sells at 19 francs the quintal (an hundred weight English) second, 18 francs, third, 15 to 16 francs, and the fourth 10 francs; but the last quality is very brown indeed. The millers say that the harvest has been a fine one. Wood in the town, 20 francs a corde; meat 7 to 8 sous the livre, bread 3 sous to 2½ sous the livre: fowls 2 francs a pair, and small birds, such as starlings and thrushes, 2½ francs the dozen. These latter are

the nicest *small fry* that I ever saw ; so exceedingly fat, and, being nicely roasted, one of the best dishes I have met with. They are particularly good at this season of the year from their living entirely upon grapes, which so fattens them as to cover almost the whole bird with fat. By the time that I had looked round the town, my landlady of the *Chapeau Rouge* had prepared me a dinner in which she gave me pot-*age* first, then the ragged beef that it was made of, mutton chops, a fowl and half a dozen of these small birds, with fruit and wine, the wine of the neighbourhood, which is not bad, 3 francs, including the charge for my horse. They make here about four *peices* of wine from a journal of land, the *peice* containing 176 litres, worth from 60 to 80 francs. Leaving this place, I quitted the post road which would have taken me through Lavencourt, Combeau Fontaine and Pont-sur-Soane, all the way by the side of the river, and took a by-road that is rather a nearer one, through *Gy* and several other little places. Passing *Gy* which is a small bourg, I found the land of two distinct qualities, the greater part a stiff mould upon clay, and that part nearest the little town, hilly and stoney, the former cultivated in corn and wood, and the latter all in vineyard. The same system of farming is here carried on as that that I noticed at Mirebeau, sowing 3 and reaping 30 measures of wheat; resting every third year, and paying generally a part of the produce. This land, it is calculated, brings 12 francs a year the journal, allowing a part to rest. An hundred journaux bring in 1200 francs, In the vineyards the frosts of Monday and Tuesday have committed strange havoc, that is in

the leaf; all as brown as possible. This, however, does not at all damage the fruit, as the people told me who were in full vendange with their tubs of grapes and grape-juice standing by the road-side. In this place, too, I was told that the crop is abundant, and even that the wine will be of pretty good quality. I did not see the least difference in the manner of cultivating or training the plants, excepting that in old vineyards, they are trained with care so as to make them complete espaliers.

Just before I got to Gy, in a little village, the principal house of which is a very old gentleman's house, the one in which the famous Admiral COLIGNY was born, and in which his descendants live at this time, I overtook a gentleman, a member of the Legion of Honour, who as we were both going the same road, began to inquire where I was going and all about me. I had questions to ask as well as he; and I found him full of the magnificence, and richness and prosperity of the country, of the progress that France was making, and of the benefits derived from the Revolution. He pointed to the road we were travelling on, and I must confess that I have rarely travelled on such. As smooth as a die, and as hard almost as solid stone. Roads so good as these I have not seen before, though in general they are good, but the gentleman told me that it depends on the activity of the Prefect whether the roads shall be good or not, and, that the roads of this department (Haute Soane) are a small specimen of its Prefect's vigilance. The system followed appears to be precisely that recommended by Mr. M'Adam, and the number of pyramidical heaps of stone cracked

up into little bits not bigger than the bits of sugar that they bring you in the cafés at Paris, are immense, and would, I am sure, make that gentleman's mouth water, could he but see them. The means now adopted in the making of roads was another thing to be admired, and especially when contrasted with those of former times. Now every man that paid a franc in direct tax paid his proportion of the expense of road-making, for they are made out of the money raised in what are called the *centimes additionelle*; that is, a man who pays suppose a hundred francs in tax, pays also a hundred centimes, one for every franc, additional, and this goes to the making and mending and beautifying of the public roads. But my new acquaintance informed me that there was one thing that, above all others, was calculated to raise the people into a consequence that would be a sure shield to them against despotism by letting them understand their own importance, a thing that he was happy to say was making great progress in France, it was the education of the poor people. In the little hamlet that we had just passed, there were no less than two day-schools, where masters duly competent are appointed, and where little children of less than twelve years old pay 5 sous the month, and those above that age, 20 sous the month, for being taught to write and read and to know the common rules of arithmetic. He talked about the *progress of the human mind* in the same enthusiastic manner that we are very much in the habit of doing in England, and seemed to me to delight in the thought of future times when engrossing clerks would be worth nothing, and ploughmen as

aristocracy. I told him of our affectionate servant, Thomas, who had been educated, and who, receiving a letter, which told him, that his brother had been so ill, that "they thought he would have died last Wednesday;" and making out the last words, and not the foregoing, thought his brother was dead, wept most bitterly, till the mistake was discovered by one of the maids reading the letter. My companion agreed with me, that if the letter had related to a sweet-heart, instead of relating to a brother, we might have found the poor fellow hanging up in the hay-loft; and that a re-action might have caused another death by suicide; a lamentable compound consequence of the expansion of one mind.

The bourg of Gy contains about 3000 inhabitants. There is a very magnificent chateau at the entrance to it, which has always belonged to the Bishop of Besançon, together with an immense estate in the neighbourhood; but the Revolution took both away from him, and the restoration has only been able to restore the chateau to the Bishop. In the vineyard-ground round Gy, they make not less than 20,000 peices of wine a year on an average; and though not of great renown, it is esteemed in the neighbouring country. The owners are of the same description as those of Auxerre and its neighbourhood, but the country is more various in its produce, and the land much better. Those who own but small pieces of vineyard, help the larger owners, and take in payment for their labour a share of the produce; and here even they very often have to depend upon this share, their own crop being destroyed by hail. Came on this day 16 leagues, to

the *Sauvage*, at Bassot, a very dirty and small house in a village of the same kind, where I was obliged to mount to the kitchen by means of a step-ladder, and to sleep in a room so ill boarded that I heard most distinctly my horse grinding her hay under me. Not waiting to breakfast at this place, I paid 3 francs in the morning for my cheer, and came to Vesoul to breakfast, passing through *Grandville*, *Mailley*, and *Audlereau* in my way. The land all open and of a pretty good quality, and tilled by the plough. At Mailley I counted no less than 26 ploughs all going on a piece of ground not containing more than a hundred acres, drawn each by two large oxen, and driven and followed by men or women alternately. When the man has had a spell at the plough-handles, he gives them up to the woman, and takes the whip himself: here were women at plough, women digging potatoes, and women spreading manure. The first change as to dress that I noticed was here. The women wear a very broad-brimmed hat made of common straw, with a very small bowl crown, which looks very pretty when it is so new that the ribbon about it is unfaded, and when the wearer is not bending her back over heaps of manure, seeming fixed to the ground by the weight of her sabots, tearing to pieces *with her hands* the black, rotten emptyings of a farm-yard. The women seem capable of any thing but sowing seed, for I have seen none at that work, whilst there were many men at it in the place I here allude to. They sow, I see, the white-strawed red wheat, and universally prefer it to any other sort. I have seen no other in the corn-growing countries. I dismounted

once on this day to inquire of a thrasher who was at work in a little barn adjoining a small house, how he worked, and for what ; but I was rather disconcerted to find that this with us hardest-working sort of man is not so well paid as the vigneron, by a great deal, and that he ranks with the commonest labourer. His pretensions here however are less, for my informant told me that his wages were 12 sous the day with food, but that they were so extravagant only because the seed-sowing was going on at this moment. He shortly expected them at 10 sous the day. His performances at *thrashing and clearing* are 4 measures (the measure 30 livres weight) a day ; or not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ English bushels ! “C’est un travail qui casse les reins, Monsieur !” (break-back work) he said, when I asked him if that was the most he could do.

Passing through Audlureau, at about a mile beyond it, I was leading my horse gently down a steep and winding hill with wood on each side of it, with a dell before me, and another hill rising up just on the other side, when I suddenly came to an opening on my left hand which I little expected. It was an opening that widened as it receded from me, and that showed me two little very pretty-looking villages in a valley beneath me on the left, with VESOUL at about three miles off in the same direction, at the very foot of a very steep and conical hill, called the *Motte de Vesoul*, and described as a sugar loaf, both town and hill being seated in a vast plain of corn land and water-meadow that literally shine with white villages and little towns ; and the whole plain being enclosed to the east, south and south-west by the VOSGES, a range of blue

mountains, as I saw them from the spot I am speaking of. I could not help stopping at least a quarter of an hour to admire this, one great source of pleasure being the unexpectedness of it. I so much admired it that I went on foot to the same spot this morning to see it once more, and in the afternoon I climbed up the hill, which, though described as such, is no sugar loaf. The circuit of its base is about 1500 fathoms, and its peak cannot be more than 600 feet above the streets of the town. It is covered by vines to within about twenty yards of the top, where they would be trodden to pieces if planted, and where, therefore, nothing but a plain cross of wood is put. The evening being very clear when I went up it, I could see plainly, over the Vosges, the spiral mountains of Switzerland; those of Solure, I believe, but so covered with snow as to make me instantly give up the little remaining thought I had of going into that country. I shall certainly go into Alsace, however, and of course must cross the Vosges twice, and if I do that without being caught in snows, I shall think myself lucky. Every body here are expecting a fall soon. The weather is snowy, and on horseback I should not think of going where I see it has already begun to fall.

I thank my horse for the view I had in coming near to Vesoul, because she brought me by a by-road on which no public conveyance goes, and on which no post-horses are to be found, and gave me an opportunity of seeing that which travellers in any other way do not see. The entrances to VESOUL on the post roads are comparatively tame, and in the town itself there is absolutely nothing of consequence. Though

a prefecture, the capital of Haute Soane, it has but 6000 inhabitants, and is without any active commerce. A small river, the Drugeon (surnamed "la pouilleuse," the lousy), runs through it, but is too small to give it any consequence. The vehicles that are used here are very convenient, but very extraordinary, the char-à-banc, a most appropriate name, for it is nothing but a capacious body something like the body of a gig placed upon a bench that rests on the fore and hind axle-trees of the carriage, the front of the char being placed sideways, so that the travellers face the side of the road. They are exceedingly light, and on the delightful roads about here, a small horse will draw a family with ease. It is the custom with the country people to use small wagons for their farming purposes, and with merely the shifting of the sides and putting the char on the bench, a char-à-banc, a convenient carriage, is made at once, on springs, and at not more than a step from the ground.

I go off from this place this afternoon on my way to *Belfort* (a very pleasant lady who dined to day at the table d'Hôte of this inn, arriving by the mail from Paris, assured me that it is *Belfort*, and only by the most vulgar called *Beffort*), where I must take another turn to the left that will bring me to *Colmar*, whence you shall hear of me again.

Colmar, Monday, 25th Oct. 1824.

I ARRIVED here on Saturday evening, having started from VERSOUL, as I promised, on the afternoon of Wednesday, but so late in the afternoon that I was not able to perform more than three leagues out of the seven that I wished to go on that day, stopping at an abominably dirty little village, *Calmoutier*, instead of getting so far as *Lure*, where I should have been much better. But being here again on the post-road I put up at the Poste-Royale, a large dirty old house, the kitchen of which opened to the stable, but discovered there nothing dirtier than itself. Such black windows, shelves, walls, doors and ceiling I have but rarely seen. I had not been long at the door before an English family drove up in two carriages, and a fellow-Englishman asked me if I was the maitre de post! The little boys of the village came running round the carriages in great numbers, gazing and chattering, but, rather contrary to my expectation, not one of them begged. I thought that at any rate on the road from *Basle*, which is very much travelled by English people, the people living near to it would have been *taught* to beg, as they certainly have been on the road between Calais and Paris; but I heard no asking of alms excepting from a very old and infirm man whose shrunken visage

and curbed back, together with the piteousness of his voice, pleaded hard in his favour. The boys only laughed with one another, imitating the master speaking to his English servant, and thus they let the cavalcade move on again. Lady Montague placed in very insidious opposition, the two circumstances of her seeing nothing but whole villages of beggars in coming through France, till she got to Fontainebleau, when she was shown through one thousand five hundred apartments in the king's hunting palace; and as if the one were really consequent upon the other, I see no beggary comparatively, and the apartments of Fontainebleau, though still existing, are uninhabited and unfurnished. Some few objects really worthy of charity may be seen in most of the towns, and in the villages, too, but I have not seen any flocks of nimble young beggars since I travelled by the diligence from Calais to Paris. I am not travelling in a way to call them forth, but I thought that the appearance of two carriages well-known to be English would be a good test, and I watched the people on that account.

I supped in a long bricked room with two beds in it in one of which lay the *maitre de post*, a talkative good-humoured old man, who was this even under the torments of the gout. He complained most of the dearth of wood, occasioned by the iron mines in the neighbourhood, and he told me that the favourite crop amongst the poor people is potatoes. They eat great quantities of them, and but little meat. Their bread is a mixture of wheat, barley and dwarf beans. They grow great crops of the large yellow pumpkin, and convert the fruit into a *soup*. I left this place the following

morning early and came to *Lure*, four leagues, to breakfast, having been charged at Calmoutier 3½ francs (2s. 11d.) for my supper and lodging and for the supper and lodging of my horse. We both had enough, and more than enough, only the place was too dirty for one's comfort.

Passing a great many harvesters of potatoes and sowers of wheat, and a good deal of woodland of oak, beech and hazel, and travelling over a pretty level road, I got to *Lure* by ten o'clock. A little town of about 2000 inhabitants, with a good clean inn in it, the *Ecu de France*, where the landlady was full as obliging as that of *Villeneuve la Guyard* and less talkative, in about the space of an hour placing my horse and myself in a condition to face the hills of the Vosges, which I had seen first at the place where I first caught a sight of Vesoul, and which since that had been constantly in my eye; and *forty-four sous* was all she charged for so doing. The road was excellent, and until I came to Champagny, about four leagues from *Lure*, very level, as it winds along following the windings of a small river through a valley, from the sides of which rise up a succession of high hills covered for the most part by wood, chiefly of young oak; but at Champagny the road crosses over the hills and soon after beginning this, I found that I must walk the rest of the day's journey myself or knock up my horse. Getting once upon the hills, I kept very high for the rest of the day, with the same Swiss mountains that I saw from *Vesoul* on my right hand, but not visibly nearer to me; the country round exceedingly pretty, and the land a fine, deep and red

loans, with the young oak trees growing to appearance upon the very rocks by the road side. The tops of the hills all wood, the less high parts of them under the plough or spade and the valleys in beautiful pasture, and, excepting the woodland, divided into small fields. The houses stand scattered about amongst the fields and on the road side, and are all so uniformly alike that they seem built by the same hand dictated to by one taste. A single building with an archway in the middle of its front, a kind of porte cochere, has, under this archway, three door-ways, one opening to the dwelling part of the house, the second to the granary, and the third to the place for cattle. They are but of one floor, are thatched, and all have casements in them. The reason for having the cattle and corn under the same roof with the family is evidently for its security; the former, if sheep, are never left out of doors at nights for fear of wolves that live in the vast woods of these hills and that are frequently so pressed by hunger in the winter time as to seek for food round these cottages. On this account there could be a better reason for crowding into villages here than those have who do it, for there is some risk run even for little children which would be lessened by congregating in the manner of the people of Haute Soane. The stock kept by these people is chiefly pigs, sheep and goats, and working oxen, and poultry. In housing them in the evening of this longest and most fatiguing day I have yet had, I observed the stock of many of these little cottagers being driven into the stable. Seven sheep, two pigs and two goats, I might put down not as the average amount of stock, but as the proportions of each sort. I do not

know that I saw any one flock containing more than seven sheep, but there were invariably goats and pigs as well as sheep and lambs in every one.

Potatoe-growing seems more and more in vogue. The people eat them, and they fat their cattle on them. The two mornings, the 20th and 21st, were frosty enough to warn such cultivators to take care and harvest their crops, and accordingly there seemed scarcely a field that had not its potatoe-diggers, male and female ; but what quantity they grow or what else they grow, I do not know and could not learn, for on inquiring of one person, I was answered in a patois that I only discovered to be strongly bordering upon German, and that was wholly unintelligible to me. I gave you notice in my last letter, of a slight change of dress that I observed in the women near to *Vesoul*, but here (sooner than I expected it) I discovered a much more important difference, in that of the people themselves. Compared with the little, old-looking, sallow little shapeless bundles of coarse home-spun clothes that the French peasant women generally are, those of the Vosges are the healthy-looking, young-looking, cleanly and robust daughters of Hercules. They are better dressed and finer and far better looking than any peasant women that I have seen in France. At market they wear a hat such as that I have before described to you, with broad brim and a variety of coloured ribbon on it, but, at work, the head dress is nothing but a little red cap which covers only the crown and back part of the head, serving to keep up the hair which is strained tightly back from the forehead. They seem to have more and whiter linen than I have observed about

the generality of their neighbours, and as to complexion and youthful appearance, are not to be compared with them.

Near Champagny, there are two or three coal mines from which the manufacturers of Alsace get a great part of the fuel that they consume in their factories. The wagoners whom I overtook conveying them, told me that, at the mine, these coals cost 25 sous the quintal, but the people are so much more fond of the wood, which they have in great plenty, that I found a fine fire of wood at the *Sauvage* at Belfort when I arrived there on Thursday evening. *Belfort* is at one side of the Vosges mountains (they call them mountains) as *Lure* is at the other side; the former in Haute Soane, and the latter in Alsace. It is one of Louis 14th strong fortresses, having been originally fortified, or, at least, strengthened, by him, and it has been the very natural policy of his successors to keep it as strong. It is situated on a pretty little river, the *Savroneuse*, and in a rich and pretty valley chiefly of grass-land which is covered with pretty country houses. The town within the ramparts is not so great as that without. In it there is the garrison, which forms a considerable part of the number of souls constantly in it; and the barracks, no mean part of the buildings. In entering it, you pass one square entirely a barrack-square, through this you come to another, and a handsome and capacious one, one side of which is the back part of the barracks you have just passed through and against which shop-keepers' houses are erected, the opposite side to this is a very substantial and handsome church, on the left side of which is a court of justice,

and on the right side of which, a corn market. The streets are all dirty, narrow and crooked, until you get from out the ramparts, where there are broad and clean ones with nice houses and nice inns in them. Five principal roads meet at this town, those of Paris, Basle, Besançon, Strasbourg and Solure. It is four leagues only from the frontiers of Switzerland, and serves as a rendezvous for the merchants of France, Switzerland and Germany, besides being a posting town very much favoured by its being the centre of so many different roads. Before I left it on Friday morning I went into the town, the fortified town, and found every street lined by sellers of provisions, wearing-apparel and fuel. A weekly market, on which occasion the shop-keepers join the country people and hold out fresh inducement to buyers by spreading their wares out on tables and benches in the streets. Even the bakers brought out their bread and placed it on benches for sale. The 7 livre loaf of white bread 16 sous. The same sized loaf of brown bread 10 sous, 3 centimes. Cheese 10 sous the livre. A white cheese very much used here, but a very poor sort of stuff. Mutton and veal 8 sous the livre, beef 6 sous. Pig meat 9 sous. Ducks 2 francs the pair. Partridges 3 francs a brace, and hares 3 francs and 15 sous each. In the prices of the two latter you will be surprised, but the truth is that there is so very little game here that those who will have it must buy it at a dear rate. I have not seen a single head of game alive since I went from Paris to Fontainebleau in August, and then I saw one covey of partridges. In going into Sologne, in April, I saw one brace of red-legged

partridges, and of hares I saw plenty in the market at Chateauroux, but as *all* men destroy game with almost impunity, there is but little game to be found. M. Constant, the Maire of Neuil, told me that he as well as his brother magistrates, though they would be obliged to punish a man if brought before them for killing game when he had not the necessary qualification, invariably winked at it when the offence was committed before their own eyes. And a pretty good proof of the laxity of game-laws I saw in the circle of men and women who surrounded the market-place of Chateauroux offering hares and partridges for sale.

As I was coming out of the fortified town to get my horse and set off, a little old woman stepped forth from a corner of one of the gateways, and offered to say two *paters* for me if I would give her one farthing. The novelty of buying two prayers in so direct a manner, and the reasonableness of the demand, made me hesitate not a moment, and as I put my hand in my pocket, the old woman began, and she had almost finished before I could put a sou into her hand. A sou was so much more than she had asked for, that I thought I saw her calculating the number of *paters* that she owed me, supposing me to exact two for each farthing, but I released her from the task of saying five times the same prayer, by walking away. I might have been prayed for at suitable intervals all along my road between *Belfort* and *Cerney*, a distance of eight leagues which I travelled on Friday, and in which, though I observed a much greater cleanliness in the houses, amounting to neatness even, I saw more young

beggars than I have met with any where in my ride. The little woman at *Belfort* spoke to me in French, but the language of these urchins was neither French nor German, but a patois grounded on the latter. In this they first addressed me, then proceeded to say the pater-noster in Latin.

My road, soon after quitting *Belfort*, was level as a die, and as I took a turn to the left at that place, I came north-east, I think, as nearly as possible, having on my left hand the mountains of the *Vosges*, and on my right, those of the *Black Forest*, which is on the other side of the Rhine, bordering the Duchy of Baden, as on this side, the *Vosges* border Alsace. Between these two ridges of hills there is a flat country, so flat that it is supposed that a great part of it was once under water, and that is in breadth, on an average, from *Belfort* to very near *Darmstadt* (a distance of about 70 leagues), not more than 16 post leagues. The RHINE runs through the middle of this flat and rich piece of land, dividing *Alsace* from the Duchy of *Baden*, the former of which I shall have seen the greater part of when I turn off at *Strasbourg* to go out of it, as it extends no further than *Wessembourg*, $14\frac{1}{2}$ leagues from STRASBOURG, which is $45\frac{1}{2}$ leagues from *Belfort*, the place where I entered it; but the other side of the Rhine I do not expect to see at all, excepting as it appears to me in the mountains that I have before spoken of. I have not even seen the Rhine yet, though the place I date from is not more than three leagues from it.

The land appeared to me, on my first day's ride from *Belfort*, a rich deep and very dark mould, and it

is, in many places, bearing corn of all kinds and some kinds of roots, such as the tap-turnep, mangel-wurzel and potatoe, but a great deal of it was also in very bad meadows. So wet that the greater part of the crop is rushes, but so ill-drained that it is no wonder. The water standing on them in pools at this season, and fine large oxen and cows trampling them to pieces. By the sides of them the willow flourishes amazingly, and appears to be attended to with great care. Near *Cerney* there is a very considerable waste, a piece of land too wet to be done any thing with, but which a little skilful draining would make a beautiful plain fit for meadows, or even for the plough. I slept at *Cerney* on Friday night, a little town that was evidently fortified in former times. There are the two gates of the town still remaining, the streets within which are dirty in the extreme and narrow, but on the outside of these towns there are well-built and commodious houses, and particularly good inns, painted outside and inside in a great variety of colours, but all of them clean. Green window-shutters and red window frames one can excuse for the sake of the strong desire to be cleanly that any body coming out of France must be struck with here. The signs over the inn-doors even are characteristic of a striking difference, and I do not know that I ever any where saw signs to be compared with these. They are not paintings on board, but sheet-iron or tin worked into the forms of kings and queens, stags, dolphins, savages, and so on, and painted in appropriate colours. The insides of the houses are exceedingly clean and nice, and, though I have never had to find fault of the state of the linen at any inn

where I have stopped, yet I have found it in many instances unsuitably coarse; but here are nice beds (only rather small) well-clothed, and table-linen as fine as need be, and as clean as can be.

On Saturday morning I came from *Cerney* to *Issenheim* to breakfast, then through *Hatstat* to *Colmar*, eight leagues and a half, arriving at about six o'clock. The road precisely the same, but the country better cultivated and the land dryer, and I got somewhat nearer to the *Vosges*, which open a fresh prospect to you as you get on, showing villages that are ranged along immediately at their feet, villages of white houses covered with tile. These are just at the beginning of the ascent, and from thence to a considerable distance up, the sides of these hills are cultivated in vines that are suffered to grow about fourteen feet high, and are tied to high stakes. The rows wider apart than in the vineyards of Burgundy, and the grape a white one from which a most excellent light wine is made. From the place where the vineyard ends, wood of different kinds is growing, beech, hazel and fir, but chiefly the latter, and that not always luxuriently, and in but few instances to the summit, which is of arid rock.

At *Cerney*, first I saw that I was in a manufacturing country, and since passing that place, I have seen so many and such considerable buildings of the manufacturers that my notions of the importance of this little Province of France have been getting greater and greater every day since. The buildings are immensely large, and are built by themselves in the places nearest at hand to the rivulets of water that the manufacturers

have found best suited to their purposes. I, at first, took these buildings for large *Chateaux*, as some of them are almost buried amongst the hills. They are built of brick, whitened and covered with tile, but I shall have more to say about these places when I have been able to get nearer to them.

The vintage here is just over, but there are three harvests in this country where the people grow wine, corn, and roots, and as this is the harvest time for the latter crops, I see the farmers busily engaged in getting them in. Mangle-wurzel, tap-turneps, cabbages and potatoes are what they grow, and the show of the three former is great indeed. I do not know of which they grow the largest crops, but I should think an experiment would be in favour of the cabbage. It is a sort that I do not remember to have seen any where but here. The diameter of it is great, but it is not thick; very wide across, but thin through, and its greatest use is as a vegetable for the table. The people make it into what they call *choucroute*, by cutting it in strips, salting it, and keeping it in tubs, and they have it at table all the year round, a proof of coarse-feeding, for I never tasted any thing so coarse. The cabbage would be excellent for cattle, but I do not hear that they are ever fed upon it. Indeed, so great is the demand for it as human food, that there is none to spare for cattle, it being sent in barrels even to Paris. I was several times tempted to ask questions of the farmers and their men, but none of them spoke more intelligibly to me than the little beggars that I met with between Belfort and Cerney, so I gained no information from them. I observed, however, their

manners, the luxurious half-german riding on one of his horses or one of his oxen even at carting loads, or at plough, with a great pipe in his mouth and a cocked hat on his head. The farmers and tradesmen use a little wagon precisely that which in America is called the *Dearborn*. A light little wagon with a thing like a gig-head plated in it upon wooden springs, and, with one horse, they move as quickly along the roads. The wagon with moveable sides, too, is used here, and the fashion of dress very much resembles that of the Long-Islanders. A great coat with high velvet collar, and with a cape almost the counterpart of the coat; and I may add a habit to which these gentlemen are addicted (in common with all Frenchmen) which will not weaken the similiarity between them: that of taking what in the delicacy of French expression is called the *petit verre*, and which we vulgarly call a *dram*. I do not think it is *repeated* here as it is in America; but the man who drinks such with his coffee at breakfast, who takes one or two as he drives along the road, and who takes another with his coffee in the afternoon, is not *therefore* considered a drinker.

On one of the highest of the hills of the Vosges, and nearly opposite to Hatstat, there are the ruins of what must have been a considerable castle, with four towers now remaining, besides some walls; and as I came on, I observed two more of these also on the tops of the same ridge of hills, but in a much less perfect state. Why they should ever have been perched up in this manner, like storks' nests, without a rood of level ground round them, puzzled me, and it still puzzles me, for I have seen no one that can give me

an account of them that seems at all probable. One old gentleman told me, in answer to my inquiry of what age they belonged to, that "il faut croire," one must think, that they belonged to the 13th century. I showed him a print that I had bought, of one of these hills with the remains of a castle, that I had not seen, on it, and a large manufactory just under the hill; he looked at it and knew it well, for he was a principal owner of the manufactory, and lived just under the hill, yet he knows nothing of the ruins over his head but that they are such. It is but few people that can take any interest in that which they have seen every day of their lives, so that Mr. HIRLMANN is not necessarily an incurious person because he knows nothing of these ruins. He seemed full as anxious to know all he could about English factories as I was to hear about these of *Alsace*, putting me two questions for my one; but, by my desire to hear from him something connected with them, he imagined that I must be a manufacturer in England, and I found it difficult to persuade him at once to the contrary. However all I wanted was a little information respecting the masters and men, wages and so on; but I found my friend most grudging of any information excepting such as I might have picked up on the roads had I understood the German patois. I asked, first of all, if it were found that the labourers in the factories were unhealthier than those of the fields, to which he replied No. The hours for work were from six to eight, from nine to twelve, from twelve to six, or eight. The wages to young children from 5 to 10 sous the day, and to able men 20 sous the day. Artists are another

class of persons, and are paid according to their merits. I asked if corporal punishment was known to be exercised on the children, and he exclaimed NO! "Not even the most mitigated?" "No." This was at dinner, at the table d'hôte, and a little man, a merchant of Avignon, hearing my question, ratified Mr. HIELMANN's answer by exclaiming, "Non, Monsieur, le Français ne se soumet pas aux batons!" no, sir, the *Frenchman* does not submit to the cudgel. And it is true enough, that a Frenchman, of however low degree, will resist the cudgel of his master, however well he may merit it and however powerful the master. "*Le François.*" I never was duly disgusted at the practice of praising oneself by seeming to flatter one's countrymen before I came here, and here I have heard so much of *le François* and *vrai François* that I think I never shall be able to bear to see common justice done by such means. In speeches in the Common Council of London nothing is more common than "as an Englishman, I do say" so and so, when it has no sense in it if not meant as a piece of self-flattery; when, if not *Englishmen*, such speakers would have no right to say any thing there.

I came to Les deux Clefs (the Two Keys), a very nice inn, at this town, and it was yesterday at dinner that I met the two gentlemen that I speak of above. The merchant is here on business, taking orders from the manufacturers for garence (dye's madder,) which he grows himself near Avignon. As he had heard me express a desire to see a far-famed valley, that of Munster, which is close by, he proposed to me to take the half of a char-à-banc, and go there with me, as his

business would lead him there. To this I agreed; he sent for a voiturier, and, in about a quarter of an hour, had hired the vehicle for 8 francs a day, with driver and horse, both to be fed at the owner's expense; and early this morning we went to the valley, going in a direction north west of the town of Colmar and directly towards the Vosges, between the hills of which we entered by an excellent and level road which took us winding along through a certainly rather pretty, but very narrow valley of water meadow land, with the hills rising up on each side of us to an immense height; these being cultivated near the bottom in vineyards, and higher up producing fine straight trees of the silver fir; but at the top being abandoned to poor potatoe-growing peasants and their goats, the former cultivating land that can hardly return them the wear and tear of their spades and hoes, and the latter, though better off, having to ramble for a subsistence. Amongst the vineyards there are some pretty little country houses belonging to the master manufacturers, not unpleasantly situated, with very pretty gardens and pleasure grounds, but almost always under thick fogs or showers of rain. On arriving at Munster, my friend found that the manufacturers had very lately come to a resolution not to admit strangers to see their factories, and he learned that the circumstance of my being an Englishman would be no passport for me, so I did not attempt to go in, but satisfied myself with looking at the outside of the filature of Messieurs HARTMANN, an immense and rather handsome building with 140 windows in its front. The manufacture is of cotton prints, and a great quantity was bleaching or dying on the meadows

opposite to the factory. I climbed one of the hills to its top, and, at about half way up, found some men and women digging potatoes on little pieces of ground that they had made by putting slight stone walls to keep the earth from rolling, or being washed, down. These do not exhibit such proofs of strength or perseverance as the same sort of shelves about the high hills of Hampshire. These individuals are working to satisfy the wants that they feel, and they have no time to lose in making solid foundations and strong walls that may last their life-times. They bequeath the land only, and their successors must go on like them, working impotently for a bare sustenance. They all keep goats, and all have some kind or other of fruit trees upon their little pieces of land. From the top of the hill that I climbed, nothing but the little narrow valley of Munster beneath looked civilized; all around on every other side was wild and rugged. The tops of hills generally bare rock, and the middle and lower parts of them covered with the silver fir and stunted trees of different sorts; but I could not remain long up, for the clouds, that broke constantly over first one hill and then another, convinced me that the one where I stood might soon be visited. We breakfasted at *Munster*, a little village in the valley, and got home by one o'clock, having taken the *char* for another trip to-morrow. But about that I will inform you in another letter.

Sunday here was a more Sunday-like day than I have seen for some time. There is a very large body of Lutherans in Alsace, and a large congregation of them apparently of all ranks, I found in their church. The service performed in French and German alternately; in

French in the morning and in German in the afternoon. The division probably makes both more strict in their observances, and I think I found a fuller mass here than I have found anywhere else. In general it has appeared to me that men do not frequent the churches, but here there was a large congregation of both sexes. They could hardly have been drawn thither to see a transparency of the late king, which is placed over the altar, representing him as mounting to heaven from a bed of *fleurs de lis*, attired in his royal robes! On the side of the high road, at the boundary of every commune, there is either a Crucifixion or a Saint Peter in his robes, but so magnificent to what these are elsewhere that I think greater exertions are made here in the cause of religion than in other parts of France. These are on very handsome stone pedestals, the bodies themselves of wood, painted to represent life, and in the crucifixion, the illustration is faithful to history. They are as large as life, and sometimes, perhaps, larger, but the original design and the care taken in enclosing them from profane touch, and in having the paint and ornaments renewed, show a zeal that *formerly* existed over the whole country, as one may see by the remains of the same in stone; but which is now not to be seen (as far as my own experience goes) excepting here, and which here seems to have suffered a lapse.

In the evening of Sunday, the Parc, a place laid out in walks, and just outside the town, was thronged by people of all descriptions, walking. A square place, boarded off and floored, is the dancing room for the peasantry, and here they danced, all waltzing. The evening was not inviting enough to induce the gentry

to make use of *their* dancing room, a very commodious and prettily fitted up pavillion in the same Parc. But here I must end this letter, The next will be from *Strasbourg*.

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Strasbourg, 3d November, 1824.

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By the date you will see where I am, and all I must add to it is, that I am safely here, then I go back to Colmar at once, to tell you of my visit to a second valley amongst the mountains, a visit that I contemplated when I wrote the last letter to you. When first I thought of making these excursions, it was as much to see the inside of manufactories as any thing else; indeed more with that than any other intention, but when I found that I could not be allowed to see them, my desire to see the valley ceased; but I had made my promise to my little friend, a very pleasant little man, who amused me a good deal, and who persuaded me that the place we were going to next was in itself worth the pains of riding in a char-à-banc. We went on Tuesday the 26th, and following the road I had come from Belfort as far as Cernay, there we turned to the right and got immediately amongst the mountains, and soon to *Thann*, a little old village, on a hill above

which there stands another ruin of a castle, I think about the fifth that I had then seen. At Thann our horse gave in without any ostensible cause, and the brutal German would not drive a horse that we were obliged to hire. He had bargained to take us to the place we were going to, Wesserling, which is two leagues beyond Thann, and then to bring us back to sleep at Thann. His argument was, that he had bargained to drive his own horse, but that that being jaded, he was not bound to drive another, so Mr. JOUVE took the reins of a fresh horse and we soon came to Wesserling, where there is a factory in which 3000 hands are constantly employed, the master manufacturers living in pretty little *Chateaux*, and enjoying all the luxuries of towns as fast they can collect them together. Several little berlins I could see in one coach-house, and an ample stock of horses for pleasure. At this one, there is a private theatre, which the actors of Strasbourg are hired to play in as often as the masters choose. The valley has nothing in it extraordinary, and I was glad that my friend was not long detained by his business, so we got into our *char* and left Wesserling to come back to Thann. We had not gone far, in rain that had just begun to fall, before our horse became uneasy and even unmanageable in consequence of the carriage running upon his hocks in going down a very trifling descent, and into which predicament we were brought by the stable boy of the little inn that we put up at. He had neglected to fasten on the breechen straps, and had even lost them. A pile of stones by the road-side prevented the horse dragging us into the ditch, for this stopped him and we got out.

But we were hardly out, and had not taken the horse out of the shafts, when there came on the most tremendous storm of rain, hail and thunder, that I ever saw. In an instant we were, though well great-coated, so thoroughly wetted that our heads were wet even through our hats. A little boy who was coming along the road just as the storm began, with a flat basket on his head which he was compelled to hold on with his two hands, stood, as landsmen do on shipboard, clinging to the ground with his feet, unable to move on for fear of being blown down; and the hail so cut his naked hands that, from a murmur, he raised his voice to the most piteous screaming. I took his basket from his head, what he had not dared to attempt, and he got to the leeward of our carriage still crying. We let the *char* down the hill, and then borrowed some ropes to answer our purpose, and got to *Thann* as wet as drowned rats, a plight from which the landlord relieved us by lending us abundance of wearing apparel. We supped at a table d'hôte abundantly supplied, and particularly with excellent wine of Mr. SCHMIT's (the landlord's) own making. It had the flavour, without the strength, of Madeira, and is made from a vineyard close by the town of *Thann*, on a side of one of the hills. It was of the vintage of 1822, and all the wine of that year sells at double the price of that of any other year. The wine of the same vineyard that produced this will sell this year for 20 francs the measure, (the measure 60 litres, and the litre about a bottle English measure,) whilst that which we drank is worth full forty francs the measure. In the inns, it is about 5 English pence the bottle. At supper we were, a party of travel-

ling merchants drawn from their houses to the manufacturing districts to buy manufactures or sell materials for manufacturing, one or two manufacturers, and myself. My inquiries were confined to a few questions as to the condition of the labouring manufacturers, and I found the information given me by Mr. HEILMANN corroborated in every particular. I asked if commerce was in a flourishing state, and received almost a unanimous answer in the affirmative. Could it be otherwise, when the manufacturers were building new factories or adding to their old ones every day; and when they not only made goods, but could afford themselves to keep large wholesale magazines of them at Paris, Frankfort, Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, and many other principal towns in neighbouring kingdoms; when they were trading most extensively with Germany, Italy and Holland? A gentleman who sat at the head of the table, and who was himself connected with a factory, said that, nevertheless, there was more speculation than circumstances would warrant, adding, "*il y a beaucoup de ces filatures qui filerons.*"

On Wednesday morning (the 27th) our driver and his horse were in a state sufficiently recovered, to bring us off on our way back to Colmar; but of Thann I have not mentioned a superb little piece of Gothic architecture, its Church. The door-way and window-arches are loaded with illustrations from the Scriptures, cut in stone, and numberless Saints as large as life, and of such excellent artistship that they really are no mean type of the life. The spire is exceedingly pretty. It is in open work all the way up to within a foot or two of the top, and is considered in the neighbourhood

a miniature of the cathedral of this town. On its very top is a stork's nest, one having built her nest and brood in it last year. It is curious that this bird, which is no rarity in Alsace, always choosing the highest pinnacle for its nest, should very frequently choose that of a church, whether in a village or a town. There is one now on a church steeple at Colmar, and in the middle of the town. It seems as if they observed that men do not frequently get to the tops of these spires, or as if they estimated their powers and determined that they could not.—Our sulky German brought us to CERNAY, where my friend M. JOUVE had to call at the house of another manufacturer, and, as the day was wet, I staid at the inn, hearing, at every fresh arrival of travellers, bitter lamentations of the mischief done by the storm of the previous evening. It had blown down some houses, unroofed many, torn up trees, and inundated many places. At the back door stood the ostler, with a washing basket full of *frogs* that he had found congregated in some holes that had been opened for putting in the posts of a new fence. The storm had driven them in to these; and he was employed in an operation that may be equalled for cruelty, but that is not surpassed. Taking them up one by one, he laid them on a narrow stool, and with a common bill hook chopped the hinder legs from the body, leaving that to fall into another basket, there to suffer till the pigs should come home in the evening and eat it. “La barbarie Angloise est connue,” says Rousseau, and he is kind enough to account for it by our eating more meat than other nations, which is a most egregious error, to say the least, as any one can testify who will only be at the

pains to observe this people. My god-father, Mr. John Morgan of Philadelphia, told me that the only good that was done by the French at that town was that of eating up the superabundance of frogs that infested its neighbourhood; and I could not help thinking of him on seeing this ostler with his buck-basket full.

We dined at Cernay (but not on frogs) in company with ten or a dozen young men from the factories, who all conversed with each other in German. The gentry all speak French as well as German, and so do landlords and landladies of inns, and by chance the ostler may know more or less of it; but unless the people of the country have a notion of getting them to be innkeepers, or in places under the Government, they do not have their children taught French. We got home, coming through Isenheim and Hatstat, at about nine o'clock to Colmar, and on Thursday morning M. JOUVE quitted me for NANCY. We balanced our accounts and were settling them, when he heard me say that I had no small money, no change, and understanding me to say that I had no money at all, and that I was waiting for some, he pulled out his purse, containing 400 francs, and offered to lend it to me till I should reach England, for that he had received money on his journey and did not want a half of what he had. Every body must acknowledge the *courteousness* of the French. It has given them all over the world the credit of *most polite*; but I never before this believed in their disposition to oblige. But here was a sincere and, God knows, most disinterested act of friendship, after an acquaintance of only four days.—As soon as M. JOUVE was gone, I went to the Com-

missioner of the Police, to get my passport signed for *Strasbourg*, and as I entered a small anti-chamber where a man in a coat with a red collar and cuffs was sitting, I bowed low enough in conscience and put my hat on again. He desired me to show him my papers, saying, at the same time, that I might keep my hat off. He keeping his casquet on, I did not think so; but he turned to me in a violent rage, threw my passport into my hands, and desired me to wait *outside the door* till the Commissioner came. I went immediately to the Mayor, a very civil little old man, who was sitting in a room as hot as an oven, and asked his advice, which he gave me, and which was, to go to the Prefect and ask him to sign my passport at once for Brussels, as I proposed going there. The Commissioners de Police, the Maires and the Prefects are all authorities holding the liberty of locomotion in their own hands, or at least amongst them; and as they are all jealous of one another, one is sure to find refuge under their jealousies from the insolence of underlings, at any rate. I never once found that insolence, however, till at COLMAR, but great civility every where. At Paris, I had my passport signed for *Troyes* in *Champagne*; but when I got to *Sens* I was persuaded to go to *Auxerre*, leaving the road to *Troyes* on my left. At *Auxerre* the Mayor told me he could not sign my passport, because I had not been to *Troyes*, but, he said, you are going to *Dijon* and there they will sign it. From *Auxerre* to *Dijon* I was at the mercy of any *gent d'arme* who might have thought me a suspicious person, but I got there unmolested, and have taken care to run no risk of the kind since.

On Friday morning, although so wet a morning that I hardly liked the thought of stepping out of the house, I paid Mr. Rieffenach his bill, which is as follows :

	fr.	cent.
23d Supper	2	50
24th Breakfast, dinner and supper	5	75
25th Dinner, supper, and breaking a glass	3	60
27th Supper	2	50
28th Breakfast, dinner and supper	5	75
29th Breakfast		75
Lodging 5 nights	6	0
The horse 5 nights and days	17	0
Servants	4	0
	47	85

or 1l. 19s. 11d. English.

And then I came off from *Colmar*, and through *Ostheim* and *Schlettestat* to *Benfeld*, nine leagues and a half, to the *Poste Royale*. A wretchedly rainy day, and the country exceedingly wet owing to the storm of Tuesday, aided by the continual fall of rain since. Cabbages the great crop, or at least, after corn; but I found that, as I got on towards this place, Indian corn was much grown, and tobacco too, the former hanging up in bundles under the eaves of the houses, not being completely hardened enough by the sun of this autumn, and the latter hanging in festoons from the ceiling of every passage of every house I went into. I slept at *Benfeld*, and, the morning after, rode only six leagues and a half, to STRASBOURG, a very large town, now containing

upwards of 60,000 inhabitants, fortified very strongly, and situated upon two small rivers, the *Ill* and the *Bûche*, which traverse it in various directions, and are the cause of innumerable bridges within it. It is at one league and a half from the Rhine, and at about eight leagues, in a direct line, from the Vosges, on which, by the by, I saw several more specimens of the ruined castles as I came on the road from *Colmar*. They are all of the same age and structure, all of them are placed on precisely similar situations, the topmost point of a hill, which becomes almost a bare rock at its top, and they are all of them in the same state of decay. There is a Society of Arts and Agriculture in *Strasbourg* which has not long been instituted, but I thought I should get something probably from its journal, and I therefore bought the first number. The very first article I found to be on the antiquities of the department, and I congratulated myself on having assuredly some information respecting those that had struck me, a superficial observer, in riding through it; but there was no mention of them. The research was deeper, and though learned and indefatigable the antiquarians, they run on with a parcel of forced constructions that soon bring down their whole story to an uninteresting probability.

On Sunday morning I went to hear mass in the cathedral, and, as a spectacle, it was infinitely finer than any thing of the kind I have seen. Even the mass at *Notre Dame* is inferior to it far. The altar is on a higher platform here than there, and the place much more vast and gorgeous, and the whole, in proportion, more solemn. I was not a little surprized, however,

to find that even this place is not sacred from indignity. It is by men and women so spitten over before the mass is half over that to kneel down as required is out of the question; a filthy habit that the French people of both sexes practice without any restraint. In the afternoon I went to the Protestant church, Saint Thomas's (there are two Protestant churches in the town), and heard preaching in French. It is a large but not a handsome church, but was pretty nearly filled. At the upper end of the church is a superb monument of the MARSHAL SAXE, erected by his master Louis XV., the master-piece of Pigalle, and the boast of the people of Strashourg. It is a beautiful piece of sculpture, composed of many characters, and all as animated as marble can be. The main character is the Marshal, at the foot of a pyramid of grey marble against which leans a sarcophagus, dressed in military uniform, bare headed, and descending gradually some steps which lead to a tomb, looking placidly in the face of a figure of Death who stands down by the coffin with a time-piece in his hand; but France, personated in the figure of a female, is interposing between death and the Marshal, whilst a geni is wringing his hands in the back ground with the banners of France floating above his head; and Hercules, on the right of the piece, is stifling his feelings. A tribe of the wild animals of the allied countries over which the Marshal triumphed are lying foaming and flapping on their backs, a true picture of the rage and ferocity of impotent enemies. In a niche in the same church is a coffin, glazed at top, that contains the embalmed body of the celebrated Count of Nassau. The coarse dark brown

doublet and breeches, and the high hat and high shoes, are still in preservation good enough, but the features of the face are scarcely discernible, and the skin of the colour of dark leathern gloves. Another coffin contains another embalmed body, supposed to be that of his daughter. It is in the same state of decay, but whose body it is is only supposition.

I might, on Saturday, have gone to a *Synagogue*, for there is a considerable body of Jews in the town and neighbourhood of Strasbourg, as there is also at Colmar. In each of these towns there is a Synagogue, and in each a *Rue des Juifs* (Jew Street), and the province is infested by them. *Infested*, because they are the same incorrigible set of voracious beings here that they are found to be elsewhere. One of the first questions I asked about them was, what are they, labourers or dealers? and the answer was, *they rob or they catch*, "*ils volent ou ils attrapent.*" This was told me at Colmar, and to the various inquiries that I have made about them since, I find that their business and their manner of conducting it, are the same as what they practise in England and elsewhere. They buy and sell, lend money, negociate bills upon premium and interest, take bills, and renew them, and generally finish by swallowing up those who are unfortunate enough to have dealings with them. They live in little villages in the country, and are renowned for their filthiness; and I see that the newly-established Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Agriculture have offered a premium to the writer of the best memoir on the means for bringing the *Israelites of Alsace into habits of civilization*. I am satisfied with the evidence of my

own eyes as to their dirt, and, as to their manner of life, I rely on the information of those whom I spoke to upon the subject, but in the premium offered by the Society, you have higher authority for believing that they are at least a little barbarous.

On Monday afternoon I went to the *Cassino de Commerce*, or *commercial rooms*, where the members meet to read the periodical works and to play cards and chess. An agriculturalist and distiller told me that in Alsace I saw the first department of France for agriculture, and some of the richest soil; but that it was not equal yet to the country further down the Rhine towards *Coblentz*, nor was it equal to some parts of Flanders. He advised me to go by all means from this to *Coblentz*, but I am so late, and the weather has since the storm of the 26th been so bad, that I am afraid to venture so far round. Mr. Schattenmann's account of the system pursued in farming is, that of giving as little rest as possible; rarely giving rest at all. The general course of crops is wheat followed by white turnips, or by coleseed for oil; then barley or oats with clover, and the next year hay; or, if not clover, cabbages, or some sort of root crop. They are very fond of using the hoe (*peoche*) and are, therefore, partial to the crops that admit of it, such as cabbages, beans, hemp, potatoes and Indian corn; which latter is not considered by any means so profitable a crop as either of the others, a tender and troublesome one and not very productive. The beans that are mostly cultivated are the *fèves de marais*, the prolific little dwarf bean, which, being well ripened and ground into flour, is given to fattening cattle, with hay and

distiller's wash ; and, with such food, an ox will take *six months* to fatten.—The produce of land is reckoned at as much as 5 hectolitres of wheat to the arpent. The weight of the hectolitre I have given in my last letter from Paris, and the arpent of Alsace is 24,000 square feet, which is about *one seventh* more than an English half acre. According to the weight of the hectolitre of wheat at Paris (160 livres, the livre 18 ounces English), the produce is a little more than *one fourth* less here than an English crop of 5 quarters to the acre of wheat, weighing 58 pounds the bushel. A disadvantage that the Alsacians labour under with respect to their wheat crops, is, that the climate is wet, and frequently so wet as to lodge and greatly damage their crops. It is so this year ; but I have, nevertheless, been more struck by the extreme whiteness of the bread at Colmar and Strasbourg than any where else. It is beautifully white, and as good in quality as in colour.—The stock of cattle kept by the farmers is only of that sort which bring them milk, butter and cheese, and which work ; cows and oxen, and but very few sheep. They are not stock-farmers, raising scarcely any themselves, they have to buy their fat cattle, or the lean ones that they fat, from their neighbours, the Germans and the Swiss. The former supply them with mutton and the latter with beef, and pigs come to them from the woody countries about *Luxembourg*, where they are bred almost wild animals. The butchers are almost all of them real Germans, and they dress their meat in a much nicer manner than the French. I was told by one of them of an ox from Switzerland that he killed last year, and that weighed

86 quintaux, 420 stone English!—The landed properties here too are small. One hundred arpents being considered a large estate for one man. In general it is the practice to let it in small lots of 20, 30, or 40 arpents, and upon leases of 99 years. The Society have not yet been able to find a farm within the department that is large enough for their purpose, so small are the divisions of land. The price near to the walls of the town of Strasbourg, where nothing but vegetables, and chiefly cabbage, are grown, and where it is exceedingly rich, is at least 1000 francs the arpent, or 41*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* the English acre; but in the heart of the country an arpent of good land will sell for not more than 600 francs, or just about 25*l.* the English acre. The rent is from 12 francs to 23 francs the arpent, 1*l.* to 2*l.* the English acre. All land is sold in separate lots of one acre when put up to auction; the popular mode of selling; and a deposit being paid, the remainder is paid by instalments at such intervals as the seller may choose to dictate before the sale. In this way great ruin was the consequence to the needy purchasers of 1817 and 18, who had to pay instalments in 1821 and 22; and, added to this, there was a remarkable visitation upon this particular and devoted little country in the latter year, the *mice*. Several times I have heard natives of this province congratulating one another on there being no *mice* this season; and, in speaking of past seasons, *mais les souris!* with a sigh that I did not sufficiently attend to, or ask the cause of. Mr. Schattenmann told me that the country so swarmed with them in that year that they ate completely,

not only all crops of every kind of grain, but even the potatoes in the fields. That they ate the grain and poisoned the straw, and that for the better part of two months, August and September, as soon as night-time came, the roads were blackened with them, running in all directions, eating any thing that they came near. They seemed, he said, to have been showered down, and are, by the poor and ignorant, firmly believed to have been so. In such quantities were they on the roads at night, that people were somewhat afraid to walk after dark; and this continued until a dreadful storm with a shower of rain that lasted almost a night throughout, came and drowned the whole generation, which seems to have taken no root since. But the effects are still felt and will be felt yet for a long time. Men comparatively wealthy were obliged to borrow money upon their farms, and those who were struggling against the effects of the calamity, to pay their instalments and keep their purchases, were swept away in hundreds and hundreds.

I have been kept here two whole days longer than I wished to stay, by the foul weather. It has rained almost incessantly since the storm of the 26th, and the accounts that are brought daily to this place by the travellers and the Couriers from Germany are of the most alarming nature for those who live within the reach of floods. The mail from Stutgard came across the Rhine this morning in a flat-bottomed boat, going over islands and fields of mangle wurzel and turnips. In my road from Colmar I came by several fields, where I could see pairs of plough-handles just peeping above the water; and in the lower streets of Strasbourg the

people are going in and out of their houses in boats. From Carlsruhe and Hagenau, accounts have come of the loss of lives in great quantities. Bridges forced down the current, and grist-mills undermined; but there is but little belief attached, I find, to the most confidently asserted of these, any further than as to the floods, which are seen all round the country. A gentleman, who arrived last night from Frankfort, says, that the storm was just as severe at that town as I had described it to him as having been at *Thann*; that it broke windows and unroofed houses, and that in the country villages it has done mischief indescribable. He crossed the Rhine on his way to Frankfort, on the 25th, and it was then remarkably clear and beautiful, and in less than 24 hours afterwards, it had become so swelled as to overflow the whole country. I have been wishing very much for, at any rate, one fine day wherein to mount the spire of the Cathedral, hoping that I might see a good deal of Germany without going into it. I went up it yesterday, in despair of having a fine day. It is the counterpart, on a very great scale, of the church steeple of *Thann*, which I have already told you of; but as it is larger, and beyond all comparison larger, it admits of more, and a greater variety of work. The tower and steeple are stated in the guides to be 445 French feet high, but this is a little incorrect, according to the measurement of six different celebrated mathematicians and engineers, who have measured it, and whom the Society's journal quote as authority for stating it to be not more than 438 feet high. Of all buildings it is said to be inferior in height only to the great pyramid of Egypt, and though I did not get to the very peak of

it, I found it rather an arduous task to get so high as I did go. A building of so great a height would look awkwardly high but for tasteful ornament, and in this there is every thing that could well be imagined. The top of the tower has the appearance of lace-work, and the spire is, like that of *Thann*, in open work, to within a few feet of the very top. In going up it, this is rather an inconvenience, for you cannot help looking through, and down into the streets below, and, as the flight of steps is very narrow and spiral (there being *two flights in the spire*), you are perceptibly turning round at every step you take, a sort of progress that the head is not calculated to endure. The steps are 635 in number, but those in the spire are so high and so narrow, so little foothold originally, and are so much worn, that for descending, they are almost dangerous. When up at the top of the tower, a man opens the door which lets you into the interior of the spire, and then he opens another little door at the foot of the very narrow flight of steps which you ascend the spire by; he locks you in, and lets you find your way up and down. At the top of these latter stairs, there is yet another and smaller flight, by which you reach near to the very top; but to go up here you must have leave of the Mayor, and he appoints some one to go with you. From the highest part that I reached, which is high enough to content any person of moderate desires, I could see no further distinctly than *Kehl*, a little town at the foot of the bridge, which leads over the Rhine, and which is at about a league and a half from *Strasbourg*. The mountains of the *Black Forest* I could see very indistinctly, and those of the *Vosges*

not at all. Kehl looked like an island amidst a general flood, and I could only just discover the course of the Rhine, which overflows the country, making it a sea. It has, on just that extent of it which is the boundary of Alsace, a great many islands in it. It is one chain almost of islands from *Huningue* to *Lauterbourg*, which are partly French and partly German, and in which nothing but wood for fuel is grown. But none of these were to be discovered yesterday from the top of the cathedral.

The inn where I am (the *Ville de Lyon*) is not like the *Deux Clefs* at Colmar. Not so regular, not so clean; and it is now crowded by Parisian and German clerks, who keep the place in noise from the time they come into it to the time they go out. They are not allowed to smoke in the rooms, and that drives them to cafés. A good thing. All their talk is of their charming pipes. No man stirs without one, and you see a whole group of admiring connoisseurs round the possessor of a fine piece of *ecume*, a sort of shell that the bowls of pipes are made out of, and that are frequently bought at the enormous price of one hundred francs.

There is a very handsome play-house in a very handsome square of the town, the square in which Mr. Arthur Young saw the mob rifling the Hotel de Ville in 1789, and which a gentleman that I met in the library of the Agricultural Society (an old church) this morning reminded me of. It is as handsome a play-house, as to exterior, as any of the Parisian ones, and, I think, handsomer; and, as to interior, it is far superior to any excepting the Academy of Music; and it is

nearly as large as either of our great theatres. I went to it yesterday evening, and was surprised to see that the French have adopted the dullest of all theatrical exhibitions, which are called *Melo-Drames*; it is tragedy caricatured, and the French actors, who are exceedingly farcical, turned it completely to that account. The whole audience laughed at hearing a man accuse himself of murders so numerous that he had a whole cellar full of human bones.

I have been here now four clear days, the two last in waiting upon the weather, which does not mend; but I have made up my mind to stay no longer, and be the weather what it may, I shall start to-morrow for Metz. If it were not for this, I think I should go to Mayence, Coblentz, Cologne and Maestricht, and so to Brussels; but if this weather continue, I shall try to make my way as direct as possible without thinking of a further tour.

Metz, 9th November, 1824.

I CAME off from Strasbourg on Thursday, and on that day and the two days following, I had continual rain; so that excepting yesterday when I rested, and this morning, I have had the most miserable weather possible for this ride of $36\frac{1}{2}$ leagues. On Thursday I came to Saverne, a pretty little town at the very foot of the Vosges hills, $9\frac{1}{2}$ leagues. It was so wet a morning that I could not see clearly half a mile before me, and all work-people kept snugly at home. The land all this way precisely the same, and the same flat country, growing root-crops in abundance and abundance of cabbage; and hemp the finest I ever saw. Five feet and a half, or six feet high; which is great proof of the goodness of the land. The same drowned meadows, and the same beds of osiers. And, coming to the hills again, I found them cultivated in vineyard near the lower parts, in fir and beech at the middle and tops; and the very tops, to my great horror, covered with snow. I slept at Saverne, a nice little town of about 5000 inhabitants, at a very nice inn, the *Pieds de bœuf*, where they told me that I should be in France again in about half an hour's ride. They say "the French," just as if they had no feeling of fellow subjects, and they also say the Germans, calling themselves *Alsaciens*. On Friday morning, I left Saverne in a drizzling rain, and began mounting the hills again to get into the Department of Moselle. The road up the hills has been

much admired as a specimen of industry, or rather, of power. It is a serpentine pathway, cut up the hills in a line as straight as it was possible to do so. At the end of about three quarters of an hour's ride, I looked back to take my last look into the little Eden of France, *Alsace*, and was surprised to see the town of Saverne apparently close under me; and much vexed that I could see no distance at all beyond it. Strasbourg and the Rhine are to be seen from these hills when the weather is at all clear. I had another, and a very considerable, ruin of a castle on the top of a hill to my left, and on my right a small obelisk with the word *Alsace* in large characters cut on it. The wood on the hills I found to be oak, beech, and the *Scotch Fir*, the only place to my recollection where I have seen the latter in France. I slept at *Bouquenom*, after my wet ride of 8 leagues on Friday, and heard of great damage that has been done within these 8 days, to the neighbouring villages that lie near to the river Sarre. I have constantly observed that on every river there are multitudes of little villages built in the most injudicious situations, and these with their concomitant stables, sheep-pens and pigstys, must suffer in an extraordinary flood. In one very small village near to *Bouquenom*, which is situated as above, the inhabitants lived three days in their corn lofts, eating what grain they had in them, whilst the oxen and cows and sheep and pigs, and even the geese and fowls, having no lofts to go to and no means of escaping, were all drowned. Belonging to one person (the Seigneur, I suppose, of such a village), there were 140 sheep, 40 oxen, and a cow drowned under the same roof. What surprised

people most was the quickness with which the overflowing came. The villagers had no more than time enough wherein to save themselves; and but for the exertions of the Mayor of the Commune, who employed himself instantly in raising subscriptions for them, they might have starved. At a little place called Puttelange, on the banks of a river, I could see that the water had been into all the houses within fifty yards of it; and the road, for a considerable distance before and after it, was so undermined by the water, as for half of it to have fallen in, leaving barely room enough for the wagons and diligences. From the accounts I had heard, I considered myself fortunate in finding roads and bridges perfect enough to venture on with my horse.

On Saturday Evening, after another wet ride, I got to *Bionville*, 12 leagues from Bouquenom, a small village with many inns in it, and the one, the *Grand Turk*, at which I stopped, a very nice one. The number of inns, in even the meanest villages, and on by-roads too, is quite astonishing. Every man who has a house on the road, and who is raised a little above the fortune of a labourer or sharing farmer, keeps an inn. He has only to lay in a little brandy and a little wine, and to buy the *Patente* yearly (*Patente* for an inn-keeper costs about 200 francs) and to hang up his sign, which with beginners is nothing more than the head of a small fir tree, signifying, by universal acceptance, an inn. In the little village of *Bionville*, there were three houses standing close together, all inns, and two adjoining houses immediately opposite the same. My landlady at the *Grand Turk* gave me dinner at five o'clock,

and though quite light enough for me to see to eat, she lighted candles for the purpose of lighting me as she said, but, as I found, for that of lighting herself through the pages of a romance in which she was firmly locked. She was just in the first volume, and, I suppose at the dismal epoch, of *Eugénio et Virginie*; and though a lady old enough to have a daughter of 18 or 20, and two sons, in the room, she sighed and wiped her eyes till it was past all bearing. I hoped she was not ill: oh no, she said, only a little anxious for her husband to come home from Metz, where he had been two days; the book was well enough written, but was not calculated to affect a woman of her time of life. But she very soon fell to reading and sighing again, and as soon as I had dined, wished to know if I was not very tired, and whether the bed should be got ready for me. At Paris, in some play, I heard romance called the bastard child of the Thames; but it must be pretty well cherished by our neighbours, when it can make its way into a little village, such as *Bionville*, almost out of the world. And, at Paris, who has not seen the *bonnes* coming from the Palais Royal, with whole heaps of dingy volumes?

Sunday I spent at Bionville, and it was the first fine day I had had since the 25th of October. A frost in the morning, and a sunny day. At the chapel there were none but labouring men and women, the men all dressed from head to foot in coarse blue home-spun cloth, and the women in the red and blue, and with white caps, all of which I have described before. It is the custom here to carry burdens on the back as in all parts of France that I have seen, but it is not the same in

Alsace, and it is owing to this that in France all the women, young and old, are round-backed. Their neighbours are not so who carry their baskets and other loads on their heads.—On Monday morning, to Metz, 6 leagues from Bionville, and in this morning I saw more country than I have seen on the whole length of road between Strasbourg and Bionville. It is hilly, but the hills not steep. A light and stony land, well calculated for vines, but the *côtes* are not warm enough, and there are, therefore, no vineyards on them, not even near the little towns, until within a very short distance of this place, where there are some fine abrupt cotes overhanging the *Moselle*, and on which a very pleasant but weak wine is grown. METZ is the capital of the department of Moselle, a town of nearly 36,000 inhabitants, very ancient and with some ancient as well as modern buildings of great beauty, and with the beautiful river *Moselle* running through it. The cathedral is one of the largest and finest in France; the prefecture, the courts of justice, the bishop's palace and above all, the barracks, are extensive and handsome. The prefecture, courts of justice and barracks are in a very handsome parc on the outskirts of the town, a place elevated two hundred feet above the river, and bounded by the walls of the fortifications, from a terrace, by the side of which you look up the river and over the hills to the north and north west. The streets are, as usual, the most objectionable thing in the town. They are very narrow, excepting those by the side of the river, where there are excellent quays. The barracks are the pride of the town, in which a strong garrison is always kept. It is one of the strong towns

and is not more than ten leagues from the frontiers of Germany. On the Place Royale, I asked the terms for lodgings, in a handsome house where five of the best rooms were to let. For four good rooms furnished, and a kitchen below that the lady did not much eulogize, she asked 60 francs the month; and when I asked the usual wages of cooks, she said that families had always better arrange with the first restaurateur, or hotel-keeper, to serve them, and by no means to engage cooks, as they were generally a worthless sort of persons. The breakfast, dinner and supper is served much better from the hotel, or restaurateur's, and you have not the plague of guarding against the peculations of cooks. Wages of such persons are, however, 10 to 12 francs the month.

They seem to eat great quantities of pig-meat here. I see butchers' shops full of it, and the sort of pig very different from that which is seen generally about the country. I saw a very handsome jet black one at a butcher's door this morning, and, on asking where it came from, the owner said that it was a real *wild boar* (*vrai sanglier*) and that he came from the neighbourhood of Luxembourg, whence they get a great part of their pigs. They burn the hair off, and eat a great part of the meat fresh. This burning of the hair off I think is the general practice. At Dijon, Colmar and here, I have noticed it. It is here 8 sous a pound, and always cheaper than beef or mutton, just the reverse of what it is every where else where I have inquired the prices of food. Bread is $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 sous the livre, but it is not to be compared to the bread of Alsace, though the country is a perfectly corn-growing one. At the

play-house in the evening, I found the officers of the army amongst the most numerous of its visitors. They pay less than other people for entering. An encouragement to the growth of mustachios that every body here holds to be just. The play a much more diverting one than that which I saw at Strasbourg; and the archness of a Mlle. Fay from Paris, made a good-humoured audience the merriest assemblage of faces that I ever saw. But I wish the people did not spit so.

Mezieres, 14th November, 1824.

I LEFT Metz as soon as I had put my letter dated 9th of November into the post office, and came away through a drizzling rain again, a *pluie fine*, on my way to this place. I was walking my horse gently up a very long, winding hill, one of those on which the vineyards of Metz are, northward of the town, admiring as I went the amiable dispositions of French women in sharing every sort of labour with their lords, even to the cracking of stones upon this hill; when a voice that I took for that of the postillion to a courier or some public conveyance, warned me to get to the side of the road. The vigorous "*ailles donc*," and the not less vigorous cracking of the whip, came from a young wo

man of not more than 17 or 18 years old, who came trotting by me being astride upon one of the wheel-horses of four fat little animals, that, two abreast, were drawing a little light farmer's wagon. She was riding on the horse without saddle or saddle-cloth, and was dressed in a check gown, with blue apron and red shawl, shoes, and not sabots, on her feet, and on her head, a plain white cap, with no bonnet, but the cap so highly starched that the rain had not taken out its plaits. She halted now and then, and as my horse could beat hers at walking, I came up to them two or three times before we got to the top of the hill. As she had no brothers, she was, she said, when her father could not go out with the wagon himself, his carter—charioteer, for there was something so chivalrous in the air of a young woman driving four steeds at once, her seat being the back of one of them, and with nothing but a piece of small cord for reins, that she deserves to be classed amongst charioteers rather than amongst mere carters. She had been with a load of straw, 53 bundles, to an inn at about one league beyond METZ, and she was going home to *Gravelotte*, making about eight leagues that she would have been altogether by the time she got home. The 53 bundles of straw, each bundle weighing 12 livres, were 11 francs. Arriving at the top of the hill, she cracked her whip again, and away went the whole equipage at a good trot down a hill that a four-in-hand driver would descend with caution even with his curbs, his reins and his check-reins, and his servants in case of need, all of which would have been despised (as far as usefulness goes) by this little girl.

Talking of the stone-crackers, reminds me that I forgot to mention the stone-cracking that I saw in Alsace. It appears to have long ago been brought to perfection, as a theory, in France, and practised or not at the pleasure or convenience of the authorities. The men on the roads are handier about their work than our road-menders are, and, though I am not prepared to assert that they do more work in a day, from that which I see they do perform, I think they must; and they do it unquestionably better. To be sure they have on almost every inch of ground that I have travelled, excellent material. Fine flakes of limestone that crack up into little pieces with very little difficulty; but there are some districts where the good material is at a distance, and where that in the neighbourhood of the road is not of the best: Alsace is one of these. The stones are pebbles such as are usually found in low rich land, and which uncracked are the very worst things for road-making. They do not crack easily either, in the manner of the large pieces of limestone, by the means of a common hammer at the end of a long handle, and therefore there is an invention that I have nowhere seen before, but that is used commonly on the roads of Alsace. It is a block of wood with an indented iron plate at the top of it for a stone to lie in, opposite to each other, two pieces of iron are fixed to the sides of the block, and these two support another plate of stout iron, or a ring, through which the hammer falls infallibly on the pebble that is put between the block and the ring, and so into the hollow in the piece of iron first mentioned. The right hand of the stone-cracker uses the hammer whilst the left hand feeds the machine, and thus the

hammer falls with the greatest precision on the stone, which flies to pieces immediately, and is then as good as any stone for the purpose of making roads. I found some execrable roads in my second day's journey from Metz, notwithstanding the female road-makers; but it was on a piece of road that has not been long a post-road. I stopped at *Gernie* the first night (the 9th) coming 8 leagues from Metz, and the next day through *Estain* to VERDUN, in a wetter day, if possible, than the preceding. I had this miserable road from *Gernie* to *Estain*, and besides, got wet through, so that I was tempted to stop at the latter place for a couple of hours to dry my clothes and to dine. Soup and bouilli (nobody escapes that), boiled veal, coutelettes, boiled fowl, a whole goose, and fruit in abundance, and wine. Who could have been expected on this day I don't know, but I give it you as an instance of the very good cheer that is to be met with at a very small inn in a very small town of France. A Parisian might have tasted of the goose without turning up his nose; and for the whole entertainment of myself and my horse I was charged three francs, or 2s. 6d. The rest of the road to Verdun was good, but dreadfully wet, and over a high, open and bleak country. These are, indeed, the characteristics of the country all the way from just on the north western sides of the Vosges to Verdun, a great corn country, with wide tracks of arable and wide tracks of wood lands. The woods are chiefly oak, cut at from 15 to 25 years' growth, just resembling those of Haute Soane, but the rest of the country by no means so pretty. The villages on the roads are I think the very raggedest I have seen. They are two

lines of low and small houses built of native unhewn stone, and covered with the same material, having two rooms on the ground floor (an earthen floor) often without casements in them, a corn loft above it, and a passage through to cow-stall, sheep-pen and pig-sty behind. In coming through one of these early on Saturday morning, a woman stood in the middle of the road cracking her whip loudly for a considerable time before I got up to her, and when I did, I saw that it was as a signal for assembling the village herd, and that the women and children were driving out little cows, sheep and lambs, and pigs, all through the passages of their cottages.

At Estein I quitted the department of Moselle and entered that of *Meuse*, which, like its neighbouring department, takes its name from the river that flows through it, and which I came upon at *Verdun*, the same evening. A little fortified town, *Verdun*, close on the beautiful river *Meuse*, which is, in this season of overflowing, upwards of *two miles* broad in a great many places. The town is of about 11,000 inhabitants, and their great commerce is in sweetmeats. Every second house seems to be a confectioner's; and from this they are sent all over France, and even out of France. *Varrennes*, the little town where Louis XVI. was taken in his flight from Paris, is at a little distance from *Verdun*. I did not get to *Verdun* till it was nearly dark, however, nor until I was for the second time in one day, wet through; and I left it again early on the following morning, as I felt confident of the bad disposition of the weather, which I did not wish to brave but as I should be on my way home. I came by

the river's side all the way to *Dun*, (8 leagues) on Thursday, a long narrow street, so narrow that two English road-wagons could not pass on meeting in it, on the brink of the river which has inundated some of the houses that stand nearest its edge. On Saturday, putting on wet boots in the morning, I came off through the same rain that began when I was coming out of *Metz*, I came on my way to *Sedan* through *Stenay*, and to my great comfort the weather brightened when I got to the latter place, and after drying my clothes there, I had a pleasant ride enough through *Mouzon* to *SEDAN*, and a pleasanter country to look at. Both these towns are considerable for their manufacture of cloth, both of them are on the river *Meuse*, but both just out of its department, being on the borders of that of the *Ardennes*. To a nasty little inn (in lack of a better) at *Sedan*, the *Croix d'Argent*, where I found another, and a disobliging, romance-reading landlady. She put me down to supper with six *voituriers*, men who carry on the internal trade of the country. Carters to all appearance, with blue smock frocks and blue and red night-caps on; who however behaved with all that innate politeness which distinguishes the Frenchman, and which makes it impossible almost to meet with a boor the country through. These men go about with an immense cart and horses, carrying from one town to another the goods that such town wants to sell and to buy. And they buy besides, goods which they dispatch by public conveyances to *Paris*, there to be sold for them on commission. They find something to buy wherever they go, that is wanted elsewhere. Here they buy cloth, at *Brussels* lace, at *Verdun* comfitures, at

Limoges *chesnuts*, and so on. One man that was in this group, had come from Bayonne since the end of August. He was at Avignon in September, and at Dijon on the same days that I was there; from this place he goes to Brussels, thence to Paris and Nantes, and this is his mode of life. These people one meets all over the country, sometimes with a long string of one-horse carts, or large carts drawn by very large mules, but the expenses of so much land carriage eat up their profits as merchants. Wine is here 16 sous the bottle, and beer *six*; and at Sedan, for the first time, I had beer placed before me instead of wine.

MEZIERES, which I reached yesterday morning, is another town on the banks of the *Meuse*, a river that I have ridden by the side of for now twenty-five leagues, and which is one of the largest I have seen. It is not beautiful, because the country is far from being pretty. Precisely the same all the way from *Bouquenom* to *Stenay*, a distance of sixty leagues. The same open and bleak country, with the same dirty little villages dispersed about upon it, and when they are on the roads, seeming to collect all the filth of the country into them. MEZIERES, the capital of the *Ardenues*, is a very small place indeed, considering that it is a capital. It has only between two and three thousand inhabitants, and were it not for the prefecture and the garrison, it would be a mere nothing. This latter, however, as the town is on the frontiers, makes it an important place. It is clean and well built, and the inn that I am at an excellent one (the Palais Royal). It is the very reverse of Sedan, which I think] one of the dirtiest and most ill-contrived places I ever was in.

Here I am in an inn where there are no *voituriers*, but which is peopled at breakfast and dinner times by officers whose regiments are quartered here, young men who live in the town, and travellers. This morning a fierce colonel of Chasseurs, who had arrived before his regiment on a march, found himself at table with a young man, the son of his former colonel. The colonel marvelled at the son not being a militaire, and he even ventured reproaches upon the father for sacrificing a son so well-adapted for it, by keeping him a *simple citizen*. The son was ashamed, and blamed his mother, who had begged that her only child might not be made a soldier; and professing himself mortally vexed that he could not take up the sword, he strutted up and down the room, showing, that, at any rate, he had adopted spurs long enough and irretrievably enough fixed to his heels. He is one of those gentlemen who go perpetually spurred: the emblems of knighthood at their heels, so long that they are obliged to walk down stairs backwards. The weather which was fine enough yesterday, is bad enough to day, but I go from here to-morrow, be the weather what it may, and I hope that you will very soon after hear of me from Brussels.

Brussels, 22d of November, 1824.

I ARRIVED here on Friday, the 19th, after five days journey, in which I had, at one part of the time, the worst road that I ever travelled, and at another part of the time, weather quite as bad as any that I ever travelled in; but very fortunately I had not these both at one time. On Monday the 15th I got no further from Mezieres than Renier, a very small place at about four leagues from it, and situated just on the borders of the Forest of Ardennes, which Forest I saw first in coming off a rather lofty hill down into Mouzon in my way to Sedan, and which I saw at intervals afterwards, whenever I mounted hills high enough. At Renier the *Poste Royale* was not an inn, so I had to put up for the night at the house of a blacksmith, whose house was an inn. Not the best of inns, but one in which a traveller may find a clean bed. As to the kitchen of the blacksmith, it was more objectionable. The old lady had a leg of mutton that she cooked for me, and the mutton of the Ardennes is renowned for its excellence. A little sheep resembling the Welsh ones, only not quite so small; but I found this leg so unmercifully crammed with garlic that I was driven to depend upon the sausage-maker. My landlord, and a farmer who came to sit with him, told me that the land was let in small parcels, that it was poor and not so productive as that of Lorraine (the country I have passed);

that they did not grow on their arpent (100 verges of 10 square feet ; less than a quarter of an acre English) more than 20 dozen of sheaves, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ quintal French measure, and 3 bushels and 21 pounds English measure ; and to get such crops, they rest the land one year and sow it the second with an inferior crop. It is the same to appearance as that that I have passed so much of between the Vosges and Metz, but in some places it becomes very sandy, particularly near the Forest, which, as far as I could see before I got into it, consisted of *birch* and the common broom. Wood is dearer in the little place Renier than I have found it any where, which considering the vicinity to a forest so immense as that of Ardennes, surprised me very much. It is 30 francs the corde of 5 feet long and 4 feet square, but they blame the iron forges, and manufacturers of slate for enhancing the price beyond what it formerly was. When my landlord and his friend and neighbour found that I was coming across into the Netherlands, they began to deplore to me the fate of their neighbours, whom I should find taxed unmercifully under their new government, and willing to return to allegiance to the French King ; and particularly since the accession of the present King of France, who is exceedingly popular. He has done two or three acts which have obtained their end, and one of the most grateful to the people is that of raising the soldier's pay. The droits réunis given up, nothing would remain to be asked for. I came away from Renier in a cold, frosty but fine morning, the 16th, and at half a league from *Renier*, turned off the main road to the right and into a wood chiefly of *birch*, but with some

scrubby oaks in it, to a little fortified town *Rocroy*, the last town of France on this road; and, as I was quitting the country, the sentinels rummaged my saddle-bags for contraband goods, but let me pass on finding that I was not a smuggler. The wood is cleared for a great spot now and then, and these cleared places are owned by very little farmers, whose produce is chiefly butter and a white sort of cheese, as their land is light and so bad that when tilled they do not dream of sowing any thing more important than a rye crop on it. For want of manure and proper treatment, it is very inferior even as grass land, and rushes and moss are crops as abundant on it as grass. The cottages are straggling, always upon the little grazing farm; they are all of them built of a slight foundation of brick, the whole sides and ends being of weather-boarding, and the roof thatched. Any thing is better than the villages. The dirty nasty villages of Lorraine are enough to infect the population. These cottages about Rocroy are all of them nice and rather neat-looking little places, each having out-houses for cattle, pigs and fowls, and though the garden amounts to nothing more than a potatoe-ground, it is divided off (as all the little fields are from one another) from the road and from the fields adjoining. The people are healthy, and, as all butter and cheese makers ought to be, they seem cleanly too. I saw great numbers of women young and old approaching Rocroy in all directions with baskets of butter, cheese, fruit and vegetables to sell at the market of that town, and each had a nice basket covered over, if of butter, with a clean cloth. For butter and cheese, they have a peculiar sort of basket

a very shallow but long and wide frame of osier-work, with fresh rushes worked in between the sticks every time they use it for carrying either ; and abundance of these things I saw drying at most of the doors. A proprietor of one of these little farms told me that he could grow as many as 150 sheaves of rye on an arpent of his land, but that the cost of manuring and tilling it would not pay him. In coming out of Rocroy again, a sentinel sent me to the Registrar, a cobbler, who took my name down on his list, and bidding me a pleasant journey, suffered me to pass on. At half a league further, I turned off this road which goes to another town of France, *Givet*, and taking one to the left, I soon found that I was on a road that even horsemen rarely travel but in the summer time, and carriages never. It was either sloughs made so by the foresters carts, or immense stones that nothing in the shape of vehicle, excepting carts, could go over ; and this latter sort of road completely prevented my riding further, so that I was obliged to walk and lead my horse all the rest of the day through one continued wood. The oak trees finer as the road got worse, and this being bad enough the trees were very fine. The only cottages I saw till near to *Mariembourg* (five leagues from Rocroy) were those, which, placed on the opposite sides of a little brook which is the boundary line between France and the Netherlands, and at not more than a quarter of a mile from each other, are the dwellings of the custom-house officers of both countries. The Frenchman stopped me, as I was taking a *mare* out of France, but on my giving him my word that I meant to ride her into France again at *Lille* or *Cassel*, he pulled off his hat

to me and bade me go on. Coming to the other, the large W and royal arms warned me that it was the *Douanier's* lodging, but the Flandrian was I suppose smoking his pipe comfortably by his fire-side, and I might perhaps have escaped him; but, as I thought it better to run the risk of his ransacking than be called back as a suspected person, I called him out, and he was as civil as was requisite, only giving me the trouble to unlock my saddle-bags and suffer him to put in his hand; constant practice having, I suppose, made his senses so exquisite that he can even *feel* a fraud. But he suffered me to pass, wishing me a good journey, a wish that I wished very much might be effectual, but no journey that I ever undertook was so unpleasant. My mare could hardly walk over the immense stones, and I could not walk through the mud by the side of them. It is a road that nothing quite human seems to have ever penetrated to any purpose excepting the pious, who have nailed, at little distances from one another, small boxes like little dove-cotes against the high oak trees, each box containing a *Virgin Mary* with an infant in her arms. When I got to *Mariembourg*, the first Flemish town, I found the gates of it shut, and a miserable little inn, *La Folie*, was the only inn within my reach; where the landlady, an easy good-tempered soul of a landlady, with an unfortunate countenance, utterly deprived of one eye, and with a frightful perversion of the other, with hair hanging about her face, and a cap on her head such as cover heads in the parish of Clerkenwell, offered to cook *any thing* for me. The fire was a kind of coal and slate earth, mixed with water, and first well pounded, then moulded by hand into lumps,

which burn exceedingly well and throw out great heat. My slovenly landlady complained bitterly of the taxes. She pays, besides her patente of 200 francs for leave to keep the *Folie*, a tax on servants of 8 francs each, a tax on her *three children* 4 francs each, on her oxen, and on herself according to her property. She said they were much lighter in the emperor's time. It is difficult to imagine any thing more humiliating than the being one day subject to the government of one king and another day the government or the caprices of another; to be one day Frenchman and another day Dutchman. To be cut off from intercourse friendly and commercial with one's own neighbours, and made the transferable property of the strongest. But these poor people are really pitiable. They have fought (not with their heart's and soul's approval, to be sure) to shake off the "tyrant's yoke," and have put themselves into impotent hands that cannot help their being subject to all the tyrants at once.

On Wednesday morning I left the *Folie* early, only first looking across the fortifications of *Mariembourg* as I rode away from it, and seeing in the new ends, roofs, and chimneys of the houses, the remaining marks of the havoc committed in 1815 by the Allies. In about ten minutes after quitting the *Folie*, I came again into the woods, with a broad and terribly cut-up road. There was great choice as to width, but very little as to excellence; as nothing passes here in the winter time but carts or wagons. The land is light and poor, and in a great many places nothing but blue clay, or pure slate. The oak grows but very ill on it, making a slow progress and stopping at last at not half its na-

tural size, covered with a hard black bark and large knots. Birch on the contrary thrives, not beyond what I have seen it do elsewhere, but very well; and wherever the owners of parts of this forest plant trees, it is the birch, and nothing else, that they plant. I overtook a garde. forestier, a huntsman of the old school, a man of middle age with frosty countenance and a beard that he had suffered to grow, excepting just round his mouth (just where modern Marses choose that beards *shall* grow), a leathern cap on his head with ears to it, a coarse jerkin-coat coming round over his thighs, and leathern breeches and gaiters; a belt round his waist that held an axe and a bayonet, a knapsack on his back, and a gun in his hand. He pointed out his home to me, a little cottage of wood, thatched with cooper's chips, and with about a couple of acres of pretty nearly-cleared ground round it, which is sowed this year with rye, a crop however that he does not expect to harvest more than one half of on account of the ravages of the boars, an animal that so abounds in this forest as to do infinite mischief to all those who attempt to cultivate land within it. They root up potatoe grounds completely, unless the greatest precautions and watchings are had recourse to. Setting pit-falls all round the ground, sitting up to watch and shoot them, and keeping noisy and fierce dogs, are the means employed by those who can afford them all. In winter time, the inhabitants of a whole commune assemble and hunt these animals in the snow. They surround a considerable space where the dogs have found a boar, and a few men whom they call criers (*crieurs*) go in and mark his progress by holloaing after him, and they can

easily follow him, as he does not go fast but when absolutely pushed hard and is in fear, which he is not without good reason for it. On approaching the ring of hunters, he is almost surely shot; but if only frightened they see him no more unless they follow him on horseback, a difficult thing in wood of any growth; and, if wounded, he will turn upon his enemy and is then to be dreaded. No horse will face him in his anger for a moment, and the hunters, in such a case, put their bayonets to their guns, and by that means guard themselves. They are so numerous, that the inhabitants of a little village that I passed, at about three leagues from *Mariembourg, Neuville*, killed 80 last winter. The flesh is esteemed as far better than that of the domestic pig, having a game taste, and it is much sought after by the neighbouring townspeople. A woman of this same little village found two young ones this spring at the entrance of a part of the wood where she was going to cut broom. She brought them home, reared them up, and made them so tame that they would follow her every where that she went, and so attached to her that they would remain no where, but by force, where she was not. This is talked of as a most extraordinary thing, because they hold the wild boar to be untameable, and also because there are not many instances of the finding of young ones any where. The old ones are so cautious to secrete their young, that they not only find out the most unkent (I don't know how this word can be more properly used) places for them, but it is generally known that they take care never to be within a league or two of them all the day-time, returning to their nests only at dark. They are

in colour a jet black, excepting a small tip of white at the end of the tail. Now and then a pig is seen with white spots on it, but that is a great rarity. And it is a curious thing that Nature, which has made this animal in its domestic state one of the most prolific, should have limited its number of young, in its wild state, to *four* or, at most, *five*. The wild sow is never known to have more than five young ones, whilst the tame one frequently has fifteen.

At Philipville, four leagues from Marienbourg, the country changes for a short distance, to finer land, open, and sowed with wheat, barley and oats. Ploughing with two large horses to a great wheel-plough. The town another fortification, the houses within it a little battered in 1815; but as the road did not lead through it, I passed only by the fortifications, and at the end of about two leagues came to woods and barbarous roads again. I almost despaired of getting beyond the forest that night, but just at dusk, and after a ride of eight leagues from Philipville, I came to a chaussée, the new beginning of a road that is to be carried through the woods, and over the very ground that I have come to Rocroy; a road that has been long projected, so long, that in my itinerary it is marked out as a post road, the author not knowing what he was talking about, or running the procrastinations of printers against that of road-makers. The latter I dare say. He thought the road would be made by the time his book was published. Before I came so far on to the edge of the forest as to see that I was getting out of it, a visible and very great change in the appearance of the land, trees, houses, and, indeed,

all around me, led me to suppose it. The land a fine rich dark mould, and the trees all oak with hazel and withy underwood. The farm-houses, larger, though not large, the fields under regular crops and nicely managed as to the ploughing, the ditches and drainings. The farm horses large, fine animals in good condition, and the sheep elephants compared with the little animals of the department of Ardennes, though I dare say, not near so good. An immense animal. Certainly much higher than the half Lincoln half Leicester breeds; and full as coarse in the wool as the latter, with large white heads, roman noses, and large and thick and white hanging ears.—After going a very short distance on the new road, I came to the outside of the forest, and, as I was then on high ground, I looked down over a considerable extent of country, with *Charleroy* (the town I intended to get to this night) down below and but a little way off from me, and innumerable *bourgs* on each side and before me, little places that look like towns in the manufacturing districts of England. Completely different from a view of so many French towns, the characteristic of which is a shining whiteness, the houses being all white and often covered with slate, whilst these towns are built of a red brick, the roofs of the houses covered with tiles and receiving all the blackness that coals, which are found in Charleroy in abundance, can bestow. The coal-mines of Charleroy blacken the neighbouring towns, the roads, and the people; but I was very well satisfied, notwithstanding, to get amongst them all, from an old desire to see this little country, and from a present one to get out of the forest of Ardennes,

where the roads had tired me of commiserating my horse, who was so really knocked up with her last day's journey (12 leagues) that I was obliged to *flog* her to get up to be saddled the next morning. To the *Grand Monarque* at *Charleroy*, a little but strongly fortified town, where suspicions are so much awake that the adjoint of the Maire visits, in person, the inns and little public houses every evening to see what strangers have arrived during the day. He took my passport from me, promising to send it to me in half an hour, which he did; and the landlady begged me not to be offended, or think that hers was a suspected house. The adjoint visited hers amongst others that no cry of partiality might be raised, and that the *qui vive* that would follow a different line of conduct in the police might be lulled by this general scrutiny.

Thursday morning I left Charleroy and came through several little bourgs and villages, to *Genappe*, eight leagues. The weather rainy and cold; bad enough any where, but what I should have done in the wretched roads of the forest with such weather I do not know. The land not high, but not very flat. A fine rich mould, growing crops of all sorts of corn. The ploughmen put me in mind of English ploughmen, excepting as to the colours of their clothes: a blue smock-frock, black plush breeches and blue gaiters. They plough with two fine large and fat horses, and a two-wheeled plough. The farms seem, by the number of ricks that I count in the yards, to be large; but the people talk a disagreeable patois, and I learned nothing of them but what I saw. The men do not wear sabots much, but the women do, and these, the *Flamandes*, are the largest

and coarsest women I ever saw. In the barns in the villages, I saw many of them threshing wheat, but really they are persons apparently so well adapted to it that it is not a striking spectacle. They handle the flail with great dexterity and force, and, as it is under cover, appear to be performing an in-doors work that belongs to them. The roads are wide, and paved, a very disagreeable thing, especially for those who go on horseback ; and there is a direct tax on travellers here the same as with us—turnpike gates. At every two leagues there is a *barriere* ; and for my horse, I paid two sous at each (one penny). On vehicles the tax is laid according to the number of horses, and *one penny each* is the amount ; but in cases of four wheeled carriages drawn by less than four horses, it is one penny for each *wheel*. The tax does not vary, as with us, at different gates, but is one penny all the way along one road. I passed *Quatre Bras* without knowing what famous ground I was on, and came to the *Roi d'Espagne*, an excellent and clean inn, at *Genappe*, where the battles of *Quatre Bras* and *Waterloo* were most distinctly felt. Indeed, it seems to have been the battle of *Genappe* as much as of *Waterloo*, for a fight was carried on in the very house where I was, the *Roi d'Espagne* ; a great many men, and one French general, were killed in it, and Buonaparte's carriages were taken in its stable-yard ; the people of the inn and of the town being all the while, with what cattle and what other property they could conveniently move off with, in the woods at a little distance from these places. I slept on Thursday night at *Genappe* and I do not find that *Flanders* is more costly to the traveller than

France, which I fancied I should find. My bill at the *Boi d'Espagne*, one of the nicest and cleanest and largest inns I have found, amounted to 4 francs and 15 sous altogether (3s. 11½d. English money) for a dinner of several dishes, a breakfast, lodging, and the feedings and lodging of my horse. In an inn of the same consequence in France it would have been more. Two strong proofs of my having quitted the fine warm French climate, are, that I had here two *wine-glasses* put down beside me at dinner, and that the peaches and nectarines are trained against garden walls with the utmost care.

Leaving Genappe on Friday morning, I came over an open corn country, through the middle of the famed field of Waterloo. To the *Maison du Roi* first, a little hamlet where there are still some of the cinders of the farm house in which, they say, Buonaparte slept the night before the battle. The half of a chimney, a piece of a wall, the yard wall and yard gates, are all there, but in a mutilated state. Further on is the public house the *Belle Alliance* with some nearly-effaced inscription on it, commemorative of the meeting of the Duke of Wellington and Bleucher at that spot; further on, next the road, and on the left of the road (on the left as I came) are some farm-houses that were ransacked and battered, bearing still (those near the road at least, for I saw these) the marks of cannon balls, and having the holes where the soldiers, put their muskets through to fire, only stopped up now with mortar. On the left of the road, the Government is now erecting a monument on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, and, as it is to be placed on a high

mound of artificial ground, the earth near the road where it was after the battle thrown into high heaps to cover dead bodies, has been just moved, discovering skeletons entire, leg and arm bones and bits of shoe leather, that now lie about the road side. A lad pointed out to me a sunken piece of ground of a few rods square, where, said he, three hundred Germans were buried all together! The day was dreadfully wet, and I therefore stayed but a very short time to look over this field of carnage; which, by the by, I had no idea of seeing until, at Genappe, I found that I should go directly through it. It is now either under wheat crop or under the plough, and the whole plain is a fine piece of productive corn land, with good substantial farm houses on it, excepting where they were within reach of cannon balls. At about a league, or more, further on, I baited my horse at the inn, the *King of England*, in the bourg of *Waterloo*, and then came through the forest of *Soigne*, a wood of very fine tall beech trees, to the *Hotel de Flandre* at *Brussels*, a fine inn in a very fine square of a town that I like more than any one I have been in for a long while. It is as large as need be, the streets broader, and because of this and of the houses being of moderate height, they are cleaner than those of any French town that I have seen. I arrived just as the dinner was ready, but as I had to put on dry clothes, I only got down in time to see what I at first thought an entirely English company. It was, however, almost entirely composed of members of the Dutch Parliament, now sitting here; but whose looks and dress were so English, that I was deceived until I heard them speak. The conversation was casual

ried on in Dutch, now and then one from this neighbourhood breaking out into French. They all speak both languages, and in the debates in the lower chamber of the parliament, it is not unfrequent for a speaker to repeat in French all that he has said in Dutch, but I suppose that here the orators are by no means so many or so verbose as to warrant a hint at the inconvenience that would be occasioned by such repetitions in other parliamentary assemblies. There are two houses, an upper and a lower house, but the lower one holds the power and the other the glory. The upper house is composed of nobility, and the lower one of gentlemen of fortune. In the upper one there are but *sixty-four* members, who sit in a long room at a green table, like so many men of business. The lower house has one hundred and eight members, and these sit in a semi-circular chamber that is divided into three divisions of benches, with the throne opposite to them; and here the upper house assemble at the opening and closing of the sessions. There are galleries for the public, and from these ladies are not excluded; but I am unfortunate enough to have arrived the day after the discussion of an important affair, that upon the tax foncière, which is to be renewed, but at a day I am afraid so distant that I shall see nothing of Dutch legislation, for business seems to have been despatched already, and the house adjourned till it shall be the pleasure of the speaker to renew this discussion.

It has been miserably wet every day since I have been here; only just giving me dry weather enough for me to walk out of the town, when I went to the country residence of the king, *Laeken*; a handsome house with

a good deal of the furniture of Buonaparte still remaining in it, but without being interesting as to its situation, or the grounds about it; the latter, indeed, are almost neglected. It is at about two leagues from Brussels, and the king, though rather an infirm man, walks into the town from it at seven o'clock every morning during his stay here. He himself is popular, and with the people I meet here, his government is also popular; but the country people speak loudly of their grievous taxes, and the nearer you get to the borders of France, the more unequivocal they are in lamenting the Emperor. I have dined every day here at the *Table d'Hôte* with the same company of members of the *Etats Generaux*, and I like them exceedingly. A very pleasant, affable set of men, who have not the warmth and excessive energy of Frenchmen, but who do not shake your hand one minute and pout the next, as a great many of these are apt to do. Too good-humoured or too sulky does not appear to belong to them, and they do not spit up and down the house. I stayed this day purposely because a member told me that he thought the house would meet on this day; and, as he thinks that it must to-morrow, I shall stay to-morrow; but if it should not, then I shall start early on Wednesday morning for Ghent.

As the Queen (who is a Protestant I believe) went to the play on *Sunday*, I thought I might go too, and it was the first night of a new performance too; so I went, with a young *Leigeois* that arrived in the morning. The Queen, and the Princess Marianne, a young lady of about 18 years old, arrived soon after the curtain drew up, and were received with every mark of

great respect; the waving of handkerchiefs and so on. The house is very handsome outside, but not so handsome inside; but it is large enough, though I do not think it is so large quite as that of Strasbourg. After a play, the *Mari à bonnes fortunes*, somewhat famous, but very badly played here; there came a *Ballet*, and though the dancers of the low countries are rather heavy, two gentlemen, a count and a baron, who sat in the same box with us, were satisfied that neither Paris nor London could surpass it. My Leigeois is a Buonapartist in his heart, and when first I saw him he was in warm dispute with a young Englishman in the hotel where I am. The point was one that seems to swallow every Englishman as soon as he gets on to the Continent, whether the English did not beat the French; or, whether the Duke of Wellington did not beat Buonaparte, in the late war. Of course, the Englishman says yes to both; and, of course, a dispute ensues. The Leigeois, however, was, though a Buonapartist and an admirer of the French, steady enough not to be carried away in the whirlwind of military glory that will whisk the Frenchman up to the skies in a moment, and he offered a compromise. He would agree that forty Englishmen would infallibly beat forty Frenchman, if the Englishman would agree, that *led by Buonaparte*, forty Frenchmen would beat forty Englishmen who should be *led by the Duke of Wellington*; but though this was reducing the question from a national one in which prejudice only had a voice, to one much less national, if not entirely personal, my countryman would agree to no such thing. He would not try the two generals, but

would have it all his own way, with laughable, but purely English, intolerance.

In the neighbourhood of Brussels, there is one river, (the Senne) and one great canal, but the country is not very low about it. The town has now upwards of 80,000 inhabitants, though it is only alternately with the Hague, the residence of the king and his court, and the place of meeting for the parliament. There are meadows in the lower grounds, towards the palace of Laeken; but else all round the town, and for a considerable distance, gardens for the market cover the face of the country. In these, the staple article seems to be cabbages, and those of various, and, I suppose, very fine sorts. One I know, by experience of four days, to be most excellent; a sort, the appearance of which, as it was growing, struck me immediately on my getting out of the Forest of Soigne, where these market-gardens begin. It is what the people here, in their own language, call *sprot*, and what the French most appropriately call *jette-choux*. It is literally that. A kind of *kale* you would think it by the broad leaves of the head of the plant, but it has a rather long stalk, and from every joint it sends out a little cabbage, a sprout or *sprot* (as the words mean, I suppose, the same), which loaves immediately and becomes as large as a large walnut, and it is these little things that are eaten and that I think the nicest thing of the cabbage kind that I ever tasted.* The gardeners tell me that the

* In Mr. MARSHALL's gardening book, he has the following short passage upon this sort of cabbage: "*Brussels sprouts* are "winter greens, growing much like *boorcole*, and by some prefer-

whole difficulty of raising them, is, in having good seed; and that the way to get good seed is to grow it yourself and take care not to save it from the head of the cabbage, as that will bring nothing but cabbages with a large leafy head and a clear stalk, without any of the sprouts, but to cut off the head and save the seed *from the sprouts themselves*. Seedsmen will let the head and all run up, because there is no comparison between the productiveness of the head and that of the sprouts; the former will bear immense quantities of seed, whilst the latter bears very sparingly, but their business is to raise seed and not plants, so they do not care so much about quality as quantity. It is sowed early in March, treated as other kinds of cabbage in the plant are treated, and in the latter end of November or beginning of December, it is in season.

“red as more delicate eating; but they are not so hardy or productive. Their culture is the same as boorcole, only they may be “planted out at rather less distance.” Mr. Marshall could not have known the cabbage that he was here writing about, or his description of it would have been different from what it is. The “Brussels sprout,” as he calls it, must be the same thing that I mean, but though having a rather rough leaf, it is no more to be compared, as far as eating goes, with the boorcole, or, as it is vulgarly called, *ragged jack*, than the drum-head cabbage can be compared with it. If he had known it, he would not have omitted to say, that, the head, though also very fit for the table, is an unimportant part of this cabbage, its peculiar quality being to throw out from the stem, and from the top to the bottom of it, a perfect mat of small loaving sprouts; three or four hundred, perhaps, of complete little cabbages, each being no larger than a large walnut. In the three languages its name is descriptive of it, *Brussels sprouts*, *sprot*, and *jette choux*; but, if it were like the boorcole, this name would be inappropriate.—London, 20th March, 1825.

Saint Omers, 4th of December, 1824.

I LEFT Brussels in very wet and wild weather; and I have had the same almost all the way from that place to this, through Ghent, Courtrai, Ypres and Cassel. The Etats Generaux did not meet on the 23d as I expected, and as it was not determined when they should meet again, I came away, after going to see an old palace of the town which is now the library and museum. An exhibition by the artists, for this year, is just opened, but I do not respect the Flemish modern school, at any rate, from what I saw there. There is now but one school, that of delicate colours. Beggar-women are dressed like princesses, and all is velvet or satin. In two or three heads by Vandyk, that are in an old gallery in the same building, there is more life than in the whole of the new exhibition. With one colour and with a birch broom for his pencil, he has done more than all the colours of the rainbow and the fine touches can do.

On Wednesday (the 24th) through *Assche* and *Alost*, to *Oudrecht*, 8 leagues; on Thursday to *Ghent*, where I stayed till Saturday on account of the badness of the weather of Friday, and then through *Petzheim* and *Saint Eloy*, to *Courtrai*, 10 leagues. At *Courtrai* I stayed till Monday, and then came through *Menin* to *Ypres*, where I stayed one night, and the next day, Tuesday, came through *Poperinge*, to *Mont Cassel*, in-

tending to get to Saint Omers on that night, but the road between Poperinge and Cassel is so bad that I came no farther than that place on Tuesday, and on Wednesday I had a short but wet ride of 5 leagues to this place, which I have all along looked to as the end of my tour.

Excepting in the short piece of road between Poperinge and Cassel, and which is no post-road, but a by-lane, partly in the Netherlands and partly in France, I have seen no finer roads than those I have travelled between Charleroy and this place. *Pleasanter* than these are those of Haute Soane, because they are carefully made and kept up, as I before told you, on Mr. M'Adam's plan; but for paved roads, I have seen none finer than these of the Netherlands. The land between Brussels and this place is very much the same. Between Petzheim and Courtrai there is a tract of worthless sand, where the principal crop of corn is rye, and of wood the Scotch fir; and here the little children, from the cottages near the road, ran after me in shoals, tumbling in the sand like porpoises in the sea, roaring out their prayers in Latin and in Flemish, covered only by one or two garments, without hat, shoes, or stockings. But this is the only poor-looking spot that I have seen in Flanders; and the richest that I saw is nothing in comparison, I am told, with the land, and the cultivation of it, between ANTWERP and GHEENT. The country is much lower between Brussels and Courtrai than it is between Brussels and Charleroy. It is almost one flat. Nothing like a hill in it; the land is a blacker and deeper mould, and the cultivation very different. The farms are much smaller, the

wheat-ricks in the farm-yards amounting to two or three only; but I did not see a great number together of the very small properties that one sees in France, excepting on the sand between Petzehem and Courtrai. Immense crops of cabbage, mangel-wurzel, and of the two kind of turneps, Swedish and white, are cultivated for cattle. The cows in milk are almost at all seasons stall fed; with the greens now, and, in the depth of winter, with the roots of the turnep and the mangel-wurzel. Hops are cultivated, too, and now the hop-planters are busily engaged in covering over the plants, by throwing over each plant the ground from all around it, till it is buried as much as six or eight inches under earth. This is to prevent water from standing and freezing round the heart of the plant. The neatness of this farming is admirable. The Swedish turneps and the mangel-wurzel are planted, or drilled, in rows of about 18 inches apart; the wheat and rye, and oat and barley land, is either ploughed by a small one-horse plough, or it is not ploughed at all, but turned over by a sort of hoe. A kind of small spade, fixed to a handle, precisely as a hoe is fixed to it, is the implement with which the greater part of the land between *Oudrecht* and *Ypres* is tilled; and the workman appears with great ease to perform a great deal of this sort of tilling in a day. He walks backwards, turning the earth up on his left or right hand side, as it may happen, keeping a furrow open before him. This alone proves the excellent state of the land, which is in reality that of a garden. In the growing grain crops, water-furrowing and draining are carried to excellence; and all the crops are carefully watered with the carefully-hus-

banded run from the farm-yards, and from the yards of distilleries and brewing establishments. Hand water-carts, or water-carts for single horses, are possessed by all the farmers; and this is precisely the season for watering the wheat, to give it strength to push up out of the possible chance of being drowned and frozen during the months of January and February. In growing the hop-poles for their own use, they choose the lowest and wettest of their land, and plant invariably the *black alder*, leaving from 6 to 10 sticks to come from one stem, and keeping them very carefully pruned of the side shoots, that would prevent the pole from growing long. They plant the stems in rows and upon high ridges, or lands, in the marshiest of their land, and thus get the finest hop-poles that I ever saw, so straight, and so very high.

The Flemish towns are, unquestionably, nicer ones than those of France, at least as far as my experience goes. A great deal of this is in the much more cleanly habits of the people, for some of their towns are exceptionable enough as to streets and houses. The burghs are generally clean little country towns; and I think I never saw cleaner or nicer than *Alost*, *Courtrai*, and one or two others.

GHENT is very large, containing about 50,000 inhabitants, very low, with long and very narrow and dirty streets, and but two squares of any consequence; divided into six and twenty islands by four rivers, which intersect each other many different times within it, and by a canal or two, on the sides of which there are some magnificent quays. The environs of the town have some gardens and walks, and a botanical garden; but

all is so low, that one dares not stir out but in the middle of the day at this season of the year, for fear of the tooth-ache. It is a commercial town, but has none of the fashionable crowd in it that parade the public walks of Brussels. Two or three most excellent inns in the Place Royale are almost always empty. At the one where I stopped, the Hotel Royal, nobody frequented the table d'hôte, but two or three officers, and as many merchants; and before the windows of the inn, I saw the sergeants and corporals thumping young recruits about with their ram-rods, with gestures and menaces much in the St. James's Park style. So decided a difference between two people who are neighbours is unaccountable, unless, with the French, we blame *malt liquor*, for every inferiority we perceive in the people of the countries where beer is common. *Pays de la bière* (beer-country) is a term of reproach; but however they may operate upon the mind, if we could take the inhabitants of a good large district of Burgundy, and place them beside those of the same-sized district of Flanders, all beholders would certainly be struck with the contrast exhibited, in as far as it concerns the *body*, and would draw conclusions greatly in favour of malt and hops, and prejudicial to grapes. The wholesome, ruddy complexion of Flanders, and the stout limbs, are incompatible with scanty or poor living; and, accordingly, the people eat pig-meat, rye and wheat bread, butter and cheese, and they drink much-abused beer. The long gaunt frame of Burgundy lives upon what is called *potage*, which word, literally translated, is *pot-liquor*. And each does ample credit to his living.

Courtrai is, as far as it goes, a contrast to Ghent:

They cannot well be compared, because Ghent is so much the larger place. This has only 14,000 inhabitants, but it is full of factories of one sort and another. It is situated on a hill on the banks of the *Lys*, a very pretty and rather considerable river, with pretty public gardens on its outskirts, and has the cleanest and best built, and altogether prettiest streets that I remember to have seen anywhere. It rivals in cleanliness some of the cleanest of Suffolk towns, which are amongst the nicest in England. There is no play-house and no barracks in it, and but few cafés; but its industry draws a great many merchants to it, particularly in its fairs, which last for several days. Flax is amongst the most important of its commodities. Linen, lace, sugar, and soap factories, are in the town; but as wood is consumed in the machinery, the houses are white now as at the time they were built. I stayed on Saturday and Sunday nights at the *Lion d'Or*, a very good inn, where the table d'hôte, at twelve o'clock, was attended only by two merchants, one Dutch and the other French, besides myself. These two did nothing but lament the circumstances that had cut off Flanders from France, and had made it independent. It was servile independence! Nothing scarcely can go out of Flanders without paying enormous impositions, but there is scarcely any thing that may not come out of France into Flanders, and duty free. It was a country sacrificed to the Holy Alliance, and suffering under it daily more and more.

From Courtrai to Ypres the country is much the same as that between Oudrecht and Ghent. Generally a fine dark mould, exceedingly well cultivated; but there are some spots of poorer land, and near to Ypres

it changes to a gravel soil, with oak and hazel woods in abundance, and it is more hilly.

I stopped at Menin, half way between Courtrai and Ypres, a little dismal formerly fortified town, where there is no life but at the guard-house, and a great square with an ancient market hall in it, all quiet as death till the drum, one single small drum, announces the relieving guard. Then I came on to Ypres, a pretty and nice town, but not so pretty, by any means, or so lively, as Courtrai. It lies on lower and flatter ground. But it has some very handsome Gothic buildings. The *Halle*, or *Hotel de Ville*, a very long building, used for several markets and for Town House, and the Cathedral.

I thought the inns on the roads in France abundant beyond all measure, but they were all (excepting those of Alsace) of a low and dirty sort; at least, out of five, four were so. The bit of fir outside denoted a similar lack of order within. But all along the road I have travelled in this country, beginning at Genappe, the inns, great and small, are of the most comfortable description, and are abundant as in France. They are all nicely and even gaudily painted outside and inside; and the shelves glitter with pewter and earthen-ware; with *tea cups* and *tea-pots*, too, and all so cleanly and in such order that here is another great difference between this and the neighbouring nation. No spitting about floors. You may kneel down here on the floor of a church, and at the play you may hold your hat behind you without having it spitten into. The sign-boards to these little inns are all promissory of good cheer. The subject of three out of every five is a well-spread table,

with abundance of knives and forks and plates, a ham and a bottle of beer, and I suppose you may find this in every house.—The country houses of gentlemen are small; and though many of them are, I dare say, pretty summer residences, they lie generally exceedingly low, and are consequently damp. I particularly admire the live hedges that fence in the gardens of these houses, and of some of the fields also. It is the common elm generally, but trained up so as to form a complete fence, and yet one that occupies as little space as even paling. The plants are put into the ground at very short distances from one another; not more than six or eight inches; and the greatest care is taken to let them grow up with all their natural straightness. They may, properly taken care of, be trained to almost any height and any size; but, generally, they are not suffered, I see, to get higher than about ten feet, and then they are cut off square at the top. The fence becomes in time a row of stout posts, green in the summer, and always as impregnable (to any thing but sparrows, mice, and the like) as the stoutest wall.

I left *Ypres* on Tuesday morning at about 8 o'clock; and though a distance of only about 6 leagues, I did not get to *Mount Cassel* till dark that night, having spent about five hours in that part of my road which lies between *Poperinge* and *Cassel*, four leagues of the worst road I ever saw in my life. The unused, clayey parish roads, through coppices, in Hampshire, (or Sussex, as far as I have seen them,) are nothing to this. Half way, there is an excise office; and here I found that even the two gentlemen at *Courtrai* were talking of was pretty correct, that it was easier to take things out of

France into Flanders, than into it from Flanders. The urbanity of the man who suffered me to bring my horse out of France, who only checked me for a moment, and then said, "*Passez toujours, Monsieur,*" was not so great as I had thought it; for here I had sixteen francs to pay before I could ride the animal another step forward, which he knew very well doubtless before he would suffer me to pass. The weather, most fortunately, was not foul during the floundering that I had to perform through this mire; but I got to *Cassel* too late to see it and the country from it on that evening, and on Wednesday morning it came on a heavy mist and rain that completely prevented my seeing any thing at all from the promenade round the town. It is at about seven leagues from Dunkirk; but from it you see, in clear weather, the ships riding at anchor at that port, the country all round, including a space in which there are upwards of an hundred burghs and villages, and which are *thirty-two* considerable towns. It stands on a mount, from which circumstance it is called *Mont Cassel*, but the mount is not so high to those who have seen the higher ones on both sides of the Rhine. I was astonished at its diminutiveness on coming to it the other night, compared with what I thought it at *Amsterdam* last, when it was pointed out to me at a distance.

The weather has been wretchedly bad ever since I have been here. On Thursday, Friday, and to-day, I had appointed to go with one of the grandsons of your old landlord to *Tilq*, but their account of its almost total inundation, and of the badness of the roads, together with what I saw of the weather, prevented my going.

Calais, 9th of December, 1824.

At Calais I ended my journey, and there I added up the whole of my expenses, from the time of my quitting Paris on the 5th of October, to the paying of my bill at Calais on the 9th of December, in all 65 days, ten of which I was detained by the bad weather in different towns where I happened to be; and I find the whole sum to be *five hundred francs and fourteen sous, 10l. 16s. 8d.* English money. Divided by 65, it makes my daily expenses to have been, of course for my horse as well as myself, about *seven francs and fifteen sous, or six shillings and sixpence* English money. I went always to the best inns that I could find, and I dined and supped, or breakfasted, at the *Tables d'Hotes*, where I found other people dining, supping, or breakfasting; and I fed my horse sometimes three and sometimes four times a day, as I thought she required it.

THE END.

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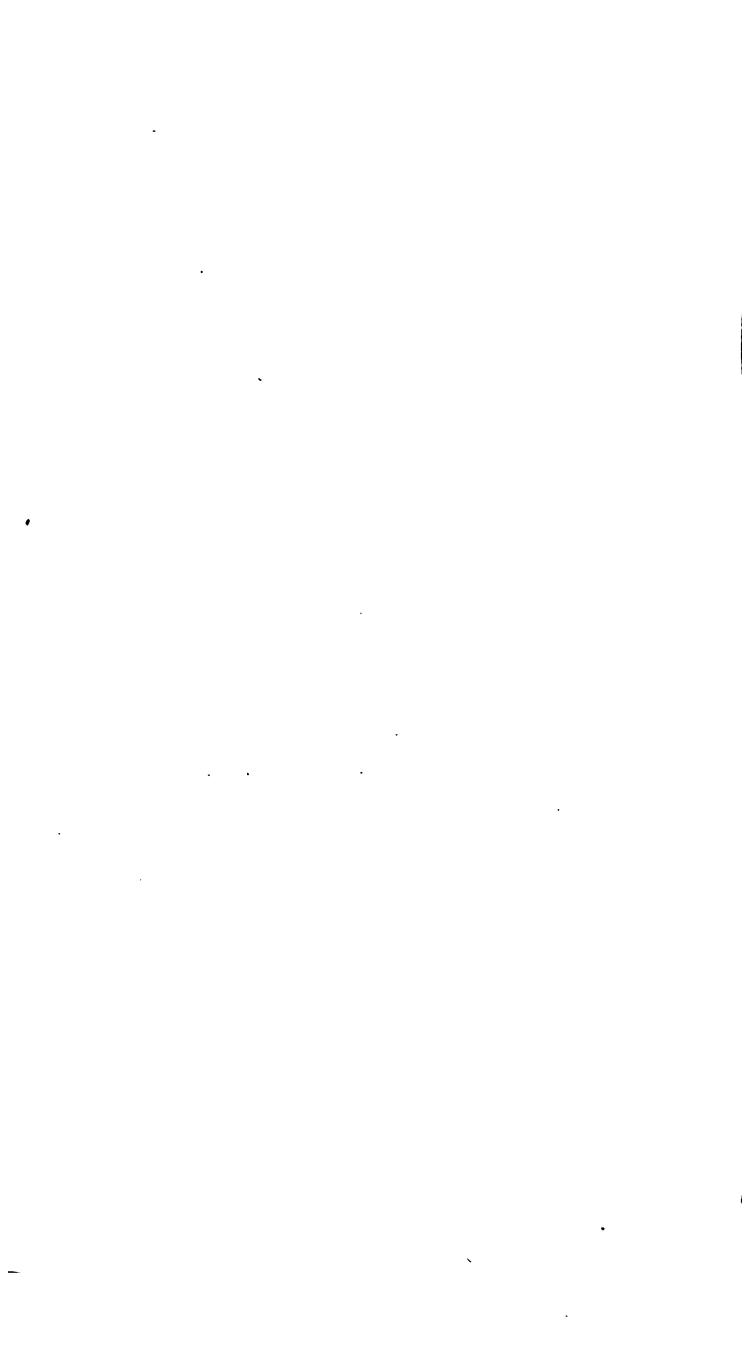
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